

Another loan I hove by pluck alone

(2004)

(CR Morell)



8.02.2004

.. what's heard...

The ethereal, maybe.

Fish it, outreach, fingers hot for the firmaments, each nail a whole moon, your knuckles fins of a fish among concepts of space and so on.

Are you there? Extended? Deep enough?

And at about which of the forty-nine odd ends of the Universe?...

8.03.2004

[photo now missing]

As a youngster in my father's arms. Later my father died, attacked by an elephant in musth.

8.04.2004

When will I regenerate?

Yesterday, holding tight to the chest the empty trophy of my aimless walkings, climbed the elevator to the fourteenth floor — the very one I've always lived in.

Granted the lift by those already inside, threw the porcelain helmet to the winds, and stepped in, conqueror-wise, tipsy as a mariner. With a jolt, the contraption initiated its ascending thrust...

Felt then unaccountably light-headed, brimming with gaiety and silliness.

Fellow confederates therein encaged took almost immediately to wince... Trapped again in the fulmineous box, and with an idiot aboard bent on joking to boot... The rough edges of the unwittingly cooped roughed the wrong way by my rough goings-on, soon, it was plain, none were too amused; after the first floor or so, rather disgusted each of them, a few even too claustrophobic to endure a second more... The situation worsened... Feverish bangings on the glasses, sobs, fisticuffs... The

consuetudinary manifestation of the unruly lot...

No matter, up we went, up the survivors to the fourteenth...

On the esplanade surrounded by the muted doors to the natives' apartments, shook on a whim the tasseled skirts of the awning under which a fairly amount of diners placidly dined.

Dust, mixed with unspeakables, filled their plates.

Hankies, aprons, napkins, slipcovers flew to mouths, noses, eyes...

All the settled corruption of many weeks, now unsettled and aloft...

They, full of righteous indignation, kicked me downstairs...

Next floor down, in an isolated stop between flights, a blond, engabardined, middle-aged homosexual threw a pass... which I gently rejected.

"I'm not" — I answered.

Then, while slowly waning down the flights, I had also turned deadly serious. Ponderous, and crushed. As though I were carrying the whole massive building on my back.

Felt much diminished, depleted yet of more substance, and yearning, not daring to lift my heavy head, yearning for the heights... The heights up high, the sulphurous, endarked heights...

And bleating: "When...?"

—When will I regenerate?...

8.05.2004

What is aftergone

Yesterday I was trying to see... And lo.

Here came the next runner. The populace jostled for position. The flashes they cast

illuminated new facets (a bleeding scaly skin sporting feathered barnacles, shuddering phalluses, waving hands) from the passing blur — a panting fetus staggering along. The roar soared, the rosy road wound steeper, sharper — a shrill rill of namby-pambying pebbly skulls — or a ribbon twisted by the nervous fingers of the wary child who just realizes she's gotten herself utterly lost.

Her half-naked mom dizzy, from horsey to horsey, round and round her merry-go-round of would-be lovers...

A hefty nose nuzzled my neck, its nape now strewn with shatters of phlegm...

Why blame the flaming crowd into which one melts? Why not rather feign aloofness, faint left, and fade backwards right?

Is he in it really for the long haul? He seems nonetheless to have faced the wrong route...

—Yeah, let me turn (I said) into an athlete too, so that I escape that needling morass...

The idiot stutter of their cheers followed me until I chose a narrower passage...

I was now a few blocks far from the pressing and the din.

The sunken stage area behind the tall thick trees held a bargain sale. The better sets had long gone. Only the dregs remained, of course. Even those, some head-shaven thugs fought to obtain.

—The life of a man (I said) lasts as long as the time he needs to wreak his revenge.

That's why it pays never to wake death, never to remember but what is aftergone.

8.06.2004

Beckoning voluptuous trashcan

Yesterday I stood shoehorned between the feet of the statue of N'Isis — the goddess one holds closer unto one's heart.

She's fanning from her fanny another diaphanous fart.

Up her legs, I deeply inhale. On high, through a crack in the harmonious ironwork — hello, there it peeps: the Saratoga saratogous, fleaseedy sky.

Either two pigeon droppings have encased themselves apiece, flat atop my eyes, whereon they act as magnifying glasses, or else the sky itself (always our only flag) is one immense dropping.

Those ominous clouds — shall they slake the fire of my immolation? For, from where I stand between her feet, I see her piles, I mean, her piles of books, the sacred secret books I've piled at her feet — a soon to be burned offering.

For miles on end, the spidery clouds clung to my flag. I'd gotten my psyche by the balls, I was already about to scalp him for ideas, when her distilled wisdom poured down her gigantic thighs — N'Isis most idolized, your squirt laves my eyes, clears the smoke in the ruins of my single mind, goes without saying: spares my psyche his shame.

I smuggled the books (wrapped again in their tight tarpaulin against the critical rain) off her feet. Loaded, that was my exploit, to cross to the opposite sidewalk. Like a fake gymnast trying to pass his soaked hump for a fellow wrestler one's about to unstuck from one's back and throw down with a stentorian scolding to boot. The guard over there, the knock-kneed soldiers I mean, yielded to my brisk a-coming. "Suck on your gun-barrels like unto a straw, you creeps," my very thought while passing. Each his own idiot gun, a gun per idiot indeed. Let me invent a sly phrase (I invoked), worshipped goddess now, don't be mean.

But nothing came. Failed to hear aught above the screams from the damned doomed books... Words, words, mangled jarring moribund words... What was that? ... Pardon?... Pish!

(...)

Beckoned, voluptuous, tricky, a trashcan.

8.07.2004

The deck's again safe

Yesterday as I was chokingly reevaluating the unbreathability of my side of the deal, the ruffled hackles of my sessile premonitory organ, too sickly to fly, managed nonetheless to warn me about the impending peril...

I approached En Nis, the hoary ferryman.

I was cautious this time. Last one he had misapprehended the slinky, darkly elongated shape of mine for the one of a mongrel intent on burying its jagged teeth deep into the patchwork of his seat.

I taunted: “Hey, no glitch there today, one hopes... We the people come not with burglary nor buggery in our crazed hearts, oh, thou; thou, thou, enlightened citizen; we just would rather fain endeavor to board, with our crotchety dicks as crutches on our whoreson hands, the decky deck of your bark... Bastard, the fright you are capable on inflicting to the unwary, oh, boy. Remember when you mistook me for some ornery old cow grazing on the wrongest, the worst wrong one of the eleven shores of the river?... Or when you pretended my navel were a stowaway pet wasp for which I had alas also to pay some type of inflated fare or else you’ll cut our corny ears (the wasp’s and mine) as due pawn and so forth...?”

En Nis, perennially sucking on the two insipid sweets of his tensile tonsils, never quite melting in his throat, hawked about for a space before croaking those words, or others to the same effect:

“You, no bonzes; they’re always bent on wrongdoing, and moreover when all’s said and done never pay what’s own...” — apparently taking me today for one of those pinkish monks with skirts full of vomit.

But I showed, and shoved into his swollen palm, my obolus — for one must pay him only in coin; if one should ever tender him paper money, one’s doomed: the cunt-head expends most of next life just appraising its burelage, for fear of being cheated.

He grew eloquent during my sleep, as the cyclic uprisings of his downtrodden oars surely took me farther and farther from the banks of death.

Now, if I chose to scour deep into the creases of the vague recollections of late yesterday, if I cared at all to sink the tines of my hunger for knowledge down its dowdy carcass, I could maybe come up with something or other he said... Talked, I

think, about the obloquy of having eleven fingers per hand, each outspread like a battering ram in murderous pursuance of the neck of time. In the nick of which I awoke.

Wasn't butter or jam, nothing sweet, he was buttressing his flanks with. His rubbing fingers were itching and all-ready for such a callow misdeed as having me strangled and dumped. My wittol's wattles shook.

"What's that?" — I said, quick, showing the floor of the bark.

He answered: "Sawweed?..."

"And that?" — my hand on the surf over the lee side.

"Seadust?..."

Wholeheartedly I approved. Thereupon he smiled, so pleased. I breathed a sigh of relief, and so did my crutch, or my dick. For the deck was safe again, for a while...

8.08.2004

Best cure ever devised

Yesterday as I was in the can, reading a few wipes unmolested, another bewildering thought arose—

—Were my name Stilts, would the inherent immunization accrued by such an awareness of my name as such make my style (of living) in any way less stilted?...

—Probably not. My asshole would still be as tender and narrowish. My bowels as throbbing and listless, and, forsooth, abhorrent to evacuate.

(...)

I had meant lastly to dethrone, with the consuetudinary groan, leaving the sorry shrapnel of a few execrated, fractious concretions at my wake, when thunder rumbled, the outhouse shook, dread broadened, strokes lurked...

An accursed phrase left my lips. Once prolated, alas, couldn't be called back. Nobody there to tell me: lest you retrieve it, you are sunk.

It was a blasphemy, the gist of which would, if heard, condemn at least any other head of the human herd to near-orphanity. It had to do about such moot questions as would beg wheelbarrows full of treatises... I set about reminding the god of

lightning and other earthly cataclysms that sooner or later all would be reduced also to a matter of numbers — and that we were multiplying at such a frantic, almost fictitious rate, and that our powers of computation likewise augmented at such mammoth strides that... But here my expensive expansiveness gave up.

Below, all fetid excreta was washed away as, cleansed, also I wept copiously with the lissom rain.

(...)

Rills of clear water wherein the women bathe have sprung everywhere. The women, happy in the water and the sun, their many seductive clefts showing for all and sundry to lickerishly lick — and the pebbles all licked clean — and the excess of limpid water — and the excess of joyous girls...

—Stilts, you lucky-star-struck bastard — told myself, overwhelmed — I don't see you complaining now.

—The earth (as your bowels were dry) was dry. The wadis (as your bowels were dammed up) were stuck and choking on barren sand.

—Shrewd codger, empowered, no longer destitute, flee to the valleys and the abundance of the pure liquid, plus dwell on the enthrallment of it all — and for good measure, into the bargain, embrace as many festive maenads as the brimming vacuum now allows — for that's the best cure ever devised.

(...)

No shit, and it was.

8.09.2004

As eleven strove to knock

Yesterday I went to visit (at the caulking hospital) the reluctant suicide. From the edge of the flat square roof, looking much as a pre-weathered icon of a reticent acaridan about to take a jump from terrace to terrace, he had been showing off that he was going to do it — then bloody hell if he didn't — more by slipping, I think, than by design.

Everyone (or thereabouts) (both among the breakfasting bloodsuckers and the passing wonderers) was hoping he finished spitted and ready for a roast impaled in a flagpole or a lightning-rod.

But then, as he was falling topsy-turvy down the yellow façade, his head knocked the balustrade of a balcony. That must have waken him up. Smelling the ascending aroma of the morning coffee, I surmised. For now he was fighting to grasp whatever he could. His bottom struck the sill of a window — down they went, faster than his struggling body, the heavy pots with flowers. [A nun on earth unwittingly bartered (as her life for death) her ostentatious cowl for a pot of earth.] At last, on the slightly rusted railings of the fifth balcony, the would-be non-suicide stuck a twisted arm, and his tortured structure and the balcony's both held.

Later the broken wooden clown was rescued by a jokey fireman atop the ladder of a fire truck.

The peace came back to the street. The crushed nun had been evacuated. The foreign bodies had been extracted from the coffee cups under the big sunny umbrellas, and then drunk (the coffees — for each cup set you back almost twenty-two dollars, twenty-one plus, plus the tip) with no compunction, and the fickle bilking waiters again snaked among the short fences carrying their pickles on thorns, plus other small pickings and variegated remedies, while wiggling their shapely hips where onto the fake guns shone.

The miffs of a few lugubrious hill-billies spoke poems of desolation: “*Gone, all gone, even the last of the old nuns standing small,*” they were bewailing, smelling beyond — always beyond, and with the nostrils of insane beasts. A fireman with a moldy badge dowsed them (“sorry, mates, by mistake!”) all purposefully in order surely to cool them and disperse.

In any event, here I was, trying to see the amazed features of my failed suicide across layers and layers of tightly packed gypsum.

—Hey, are you there by any chance? — thus me, shouting.

No answer, other than a mumble, for it seems that while falling and banging his worthless body around, his teeth had ablated his tongue and his throat had swallowed it, his stomach and bowels had processed it, his rectum had...

“It had all gone so fast, had it not?... At least under the prismatic point of view of the spectator. Maybe the actor's point of view had been all different... Perhaps there had

been time enough for all your existence — such an unimpressive hiatus — to spread its shroud in front of the myopic eyes of your mind. No wonder you chose to kill yourself. The ulterior wonder was that you repented so soon, earlier than midway. Giving maybe in to some dormant instinct?...”

Sodding hill-billies, always so primary — should I say primate-like, primatic, apish, chimp, without insulting the godless, often more dignified monkeys?

Better not. Despondent, dog-eared, I was back outside. Retiring lonesomely-handsomely to a bench in the adjacent park, where I uselessly cried for his plight and any other hyena’s, especially if she had lost her melodious snigger.

And then eleven struck with the firmly wielded clubs of a few exercising cops (were the skulls upon which the bangings resounded human or plastic who knows), but I realized that the hour for my looking for a place to grab some lunch had rung.

8.10.2004

Knocking on the tenuous door of the nearer outdoors

Yesterday I was poring on tomes of ancient lore when the urge overtook me to attend to business...

My legs on their last cogs for having stayed so long idle and bent, I strode nonetheless to the place I must...

Afterwards, I was on my way to the supermarket. I needed some pyrites for the fulfilling of the formula I was working on.

As I was looking for the pyritiferous aisle in the crowded big shop, I had to straddle atop a tiny pram left temporarily in the middle of my way by a careless caretaker (her daughter, I thought). Inside the pram, a rachitic crone lay all in an awful luxmasse, or a raped package of seemingly broken and badly calcified and petrified bones, a coprolite particularly misshapen indeed. Would you believe it, that as I was with one tiered tied tired leg at each side of her pram, the decrepit granny tried, in a supreme effort, to kick my balls, and with the two feet (her shot little legs aloft) at once too?...

I grabbed her ankles (a couple of toothpicks would have had more strength and heft) and held her upside down, shook her a little, and then deposited her thus, with

her head on the seat and her face to the back of the pram. Slowly she slid back into a recumbent position, only that with her head at the feet, and her baby shoes up where her baby cap had been on the top of the back of the pram. Her aspect (ghastly enough as of ordinary) was of having badly died...

Had a panicky fleeting feeling — is not everyday that I kill a obnoxious crone, even if as evil as that one, with her body very much akin to... a mummy in a bikini, her face... a wizened mixture of fluxion swirls and curls on the beveled cut of a tectonite with a particularly long history behind. Anyway, she was (I saw) just faking... With a slow foot, I pushed the contraption to a side, and went back to my occupation — the mining of pyrites...

At last found them in aisle eleven. In the wild, pyrites are a cinch to extract. You find them on your flies aplenty, stuck on the gunny sacking at the flues or flows of your staked weirs — and especially when you are looking for something else, for instance for aurous exfoliations, and not fool's ore. Pirates loved them. Were so fond of them, silly fools, that they endured hardships untold only in order to be able to mine and grind them... For this they took hard, soft, medium done ships, and hey, aweigh, ahoy, avaunt they went... Going awaste, unfazed; braving the gales and ghouls; scouring vitreous brine penetrating their ears and brains, and worse.

Scouted for and, found, scrutinized the shelves: little worthless putzen of pyrite-butter — that wasn't what so strenuously had I craved to obtain. Took aside a butler of the supermarket, a prolapsed unredeemed fool, in and out of institutional asylums, either a boy afflicted with progeria or an old guy with the mind of a stupid four year old. "*Where the blimey is the raw pyrite, m'boy?*"

What an arrant crackpot. Told me they were out of!

Avast (told myself), I'll hunt for it in nature. Never again shall I venture into the savagely degenerate neighborhood of decrepit society, where the dregs of creation so thickly and pollutedly concentrate.

Outside — outside and far away! Where into the insects roam unimpeded, and the limpid fountains roll.

Look over there: how uncorrupted peeps the day! The good-news-bearing dragonfly — red and glowing, sulfurous, how it strives to break its wings and vie with the sun for our naïve adoration. We will return yet to the mother, and then, what, only a notch below, threatening, always threatening to encroach and railroad, the jumbo wheels juggernauting everything... And, at its all-murdering wake, the fat, the self-righteous vacuous cowards, the pits, the spits, the chivvying turnspits, the

turnstiles, the styles, the splutter, the slaver, the sliver, the profligate, processionary maggots — an exodus of ennui, of fatigue, now systematically reciting, what, but unconvinced.

Or their vainglorious preachers, fondling their egos made of confused nothingnesses, plus the meaningless pieties, “be prudent, be thankful, be honest — always according to your own appraisal, of course — and you’ll get this or that, for your god, the blithering retard, has nothing better to do.”

No matter. Down they go, following the endless swagging of tacky flags and eucharistic gewgaws impaled like guillotined convicts’ heads that alluringly beckons to them for them all to, what, get down in line — urn-conscious, answering to the vicarious meretricious urge of irresistibly insult the man each could otherwise have become.

On my side now, through the parting sable clouds of a lingering storm, my mind, another of the superb dwellers of the skies, newly shorn of the unconivial rubbish that adheres when soaked in the ooze of mis-schooled crowds, can still maybe cause that last belated curse of mine to sail into the heavens and rebound therein to some effect.

Then, as the very insects, I must rapidly comply. Oh, great co-tempter, here manifest! My moaning, clangorous, clan hungry, shall conjure the spiritual pyritic sheen of an antipodal twin city. Sacred abode whereto I strode on my last crinkly cogs... Knocking, knocking on its tenuous door...

8.11.2004

Them and I, certified second-handers

Yesterday I was looking through the window and saw a scene.

A couple of my neighbors were having a heated quid-pro-quo. One of them, somewhat bookish, had been quipsin’ the other (quipsin’ and quizzin’ the unlearned, hobby of the know-nothing snobs, any unambiguous demographer will tell you.)

—Guess who wrote the play The Wild Dick? — said the first fellow.

“The fuck if I know,” blithely retorted the second, “one of those shiteating spics soil

the fatherland? Must be a horror to watch.”

The quippin’ quipster, dwarfish and fattish, cuddly but ugly, with the puffy unfinished face of a dour embryo, sneered — “spics can’t write,” he said.

—They can too, only in their no-account ill-sounding fart-smelling pig hodgepodge... — the sullen big guy, a dangerous, pestiferous brat who at all times presented a troubled countenance, answered, and added: “The Wild Dick indeed. When the spics are dickless.”

With that, behind the half-opaque glass, a defiant spark dislodged in my mind an encroached memory and turned it so huge and astral that I could catch it almost whole. It had to do about the time when we (the family, the whole native town) were ultimately evicted. First the pallid livid christian ones had come. Dirty foreigners, blond and red-haired, who invaded our houses and installed themselves with their unkempt, badly brought-up kids, countless annoyances breaking everything. Their radios were on at all times: idiot preachers, stupefying hymns, deadening our thoughts, killing our souls. Spurring us no-end to acts utterly undesired.

Soon everything, the whole house, the garden, the neighborhood, the town itself, all was in a shambles. Our kitchen utensils destroyed, no furniture left standing, the walls of our houses irretrievably messed. Our lives done for, ready for the ultimate ovens.

Behind the window pane I grew sweetly nostalgic... Ah, gone with the arrival of the frightful interlopers the joys of yesteryear... When we used to disport ourselves in the long nights of the bright city lights... Singing the national anthem playfully interspersed with all kinds of obscene and blasphemous words while also sticking our gay asses out... And slipping on the frozen snow and falling on the ice of the varnished sidewalks... Vanished the glories of an innocent age, when in the summer, apollonian and nude, pert and vulgar, we sloughed off the pelts and were reborn; our crotches became tenderer with overuse, our grins bona fide. And we swam; we swam until the dingy seams of next world, and we panned out pellets, and taught ourselves letters inscribing with our nails serifs and curls on the crunchiness of cuttlefish bones. We boys propolized with jizzm untold the cracks of the ladies, overactive and cute like well-fed cubs. With the sharp little teeth of a nymss, we devoured tons of tiny fishes, unthrottled, alive. The apples and pears from the espaliers weren’t spared, we never spurned the rightly crucified. And we were always on target in our depositions, though no stigma was ever attached if you shat by mistake at the side of the hole. Sometimes, our mischievously sonorous bellies made music harmonious enough to qualify as symphonies of the spheres.

I don't remember an instant when we were hideous and homely and slovenly — like the invaders couldn't help but be, non-stop. Came first a woman and her three repulsive daughters. They asked for refuge and ours relented. Lucid, retching, we hid in the basement. They were the harbingers of disaster. They had the skins of damaged oilcloth — eyes of opinicus, desultory moues — their threadbare bonnets were stained with an abundance of dubious secretions and serosities — the tacky texture of their skirts talked of roughness insufferable: under them, the stink and the imagined terror of the scorched, flayed derrières of bawdy mandrills. And they flaunted such frowns, such a manifest dearth of tenderness, such an animosity against anything alive... They were constantly upset, throwing scratchy punches and all at once poisoned barbs; they harbored such odium in their indiscernible hearts that the very grub would spoil on its plate as soon as laid on the table. The food, be it ever something so safe and unpolluted as goat cheese, would growl and turn lizardly and grisly in a jiffy. And nobody but them would ingest it. While listening at all hours to the hair-raising homilies of the crazed radio-sermoners (we are all born to burn, beadles and gap-stoppers, and tap-menders and monolith-makers!), the homilies (mother and daughters from hell) would contortedly prowled up and down, breaking something or other as soon as met, either by klutziness or by their indigenous hate; our toys and gadgets soon went to the manure pile. Despair overtook us, and we emigrated forthwith.

Downstairs, out the window, the two infamous gladiators had finished banging their supernumerary heads.

8.15.2004

Dirtier sabbath.

Yesterday, at dawn, as I was sipping my coffee, and trying, while shutting hard the good reliable fellow on my left side, to extract from my rum rheumy right eye a maximum of clarity out of the distorting pane of the window, felt a chill on the legs — decided therefore to put some trousers on...

Left the mug on the sill, my adorable mug, custom made, you bet, melted from a fistful of the lill saved from home (so achingly remote both in existence and being, for I come from a speck of a little isle later — soon in my run, for I was only thirteen — swallowed back, reclaimed as its own by the mighty ocean), how wistfully I see again its ocher never replicated, except in the glaze of this coffee mug. The right amount of litharge gave it the desired ocher (I close the eyes and my tongue can

taste the litharge on the glaze of the pot I love — what a beautiful line for a delicate song of longing, yeah!)

An ugly pimp of a brown recluse jumped from one of the empty legs of the trousers I was about to don. He jumped, I jumped still farther, lengthier, higher, stronger... I got the gold medal, not it. But also a pain on the back of my knee. As I was bending to crush it with a thick Burmese dictionary, something snapped at my popliteous, and damned if I haven't been going about all limping and lame ever since...

No matter. Limping and all, I went next to a shoeshine — that's regularly how I honor the sabbath. As my shoes shone, and I was tipping the boy, a gypsy mom came to pester.

—What the hell — I said.

The reverse hump formed by tits and the one they suckle (a parcel of flesh) wouldn't make up (I mean, as a disgraceful item used to elicit enough pity off the sucker who passes) for my lameness, now, would it?... Would it be nice if I started pestering the passers for money because I'm lame?... Wouldn't they notice the blinding shine of my shoes?... Same as I notice the plumpness both of the suckled-one and its mom, albeit the off-putting fact that they are real stinking bastards... I send them packing, "shitty saprophytic shysters; eat each other, not me!", man, and no qualms.

After I was properly damned and axed, and hexed and jinxed and tabooed by the screaming double cloud of lice, after they put the whammy on me and a whopper of a spell and so on, their fury and soreness gave way to giggles and guffaws as they saw how sillily I cringed with every other step I hurriedly undertook to make and unmake. They besmirched to filthy shreds my already spotted reputation. The deafening thunder of their vilest shouts of cripple, and pipsqueak, and (quote) wooden-legged pirate of the unlisted depths of the Styx, resounded in the hollows of my exhausted tachycardic chest — and then worse, for they wished for my imminent next life that a giant lawn viper should eat whole my singly left, still sane, bare foot, and that perpetual earwigs then stitched up the wound...

To escape such barrage of witchery and malediction, I entered one of "Don's Chiottes" — those were flimsy shitting shacks precariously erected near construction sites — others were named similarly, from the paltry, unimaginative "John's Johns" or "Jerry's Cans," and "Loo's Stools" or "Jordan's Midden Paradise," to the more elevated "Apocalyptic Dumpings" or "Revelatory Scatographies" — but instead of boweling away or musing with the careful observation of the glint of the bleeding icicles of my piss, I spied through a crack on a side wall.

Simmering in the acrid funk, getting a protracted whiff from each of the anuses of the crew — or the gamy product therefrom (some appeared to have shitten long defunct mud puppies) — I stood there for an hour or so.

At length the curtain of my lids fell, my spyglass became milky, fuliginous, then the color of gall, all greenish and dark, nighteous, I mean nocturnal, as if gropingly, but of its own volition, it had intruded deep into the ass of a horse. My mind must have been poisoned by the rotten smell of so many dejections and the spoilt chemicals employed to dissolve them. I dreamt I was back in my puny home island, in our humble abode by the coast, facing the setting side of our two sibling suns, both of 'em much huger than anything they (**we**, for I've been accepted by you clueless incolae) have got. All the fugitives came to that poetical, lugubrious, melancholic side. The wild guessers, the meteorologists especially, poor souls, that for once had got their predictions disastrously wrong, and were now the targets of many vindictive contracts, came there. And so did the wrongfully caught, for instance my dad, a so-called terrorist, when his only sin had been accepting the offer of his brother-in-law of a gift before he took the ferry to next isle in the atoll, the sealed, hygienic bag he was carrying contained harmless cookies, which the bumbling bailiffs deemed were baked with explosive flour, so that they accused him of wanting to explode the boat with all its ordinary passengers inside... How we danced, naked, the persecuted, the derelict, with the adventurous girls surreptitiously arrived from the city, their titties, their tremulous cheeks and thighs, their kisses and hugs, as the suns set almost simultaneously and the waves wove, and how often we scored!

I awoke leaning over the seminal nuggets of many a masturbator. My sorrow then no quill, even if — as the prisoner who wetted his on the blood of his veins — even if, I say, dipped in the ink of my own biliary inkpot, could depict; my sorrow, no quill. Anyway, I took a glimpse out of the hole. The street was deserted. Night had fallen on every urban widget, elementary or complex. Trashcans and exchange-boxes for the traffic lights. No beggars, no mariners, no cheap whores about. No simious cops either, or perverts in trench coats. Just rats. Now maybe I could vacate my trustful refuge, and slink back home. Out again, out of my depth, alas, and limping and lame, worse than a rat, utterly defeated, punished beyond my faults, jejune, a nidget — too mortified, in my self-respect and my stomach both — almost floored, also hungry, with traces of vomit in my shoes never so unshiny, and fulsome to high heaven — immerded from head to toes — such a sorry, sorry mess...

Shit, shit... Shit, what a day...

8.16.2004

Stolen glances, stolen peach

Yesterday a shady neighbor entreated me to carry an important parcel to his concubine — money, probably, for which I care zilch or less. He had been indicted in an irksome case about fake jilted leathers — damn if I’ve any intention of being facetious but it seems that trying to get rid of a surplus of mis-fashioned imitation leather bags, he honestly thought that who better to be the duped recipients of such dead shit than the gullible blue whites — dismal half-wits that they are anyway, the most unlucky occupants of that doomed unsteady ship — earth, better named dirt — already a garbage dump of a misshapen ball carried downhill by a rudderless blind little beetle fond of excrements.

No matter. The ad he came up with showed a few blue whites — what for this expendable people constitutes a so-called family, namely, a withered hag of a mom plus a whole litter of her snarling cubs, some of them bigger than centenarian oaks, all packed in some skimpy shed brimming with other vermin too. The twenty or thirty oafs, sons of the gruesome codger, went into one of their unavoidable periods of chaos. Those fancily streaked fellows —streaked vertically, in lines of blue and white, as their name faithfully hints — started killing each other. The gun’s a great leveler indeed, and those clowns, it is know, and of their own will, help themselves to them unstintingly — the government itself makes sure it is so — it hasn’t found a kinder, more humane way of controlling their riotous overflow... By hook or by crook, we are just trying to pull most of our people through, even the bulk of the worthless, the crooked government adduces as a lame enough excuse.

In the ad, the peg-leg old mummy appeared at the ramshackle door. “What the fuck?” — she was saying, while crossing herself rapidly for about eleven or twelve times. “Stop it, stop it!” As she now was slapping her boys, from whose mouths the teeth liberally flew.

—Stop it, I say! — she hissed, and bye and bye the shrugging brats subsided in their ardor, their murdering spree almost came to an abrupt end, always excepting, at the margins of the screen, the habitual braggarts at work with their silent daggers, spasmodically acting, and with it expediting to next world some of their more effaced siblings.

—What would all the shenanigans this time be, pray, about?... — the hydra-haired gimp demanded.

At first the survivors demurred. Shyly they shifted and twitched. Through the window, one could see that the more enterprising among the brothers were already dumping the corpses down the elevator shaft of some mine or other sited nearby.

—Did you all finish the delicious brains I gave you for tea? — that was the constant joke about the blue whites, always ingesting brains in order to increase their I.Q.

The answer having been a unanimous “yes, mommy,” the old ugly witch withheld her wrath, on the contrary her maternal instincts were triggered full-slam and immediately took to pet and pat each of her monstrous children. All hostilities trampled underground, the blue white boys relented as eagles half-choked on the thistles of emotion.

—Well, mom, you see... — said the littlest.

And it happened that all the commotion had occurred regarding as to what to offer their mom now that the thirty-sixth anniversary of her presupposed birth was coming up. The mother wept — a trumped up mockery of her risible head cried ropes and ropes of tears — a peremptory incrustated fast image showed a pier overwhelmed — but then of a sudden, herself again, not a grotesque cartoon, she smiled. “Children, for my birthday, what better than if you gave me a so-and-so certified genuine leather bag...” Something like that. And now my neighbor was the accused and the plaintiff some uppity blue white... He (the rotten neighbor) was bound to win the case, but in the meanwhile his concubine was short of funds both for her victuals and luxuries...

I smelled the flowers in the garden, and approved of the fuzzy fruits hanging from the orchard’s uberous trees, I regaled my eyes with the flight of a few birds of paradise... Then I knocked on the palatial abode. A sinuous maid let me in. Later, waiting, a girlie with very short skirts, the concubine’s daughter I guessed, brought a salver with nuts which she daintily put upon a floral coaster — no nutcracker, though — unless you thought about it and counted on the surely utterly pitiless nutcracker of her hardly puberulent cunt... Forsooth, a nutcracker most trenchant. Minute debris and embers by the pitchfork were the imbricated devils of my tumefied balls; I was most unquiet on my seat, as if my pygostyle itched, as if the urge to lay a huge egg (and the anxiety of laying it after all) had overtaken me.

But before I fell victim to the common erotic fantasies (and its disillusionments) of any humble pimply parcel carrier, the woman arrived, and I sat upright. And yet, I think the first thing she noticed was the crazy gimbals needle of my northless prick. Her gimlet eyes looked at the gnomon of the goniometer between my thighs and her nose intuited the faint shade of gone glairs on the crotch of my trousers... I coughed,

I trifle abashed. Some loathsome soda she offered ransacked my upper pipes; soon my giblets grumbled; I felt terrible stitches on my flanks; then, effervescent, ileum and cecum rebelled. Nimble, I took to my feet, with my revolving eyes garbelling the many doors... “Which to the shitter?” panicked, I asked.

Back from my unholy pilgrimage, the mysterious valuable parcel had gone, so had the sultana and her lovely she-scion with nary a skirt, also the sinuous she-servant; a gruff he-gardener was there to redirect my wobbly steps out.

Well, well, well... So that’s how I’m repaid for my pains... Such abrupt excursus; aren’t those fellows ungrateful?... Only that their policy of cruelty stopped not there. The tough laborer gave no excuse whatsoever. No even a “cause a sudden collective pneumonia on the part of the whole household...” No even such a transparent lie. Even if I’m always game, an easy patsy for pranksters.

Me and the person from Porlock (the one who roughly interrupted the dream-poem of me in a sizable harem) were taking no circuitous way, we were going straight for the gate, back to canonical pariahdom indeed. Another phony pulmonary crisis overtook me, quite by surprise one might say, as we were passing the pale-pink cottage where the gardener lived. His daughter came to see about such a raucous racket. A pair of cream cotton pajamas lightly covered her nudity. The soft cacti of her pubic hairs stood alert over the promise of her hidden fig. She must’ve been in public just one more of those fine cashmere-cardiganed preppies, talking about fiddlesticks and other nugacities, but here, in the privacy of her own home, where one can puzzle without fear over the conundra of the cursed cosmos, over coffins and plane crashes and closer and closer parallels down infinity way, she let her hair down and let the nipples of her tits point freely the way where the infinite parallels could explode in such a pyrotechnical palette of colors as to justify any profligate conduct on my part... She was obviously in the sweet cusp of change. Becoming a woman. Ah, if I couldn’t become her private tutor?... “What d’you say about it?...” — I asked of my obdurate confederate. “Aren’t you on the point of collapse?” — he ungainly retorted, peregrinating faster than ever in order to reach the gate and kick me out once and for all.

But I had other pressing concerns. As for instance giving proper care to the cathartic process I was nicely undergoing. “No creative pressure, please,” I said, “’tis bad enough as it is.”

He pushed me now, as if I were some kind of civet cat, a stinkard with unwholesome little teeth and nails, and intent on stealing his hens to boot.

“No, wait; look,” I said, pointing with an instructional finger, “isn’t that a pursuit for cranks and crackpots?... Poor girl, poring over fictitious pockets of the past, silly

history so-called. Curl-cornered proclamations printed in bumph. The feats of uncharming psychopaths, cowlicked or not, and their murderous idiot cohorts. Look how she builds a pencil palisade against their mendacious onslaught! This intention betrays such mortifying boredom! We... You, sir, as her dad, and me, as her gratuitous private teacher, must categorically postulate as prevailing criteria that her craft shall be primarily the humanities. We don't want to play the Fascist game of pinning the crime always on the defeated enemy. We all know that a bigger criminal's the winner, ok, don't we?"

"She's my wife, you creep. She's just reading some fucking pink novel while cooking the roast," — thus he dismissed me. But in my pocket I caressed a ripe peach that I had — lordy, lordy, could it be? — stolen under his very (unshaven) nose. Hum, delicious peachy flesh of my peach...

8.31.2004

Rage of the loser

Yesterday, as I was listening to my vertebrae stalking each other with crackling cramped steps, in cramped stations, over a scattering of litter, tethered one to the next with splintering chains, my eyes craving the light of day, for I'd been buried now for weeks, I thought about whoever was the semi-god emerged from the underworld after visiting in there his dead paramour — (Persephone? — very likely) — (and him? — Orpheus? — no doubt) — Orpheus, Persephone, whoever they might have been, half- or full-fledged gods and so on, but... wasn't that (my comparing our destinies, theirs and mine) a statement full of vacuity, pomposity? — probably — but, then, shouldn't I be forgiven? — I had been who knows for how long buried, and foodless and therefore so tired and frail...

The mangy eye-guy, whom I had gone to see about the new annoyance of my rheumy peepers had been categorical: "You'll lose in a matter of days the sight first in your right eye, then I won't vouch for the left one until I see it again in..., ask my cock-shy nurse about an opening..."

The girl, no concealed weapons whatsoever that one could ever intuit on her too plain a body, played a scratchy tune with a pencil on the jeering xylophone of her ribs. She seemed pretty absorbed in her monkeyish pleasure: with the pencil, she was "correcting" (messing, rather) a beautiful book of classical paintings — retouching in the wrong places, splattering the fine illustrations with awkward and

grotesque details — she was especially keen of course in adding disproportionate eyeglasses on the face of every resplendent madonna and nymph, even on the neck of a stately swan that swam in a lake on a pastoral scene, or providing the magnificent trees perched at the shores with badly drawn glasses over groucho-noses and moustaches — just ruining forever the very paper where the hallowed canvasses were reproduced — trying to scrape or erase a detail she pretends is superfluous with the cutting edge or piercing end of a totally inappropriate utensil, a clip, a razor, an awl, an auger, an eye-gouger, a nail-cutter, the like... “Who the fuck am I to rebuke her,” she angrily retorts, “a paltry blind bat who from now on he’ll only be capable of having congress with the clammy guts not of gutless senators but of dead strangled cats...”

At first mesmerized by her bobbing goiter, I had not gotten the gist of her spew. Then I stopped the scurrilous prattle (insulting a homely cat, are you!) first by firmly treading on the fulsome hem of her nunnish robe, then abridging her giggly maliciousness with some invectives and epithets of my own. Finally, in a huff, I said: “Protervious strumpet, I’ll never come back — I’ll heal myself with the abrasive shrapnel of hope!”

As she was resuming her squawky guffaws, I was falling down the stairs.

Sappily dejected, went slowly up the mountains as the veil of darkness was charitably covering, as those hemorrhoidally complected christian nuns cover their own with starchy wimples and veils, their ugly face, made of hilly piles of slurry and gangue and scrap... Only that then lo, a hole.

The hole of another abandoned mine. For the fun of it, I tell myself, let’s maybe go spelunking for a bit — getting used to the foretold darkness, what?...

So we took advantage of the absence of your typical chimp-like usher and unthwarted we paddled on, chests raring and revving, archipelagoes of angel heads popping fore and aft, singing a cappella... We took indeed the crux by the balls and confronted the glaring shrine, we looked high at its deceptively crumbling marquee (“condemned mou...” — mouth? mousetrap? mountain glory?), and we trusted, we defied the odds, fall who may — valiantly we pierced the sacred glitter of its dark curtain, we struggled forward with the gall of an apiculturist (minus the coarse petticoats) besieging a rebellious beehive, we stormed the awing daunting facility with the sharp linchpins of our noses, in thunderous tandems we (me and the shadows of my viscous bad seeing) brazenly inned ourselves, and, when surest of our actions, zap, promptly lost foot over the malodorous unpadded disdain left by some defiler, a shitter, a menstruator, some tripping sacrilegist over whom we had no time to throw any tantrums for forthwith we down the shaft had absurdly fallen.

Which was also predictable. But what else would one expect? Not the unpredictable, surely, for that happens so seldom, more: so exceptionally...

So, nonetheless, again... Down the intestinal linings of a deep-deep well and beneath, past the repairs and the shot handles, probing the unplumbed depths, indeed, inexorably excreted forever, sailing pell-mell the bottomless pit, the jagged jargon of our cussing voices repercuting far-far gone from both unattainable ends, or else praying maybe (to the forces of attraction, of attrition, of accretion, for we aren't idolaters nor theophagites — we have no truck with deities of any spice or flavor), almost praying maybe then, yes, for the terminating bottom of the pit — the terminating bottom, and then the flush to a much more promising eternity...

Meanwhile with no leisure nor light enough, alas, to read ever again the penitential psalms moyle-inscribed on the apse-like walls of the hell-bound pits, the sizzling limericks, the tiresome leerings-at of the bespectacled disembodied eyes on the pornographic images of pantocratic cunts and pricks — gigantic members of dorks, the symphony of the spherical asses which the heavens thrill... The cocky, not at all squeamish twats converted into the mystic mandorlas where a woman unfazedly fondles a boy, the almond-shaped encirclements in apses and tympana, indeed, and the walls in toilets and pits, where sundry crucifixions of donkey pizzles go at odds at it, any which way and withershins, at crossed purposes, and lo, nudge-nudge, we fall, fascinum-fascinated, on our well-scraped knees...

Down unimpeded, then, like a twerp whom some joker bade to unearth, but with his pimply snotty beak, a treasure. Suddenly topsy-turvy down some bewitched hole — top and bottom, and in-between a tarry bloody blur; swimming desperately in the void; wild tam-tams, ferocious gongs exploding on our hideously defaced heads; casting the anchors of our harpoon-hands and -feet, and greaves, and suspenders and scarves aloft and flying, fishing you bet for a toehold — oh for a toehold, my hoard for a toehold, or any hold at all — a hold, a hold, my condo (and whatever therein, condoms, dun and fairer kin, dumb damned bells, beldams) — my condo for a hold.

So did it bode well? The well bode awful — you see, no end to it... Ah, bother, but why so gloomy after all?... Who wants to linger in dreariness for such a long spin as this one was proving to become?... Swallowed, yes, in a brief gulping, yes, but we are the bolus — not the swallower, the swallowed — and that's our major trip, and what to the swallower might appear ephemeral (unless he chokes on it), to the swallowed that savage ride is it, the zinger, the clincher, the show, the crowning expression of their faculties — in consequence here we were — each scowling, as if afflicted with mumps, sweeping the cracks in the plaster of our brains, newly embroidered with

bruises — coming up with endearing fantasies, or remembrances, or remembrances of dreams, and dreaming while falling, instead.

All the females one's known — only balm, or at least the best, in that world foregone. Ah pretty creatures gamboling on grasses and berseems, females of many ages free and half-naked on rippling meadows wide... And we've assayed them all! And each such soothing medicine — all such doozies, forsooth. And with them we've been so big as to be able to triumphally navigate the tears (gashes) between their cheeks, and so small as to navigate (that's prowess!) the impertinent tear (lachryma) on their cheek... Trysting like rabbits, steeped in erotica, from warren to warren in the limitless lawn — careful, though, as you diddle the several great ladies — no diva wants to be upstaged nor gainsaid... Slither into each warren with a maximum of discretion — bow to the lady, offer your sheaves of sprigs and blossoms picked on the way, extol her graces to highnesses unreachable, ogle her lures, let your jaw drop, whisper your burrs of love into her tickled ears, produce your turncoat pawn, make it loom larger than it ever loomed, aloof, well underpinned, it never loses its aplomb, but allow it to nod and yawn twice or thrice so that she perceives how pipingly well-shaven it comes, how its cheeks shine and not a speck of smegma nor forgotten soap mars its sheen..., fine fellow it, hooded, unhooded, wincing and winking, no monocle needed, clear-eyed, unvexing, convex, just frothing a little at the seams of his single eye — not tears, mind you, desire materialized — and now let it carouse, and careen down perdition's road, let it run amok, until, alas, it sings (and to each) its copious swan-song...

But now it was plain that the rectum of the earth (wherein I operated but as a wistful turdlet) was coarctating — presently, all in a disheveled skein, I was stuck on an anticlinal tore or ledge. On a ledge, on a ledge, stuck on a ledge in the middle of the bowels of the earth, midway to its molten core — soon, if dislodged, to be dumped, throat of a devil, into hell.

Where's the snow?... Where's the library?... Where are the badly driven machines than one drove over the doors of the shops?... The shops themselves, bestowers of wrong pills, where are they lurking now, alluring testatrixes to one's demise, sinuously awaiting for their prey?... Where are the hemorrhages? Where the litanies, the hospitals, the mending and the sleep?... Where are the horses and the lapdogs? Who'll reexorcize their faulty pizzles which always misfired into pure waste?... I was missing all the amenities wontedly happening above surface, even those one wouldn't think of as admissibly missable — the furious electric rain when (spying for women or omens and prodromes) trapped atop a lofty slippery tree, so hard to climb down, and nobody even trying to help — why help, they ask, muffledly voicing their charming truisms, why indeed when even trying is bound to be harmful, actually when (disagree here who may) all needful trying comes to worse?

— so nobody helps; so might as well die, jump to my splotchy death — such a cruel world randomly brimming with cruel little lumps of ambulant flesh... — but stay your fateful thrust, for luckily here is the savior, an idiot colossus of a courteous man; he's stretching as high as he's able his arms — acrobatic under the frightening éclat of a burst of lightning, here I dunk myself, arms extended in front as I dive — underneath, the enormous hands catch my own, he flips me safely to earth — somebody applauds — good will falls over all like another kind of pall — the police and their big guns maybe don't want to kill us all after all — I dip in my pocket, come up with a twenty-five dollar bill — “here's a tip for you” — how gladly the rustic buries it deep among his busks.

How gladly also, as the gigantic corseted idiot with his bill, or even more, would I also be, also planted shallowly onto the crust of the earth again — tougher feat, you bet, from this opposite distance!

Safely ensconced at the edge of the ridge, blepharitis be damned, I try to discern whatever it juts (if anything) up or down the narrow ravine. It's however dark enough that, with my incongruous eyes and all, I don't see past the sweet wine drops on my ragged nails. What wouldn't I barter (an eager right eye? a kidney? the gilded buckle of my belt?) for a DESCRIPTOR now? Shouldn't have bought one before I started my disheartened stroll? Could have I afforded it? Aren't those machines that are supposed to describe everything their cyclopean electronic eye sees, and in a hundred per cent objective monotone, rather costly indeed? And what would the electronic Polyphemus see now? Do they see in the dark? Quite sure! But their neutered words for the blind, wouldn't elicit in my head incessant rushes of encountered musics — tunes and songs playing in the crazed gusset, topiary, vault, entombment of my head brought each by a different word that one associates with a song?... Could it say pretty woman without me singing walking down the street?... Could it say crying without me cantillating, nay, yodeling cry-ahahah-ying over you..., over you..., uh-uh-uh-uh-uh...? Doubt it very much. All my neurons ransacking the festering joint, shivs and fisticuffs, murders galore; wouldn't want to be in my own skull, disintegrating lazaretto for toughies and jilts all touched with the fast fusting music-mania, corroding broth where the smug, moaning, less clever youths irretrievably sink and drown.

But let's scout our forsaken moorings with the means available, the senses at hand... Here we are... Let the eye of the absent DESCRIPTOR goodly guess... Amongst the bricks lining the shaft most are perkins and duds — the burned-clay slivers under your nails prove it... Moreover the shaft is not an incline; on the contrary, people of the trade call it a vertical or a shear one, straight to nowhere safe, where the abyssal beasts feast... There's no conveyor cable... Anyhow, the hoisting engine would be by now totally shot... There are no skip tracks for anyone to climb slowly to the surface,

like some too eager, spread-eagled tortoise... Nor more roughly etched steps or indentations of any kind intended for the lost souls ever managed to survive the fall, the bottom of the pit, and yet with many broken bones rebound... How, oh how, shall we emerge, and how many more days will dawn and perish without us having ever the least inkling of their various ephemerides?... How did the deep-charged miners and blasters ever offer to the quarriers, through which secret vents indeed did the lumpers and the scabblers ever receive their tectonic bulk to readily lump and scabble before the shippers took over?... Let's palpate around without fear of fruitless exertions... Remember the pyramids and their emergency exits!... A block of stone pissing dust, there's your clue...

I thank the DESCRIPTOR (whom in spite of all its quiddities, one would grow to be fond of), but by now the monster of hunger is gorging itself with my innards... With which rage we longed now after our customary molded breads, and stale beers and spoilt oysters — with which anger we tore again and again the limbs of the sparsely fleshed river crabs, tore 'em, tore 'em, and tore 'em to pieces and pieces... And now we were hallucinating... We ate whole horses, damn the colored kicking ribbons at their tails... And caterwauling cats... Saucy serpents... No remnants left... Not a clenched token, furry and spiny, that no fussy beautician could make prosper into any kind of passable face, no, no hairballs, nor pellets, hawk-gleamings, regurgitations, egagropilae, bezoars, no horrendous dejecta left, nothing untoward impinging on our midday nap, nothing to stir our nostrils and rot away our peaceful vacation in our trip to the center of the earth... Such jaunty, scraggy limbo, and sheaves and sheaves of parsley to boot... Parsley, that's our foible and luxury, ain't it?... If I'm not mistaken — and then smoking incense and pot... Reading some revolutionary leaflets that impugn (such smarty barbs!) the eternal cavillations of the greedy... How to curtail them, or better: sever them at the root, and become brand-new and free... Maybe at the upshot of the forthcoming issue...

But that won't do. Our sides split with dryness. We are sere paper-maché nonentities. We've been perfunctorily read and tossed to the fire. And how we split and burn to cinders! We were never bibulous, no sir, we cried wassail while always serene and sober, eh?... But now we wish we could drink the barrels to the dregs. We wish we could put our oar in every party and swim into the drink... Lest we break as a fucking twig. And we don't mean either the drinking of that molten ore of thorium, that treacherous trickle that wants us stabbed and bitten with its venom we parry and fend, I mean fence, off like quintain heroes... No; we mean your mean drink of water or whisky, your habitual vesperal beer mug, your bogus nightcap, your scarcely filled early morning pop-up, even the glass of tap water with which you gargle after the brushing of your muddy teeth... Stop the mischief, tantalizing us with the approaching and the retrieving of the cups, the pyxes, the grails... Please, don't muddle us more, we've got the mettle of hardy hermits in their shelter of

intemperateness, but enough's enough. It's a safe bet we'll crack in two or more in another day or two...

So we tasted saltpeter, we sipped filtered rain, we nibbled at gold... And like chameleons and salamanders we survived to tell the tale.

9.01.2004

You bet your eyes!

Yesterday I was gripped by a searing pain in my tummy. Was I then contrite for the foolishness contracted on agreeing to ingest whatever the garbage I had been offered the day before. Plenty, probably, that had not agreed with me. Food is a harsh mistress. Take the whelps, their tainted nether organs, the sauce they were swimming in, more like toilet water whereupon a few floaters float. The uproar of my guts. The wish to take a dump on any of the plates on the table...

I had been invited (he came personally to my door) to have dinner at my rich crooked neighbor. It was about eleven a.m., and I was hungry. "But before we dine," he said, "I want to show you something..." I joked: "Are you sure? And with my eyes unshackled? With no black eye-band stuck on them — no black eye-band *for seeing nothing?*"

—Are you getting metaphysical? — he warned.

—No, I'm just getting nervous, you know.

And was I right to be! For where does he lead me but to his bedroom? Instinctively, I took the belt of my trousers and pushed a few notches more. Didn't want anybody pulling them down too fast and exposing my privates to who knew which awkward circumstances...

But the fears for my integrities were immediately allayed. His problem was the dead guy at the foot of the bed. That's what he wanted, my wise advise about the dead guy...

—My, a dead guy — I said.

—Well, not quite. Look — he answered, pointing.

And then I saw it. The dead guy was still alive. I untightened the belt and bent a little lower in order to observe the twitching of the hand that held a black pistol with a long silencer at the end of the barrel. The would-be killer wasn't quite dead. He was sprawled prone on the floor, legs and arms apart, his hat still on his head, a bullet on his back, the trench-coat with a tiny hole at the height of his heart.

—Are my eyes playing tricks (I asked.) Are my chiasmatic optic nerves at loggerheads again? For meseems the guys not quite dead.

—He ain't, and here's the quandary: the fuck I do with him now? What would you do? Shoot him in the head to finish him off? But wouldn't that look fishy to the police afterwards? Or would you call an ambulance, let's say; with the danger here that the jerk later heals and talks?...

—What about a little bit of smothering (I proposed.) A little bit of smothering never goes amiss.

A gasp at those words made my eyes sidle toward a corner. I had the feeling I was visiting old haunts. There was a sculptural woman there, maybe at the brink of a nervous breakdown. She was one of my neighbor's concubines. The rogue went for the most excellent stuff. Nothing spanemic and unwholesome. The women were all magnificent specimens — they took your afflatus off. This one (her name was Na Fava,) with her translucent night shift and nothing else on, looked much as a caryatid, one of those so alluring that the indentation of their cunts are obviously smoother, touched constantly as they are by all and sundry. Ancient goddess, voilà one of your faithfulest worshippers — we think, when, as nobody looks, our fingers do the ruttish cruising, trying to fit into their natural, cosier sheath.

A great bang at my back elicited a thunderous sneeze on my part. That sneeze would have awoken the dead. But it didn't the dying. Fellow with the bullet on his back only kept on twitching at the hand— the hand, the hand — the hand whose finger-ends shivered as they held the pistol bleak and black. After having slapped my back in his congratulatory way, my gangster neighbor saw the blithering chasm of his actions and their consequences mend a great deal. With a cushion on his arms, he deftly evicted Na Fava and me from his titillating room to finish his dastardly deed.

The beauty led me to the kitchen. Fed me some rubbish too ripe, which I swallowed blind, having only eyes for her rump and ripe curves akin. Oh, rape and rip my eyes

with the blatant exposition of such perfections! Etc... In fine, I was not above feeling sheepish in front of such perfumed offerings. Pages and pages on end, the next hotter than the previous one, could be written if a DESCRIPTOR described her — her belly-button, her ankle, her saliva on my bread...

—Knew I could trust in your good sense (broke the charm the gorilline owner of the big house, ferociously back-slapping again.) Guy's a fucking sage of the old school (told the incomparable concubine, in fake praiseful intonations.) Send him home. He's done for today.

And I was. And for today also. Sore and loose. Diarrheic like a rhesus monkey fed (for experimentation's sake) crumbs of mamba à la crack-up. Void of anything but disgust (and even for myself.)

Fortunately, later in the day, Na Fava paid me a courtesy visit. "Could I help her?" She wanted me to shelter her until the police snafued to the end. All my resources were at her disposition, I said, and did she take advantage of them! You bet your...

9.13.2004

Aporiae from the word go

Yesterday, from the start, the onslaught of those pesky double or triple "realities" that contradict each other and leave you figuratively panting and struck, blind, staring at the void — a hapless deer hovering between life and death, under the attack of numerous headlights. Went out the door, took the elevator, and down I thought I was getting when I realized there were no lights inside the box indicating the direction in fact taken by the enclaspings anxious-making ironlady-like contraption. Was I really going down, then, or rather up? What about sideways? Diagonally? Without indication I had no idea. Were the buttons gone crazy, asleep? Was it all in my eyes, in my mind? Was the magnetic field also befuddled, at a loss? Why was the electricity not working inside the shrinking hermetic cage and yet obviously steering it at a steady, regulated pace? Steering it where?... When the doors opened (thank Jove, or whoever,) at floor level I was. Ran out in high dudgeon, my face surely purpled, a purple that the cool early-morning drizzle must leisurely have dissolved by the time I reached the badly-trotted bus shelter.

So next I'm at the corner, waiting for the bus. I'm alone, a sole amorphous cyst grown on the not too clean bench, a solitary solecist under the grimy half-

splintered plastic canopy, the more intact of the two sidewalls of which carries an aggressive ad with another disgusting-looking beverage that urges me to: Start to live now! — with it no less. Yikes. And what the fuck's the meaning of the message, anyway?... Fraudulent pricks, if I've no taste for aporiae still less for doubtful irresolvable goos. To the bottled indigestible goo, they add the intellectual one of their shoddy formulation — which to my refined mental palate still tastes worse!... Overweening pimps — the cheap hubris of such ignorant louts — it howls to heavens... Sure, creeps, you'll teach me how to live, and when!... I've got to start existing now, is that it?... Was I, before this instant, a blank slate?... Is every instant the slate of my being wiped clean, totally erased?... Does a new slate of me start anew with each instant?... How long's this bloody instant?... Or maybe it was eternally long until your injunction that I start with my life now?... But, anyhow, starting now, for how long do I go on?... Do I stop as soon as I realize that I am alive, and what a bummer this life you push me to live is?... That in the previous slate the template for my being was much more desirable, and for sure tasted much better?... Should I bash my own brains and discard them down the drain, so that I make room for your bottle in my skull, or rather should I drink what comes down the drain provided there is not too much of your emetic liquid thrown away by others who preferred also no to start living now but rather continue what they were about in their own quiet business?...

Took a gander at the waste basket effluvisiously steaming at my hip. With the consuetudinary detritus, the (also almost customary) torn crime novel. A psychological one. Torn and all-wrinkled, and besmirched, and spat at in sheer frustration. In it probably you couldn't make certain even if the crime had been committed or not. Had the knife been plunged into the heart of the victim, or only into the heart of the bleak becalmed sea?... Etc. What a shit, as if things could be all at once black and white, dead and alive, good and bad! No. At every instant the question is clear, the heart's been pierced or the heart's intact. At the next and at the previous slate who knows. But in this one you must know. Else you better resign, you better stop. You better stop living now. For this is what they want, that we feel a bit shittier with the product they stab us with. That's the secret of advertising. This they want: that one be still unhappier! That one be now harnessed with another frivolous, soon turned cankerous, need!

“Very cantankerous today, Mr. Çontul-li.”

“What?” — she was derisively pouting my way, I saw.

“First I thought you were addressing me. Such severity, such a crabby scolding; so daddyesque, almost dantesque, brother, I was starting to shit myself with the trepidation and so on.”

“Not at all, not at all, ma’am; sorry, hi; and how’s things with you?... Talking rubbish to myself, you know,” I had not seen her coming into the shelter; so this is how I pay for my absentmindedness: now I am babbling, spewing wet excuses and foreshortened non-sequiturs.

And how beautiful she is, the hairy girl. We live in the same building, have met several times. She’s about twenty. Such a well-contoured mouth, bewitching. As is enchanting this fuzz above her lips, and those hairy arms, and that powerful woman smell of hers... And upskirt, up her hairy legs... Uh, the sweet discoveries, what a thrill, love-comatose for her godly perfumed trichomes!... Uh, indeed, for a jungle trip to the nitty-gritty of her hairy cunt!... We chat animatedly, and there’s an undercurrent of understanding, something sexual, a reciprocal attraction, no doubt about it.

Arrives the bus, and silly me I climb first. Contemporary girls are offended with hypocritical courtesies, deadening, daze-inducing ballasts of yore. Anyway, she climbs not at all. Wrong bus I am in... A double-decker... And now I spend the trip undecided — should I seat on the upper deck or on the lower one?... Just holding the pole of the spiral stairs in between. The people inside look awful enough in both decks. Don’t dare to seat near anyone. Of course, upon arrival, I see the tag. The adhesive on the door says: “Bus for the afflicted with the New Leprosy.” New Leprosy, what the fuck’s the meaning of this one? A metaphor for which other terrible sickness? Also sexually transmitted? Or air-born? Maybe bottled and distributed world-wide for those recalcitrant, rather headstrong, bully-on re-starters in life? Unafraid to chuck away all of this life, to die then, and hey, here we are, coming at it, new again. How easy to become leprous. From hale to leprous in a gulp. Anyhow, no wonder the hairy girl chooses elsewhere, despite the peppy talk she kindly offers me of an empty while. Who’d want anything to do with another clean-slated new leper? All his experience erased; so new, the poor fucker, no life in him to speak of.

Is her name Ruth? I think it is. Let’s say, for this instant’s sake, clearly then, that her name is Ruth. I’ll write her a letter of heartfelt apology. “Dear Ruth, Yesterday, as you saw, in my hare-brained confusion, too excited by your delicious presence, too engaged in your sparkling conversation, I took the wrong bus. Too late, to my distress, I realized what dire pass my silly thoughtlessness had brought me to. I certainly didn’t mean to start such a new enterprise in life, if I’m allowed to exaggerated the sudden unwitting change of plans and of route. My altered vital bend taking a turn for the worse, one might say. And wasn’t I bewildered when I saw the fauna inside. You wouldn’t believe the monsters. Wow, I’ve seen uglies, but those, each of them, took the cake. Looked like an Adonis myself in unfair

comparison. Please believe me when I firmly protest that I'm no new leper — whatever they be, for they've been rather undefined up till now, haven't they?... Probably you know more about the subject, being so studious and young, and a girl of the world. I hope you explain some of it to me next time we meet. I assure you from now on I'll look carefully at the make and the tags and the panels and the general texture of the bus, and, you've got my word of honor, at the driver, without fail, and most important the passengers. That's the last time they catch me. If you are there, there I'll be, bumping me, trusting you wholeheartedly, not bumping anymore, your faithful tenderly-furred bee, inconspicuously behind you, following your marvelous scent, my dear Ruthie, climbing the buses to my destiny. And now that I've extended full-spread at your pretty, precious feet the cleanest-intended rose-red carpet of my apology, let me wish nothing better than that in the future our waiting for the bus to the rest of our rosy lives be not a sludgy cubicle with garish skunky adverts but that where we have lain, far from the polluting cosmopolises where at every corner the houses are in irrecoverable disrepair because of the willfulness of prodigal sons, and where each citizen is a cheap actor who in his misplaced hubris believes his vacuous role, cheap inept actors all, running to exhaustion such a humdrum play of death, bossiness, obsession and sex, we, meanwhile, rescued, shriven, calmly waiting, not to start but to end our living in beauty, amid Saxon saxifrages and Catalanian kalicanthus, there, there exactly, where the beautiful canthi or canthuses or corners of your eyes of eyelashes so uberous have perceived, with a shudder of anticipation, my snaky skippage and my reptilian seepage as I come to graft into you, among the pretty flowers, another swanky slippage, there, in such hallowed grounds (something like that,) there the rattling buses full of gawky rubber-neckers, stupid thrill-seekers, reverently stop — “ultimate adventure, part the last, for the best's for last!” shrilly scream the posters gaudy — while their slumberous guide, full of cant, of our lasting monument, of nothing made but air blessed by our former presence, sings in a honey-laden holy-oily sing-song the invisible but ha!, so well suspected marvels all at once so simple and yet truly complex... Yours truly, I say... Cuixplec Çontul·li.”

Pish, piffle. Shucks, full of cant, indeed. Grown too “poetical” for my own good. Dangerous. On the verge of a anaphylactic overload. Bah, then. Disgusted with myself, tore it in my mind, and proceeded to better endeavors. Tomorrow we shall see, if or when the velvety lubricious lady's met.

For now let's to our business at hand. And I did.

While I was sneakily photographing the money-changers and their repugnant activities down there all along Money-Changing Street, I felt the surreptitious bodkin of a well-recognized piece of sewage piercing the cells of my inner nose. Hum, unpleasant to the max. Again the stink of dirty money changing hands. Big

profits out of almost nothing, just bumf. Not work, but repellent wiliness, hugely rewarded. How much more agreeable the smell of rotten fruits and vegetables near the thronging outside markets of my childhood, near the bombed-out churches, still hung on the corners with pink gypsum little mutilated angels — how evocative and wholesome the rotting smell of matter, compared to that abomination of the soul corrupted and infirm.

I wondered who buys into the multiplication of realities, so that never anything is to be really accounted for. Before, when the shopkeeper shortchanged you, by knifing off, of the weights for his scales, some of their soul of lead, or by bamboozling you with his legerdemain as to the return of change for that bill or that, he was mulcted aplenty and publicly shamed for a day or two, nailed by the ears to the doorpost of his shop. Well, now, the more you cheat your clientele, the better man you are considered, and the biggest cheater the honorary president of your new cathedral, the nearest stock exchange for the safest bilking of your more neighborly folks.

Instead, since the pink ugly mutilated little angels, the shock of their utter ineffectiveness, I've never bought into any of the "reals," far one way or another from the real "real" of this instant. No past chaining the present, no future chained by it. Oh, I know that I'm not real and that the fiction that I am has to be — has to be for me not to stop abruptly to function as an entity. But if the fiction is that I am real, then let all fiction be real — ergo, not lies. For if fiction be lies, and the "real" unreal, then nothing stands, everything crumbles, for if there is no dagger and no brain to be pierced by it, then you can't say "he killed her by piercing her brain with a dagger," then you say "maybe he did, maybe he imagined (or she) that he did (she did it to him, or him to himself, or her to herself, or nobody did but be a dreamy slugabed the session long..."

What?... Isn't that accretion of worthless debris enough of an idiotic puzzle? The pussy scabs of living nothing but a tiny scar on the ass of the god that's to be — or not. Why the constant lies on top of it? Why the winky winks if I don't get the fucking Wink of it all in the first place? What are all these people whose pockets clink with coins laughing so much about? Aren't they dead a few "reals" hence? I could never believe their fictions of reality. Never trusted the "evidences" evinced by the senses, never bought for an instant into the "smooth workings" of societies. Such crude crypts of hidden rotten horrors. All's sham. The façade, all flimsy veneer — nothing I should concern myself with any longer. No, done; don't want to belong. I want out, whatever I be, or be not, count me not. This charged instant, what is there underneath? I've the feeling a massive bomb's gonna explode. Maybe the entire planet. The universe as a booby-trapped package. Good bye, good bye.

I was retreating, hit by the reality of not being at all (fictitiously or otherwise,) my

golden ass a-quiver, trembling as a leaflet of gold unfolded from the crack of any paltry liberatrix to fold again into the molten core of a new maremagnum of matter white-hot. For that's the miracle — the matter and its soul, its underneath of something else, its omniferous pluck, its wish to become more than inchoate, more than uncreated, full-fledged, i.e., alive.

Presently, nothing happened (I wouldn't be here today if yesterday it had, and that's final,) so I started gratefully smiling even to the smartly-dressed clueless yokels so "wise" in money matters and to the mummified bosses to whom they are the niggardly skivvies, pinning, unpinning and underpinning their gold-plated diaper-like skivvies, and carrying for them their chamberpots of golden shit holiday-wrapped in ever more profitable accounts, I vouch. None of them answered my smiles. I'm real shit in their eyes. Real shit, real enough. That's what the shit-eating bug asks of it. "What is beneath the shit that is so mysteriously alluring? There's got to be something else beneath the endearing thuriferous veneer, I vouch!" — vouches also the bug.

Exactly, I don't know either what lurks under the crinkling plaster of everydayness. It may not be that good at all; for all I know it might be horrendously worse than what my disreputable imagination could ever conceive. But one thing is sure, babies, what remains so intimately hidden and all but unapproachable even by the best minds extant this instant, under the deafening din and the blinding loud distortion of appearances has nothing to do with the awful farce of heinous relationships.

As there was no cop near the shady corner where I stood, "fraudulent archaic bugaboos, crass profiteers," I ragged, in the undervoice of another crazy beggar, "I see you cross-hatched in the gaps of the ruins, ruining the day of reckoning, running for your worthless lives!" And now I shouted, ruthlessly, with the self-righteous ardor of another clergy-tortured vaticide, "dissemble no more! Let's call a thief a thief, and a financier a thief, and a sheikh a thief, and a moneybags a thief..." But a couple of them passed, recently reprieved, and thus full of charity, and gave me twenty dollars each.

I was stunned. Shining knights in leering armor, I thought. Would they also dare vilify in this manner my incomparably hair-rich, fabulously scented Ruthie? I doubt it. Why tar-and-feather somebody whom nature has already endowed with such beautiful plumage? Tar-and-feather me for I really am in need of some veneer of reality. My mind swims in the breeze. Would that it be a flag, or whatever other empty symbol of something inexistent! An iron-pole would sustain me, a bolt of lightning would vein me, the blood of selfless heroes would irrigate me, the breeze and the hurricane would affirm me; below, their eager salutations would confirm

me, their sacred fire would send my soul to heaven there to envelop with my reconstructed ashes the strange foreign phantom contours of who I must be — as of yet, mother, a total unknown.

9.23.2004

Here come the meacocks!

Yesterday, as I was translating a particularly tough bit of Tiberian text — the age-old flavor of his sayings! — spurious or apocryphal, still mighty tasty to the invited tongue — ah, “the bumble-bee not of good sense, but of conscience!” — and then, damnation, you hit the snag of a polysemous word, and you spend hours deciphering which of the meanings really fits, or have you got to conflate them all into some type of invention that conveys them all all at once even if diluted? — “escorça’m corcer” (skOHr-sam kohr-sEH) — said En Valira — En Valira? Is that the mountain? the river? the giant? — “oh, racing horse, take away the bark of my being and draw me as I really am” — isn’t that a longish, clumsy adaptation?... — seventeen words to translate two?... — what about: horse, shorten my distance? — or: paint me, horse, arrived? — what if the extant text came down to us already corrupted; couldn’t En Valira be another Gilgamesh? — d’escorçar’m em corsec (daskohrsAHm-m kohrSEHk) — I wither at the idea of my body peeling away?... — what if every c is a t, a mistake any old copyist could easily make? — estorç em, tarter: “scree, save me!” (while from the baddies escaping down a slope mounted on his horse back from a freeing spree...)

So, in any event, I was employed in unmincing a sentence of that kind when the door to my apartment clangorously flew away.

The hairy girl’s husband was huffing and puffing as he entered. I thought, the guy’s gonna kill me. Where is my pistol? Shouldn’t I have bought one long ago even if only for suicidal purposes? — how did it go, the celebrated second amendment advert promoting the selling of guns?...

“Wait,” I said, “before you cast the first stone, did you look at the plaque outside? I have none, you know. I’m no shyster bilked you of your money, nor no doctor told you you were dying of a dyscrasia turned your body into raw sewage or something as unspeakably vile, ok?”

“No, but you are the fucker fucks my wife.”

“Plainly put, no bones about it, but wrong. Hee-haw. I’m another deviant weakling,

ok? Welcome to the club.”

“Club?...” The husband was a bit taken aback by my esoteric greeting. In fact, seeing who he was, a tiny eager guy, ill-accoutered, with a graying disheveled widow’s peak, a far from eupeptic breath, dry mud up his nostrils, shiny ashes around his eyes, I had recognized another flopped paragon of domesticity.

“The club of the forced virgins. Everybody fucking around but us.”

“But us?”

“The hoodlums and the bruisers holding sway all over town, and the bordering polders with it. The sleaze overrunning the floweries, the wiferies, zealously garnering garters as trophies, cavorting no end, titillating the coy fraus, distributing pell-mell orgasms unheard-of up until now, and contentedly raping away, each girlie well-marked, so the husbands know who has been culling her fruits first and who’s trampled the roots so no flowers will sheaf for weeks again, and jamming their gadgets of at least twelve inches, often more, which compared to our shrunk widgets, so easily gobbled off with a derisive giggle on top, are impressive enough, don’t you think? A weasel weaseling in a warren overstretched to capacity and often even *cureless ruin* — the image goes not amiss by a single tear of the different sphincters... Did you see them showing off in every image you care to take a gander to?... Their hard faces of hardcore crooks with an aberrant hardon?... Those massive lethargic hardons you don’t puncture with any silver bullet of husbanding affection, and less jealousy, don’t I know! He and her hee-haw, guffawing at you while they tease each other before and after they fuck — “hubby does also the dishes now”... or, still more laughable, “hubby threatens to buy a new gun and blow somebody’s top”... Because if you blew nothing with the first gun what are you going to blow with the second. Could as well blow the vacuum cleaner’s spout after you cleaned the bedroom’s carpet and eiderdown, where his ashes fell and smoldered and festered for days while you uneasily slept utterly unrewarded for your pains. You see, too sore a cunt of a wife.”

“What do you insinuate?”

“Of an adorable wife, withal! A doozy, a trump, a dream of a wife. An unimpeachable, unblamable, unloathable peach of a wife.”

“Ah.”

“Of whom I sing the lay. The lay of the bottom-feeders! Like what we average miners sang as we descended into the avernal pits. Ready to be shunted to galleries

and tunnels and funnels where all dangers and nightmares lurked. Where without girders nor safety-nets, cloaked with mineral poisons and choking dusts of coals, we acrobatically kneaded another self-generated world. Heedlessly we put at stake our wages, and our limbs, and our lungs and lives, for the pleasure of returning of a night, from our grueling intraterrestrial inner-stellar travels, to a bed with the blessed cynosure of a pallid woman in it. What if the woman was counterfeit, more of a miscreant swirling tart than of a steady begrudging ball of ivory fat?... We jumped for joy, and nimbly wept of having such luck, for she was ablaze when we returned, primed for every touch, ouch, ouch, ouch! As we came back to the amber sky of dying evening, as a swarm that swerves astray, and hobbledly each defeated worker-drone headed for home, for the quirky wife his ithyphallic urge for to meet head on, and she shirked his gorged advances with the fake histrionics of a too industrious virtuous matron, though he knew she had lolled all day and gallivanted with better smarter males (those kinds of things run off the cuff and in,) what did we do, avowed phylogynists, uxorious dainty gourmets of femininity, were we grisly boors, unschooled blockheads enough to threaten to behead someone or of committing mass suicide by igniting firedamps, exhausts, miasmas and such? No! We jumped for joy and nimbly wept of having had such an undeserved luck, for then we knew she wasn't among the dingy, but amongst the best, for not anyone can be a tart, not anyone is chosen by those clean idle supermensch for whom only choice cunts count, they examine cunts far and wide, hither and thither, in the wide and narrow of this world and next, like any mine prospector, coming back disappointed a thousand times out of a thousand and one, same 'ole, same 'ole, he says, until he explodes for joy when he finds the find of his life: our wife, the ore and the lode, the paydirt and the veinstone of our wife!"

"Yes, sir."

"Immediately that I saw you, I knew that you couldn't be one of those strait-laced creeps devoured innardsly by parasitic tiny little secrets... They you were frank and open, and a guy who knows how to live..."

"And yet the case is..."

"That you were an illumed ladies' man, exactly like me, in your beautifully well-furnished dreams, and that you were a live-twicer, first by the dream, second by the telling and the savoring and the understanding of the dream..."

"True, and yet, she threw me out."

"She threw you out? Because you didn't like she being such a choice for artistic debauchers? Because you insinuated revenge? Because you insinuated

complacency? Women are such riddles, aren't they? Have a slug of the fire water, eh?..."

"No whiskey for me! As you know she's a cartoonist..."

"Is she?"

"And we have a son of five and a half?"

"Do you?... Already? By Joe!"

"This morning my son told me he had dreamt me drinking a last whiskey before going to my death, and that as I was fading he sang, melodramatically, a dirge of that lugubrious caliber, slow verbum pro verbo: *Wait; wait, wait, father, wait...* Poor child, in modis imparibus, the elegiac mode... When this afternoon, back from work, pawkily enough, I told her this, she laughed, and she told me superstitious and shitty-pants, and she showed me a cartoon of me she'd made riding back on the bus. The character had my sad sorry face, sure enough, but the body was that of a camel annoyingly urging the on-looker to notice him; said the caption: *Draw me, draw me, dare to draw me, dromedary!* I don't know why I became a bit pissed-off with that; you know, those shifts of mood sensitive people are prey to, and I answered, gruffly: What I don't understand is the hump; I thought we cuckolds wore horns not humps. *Humpings are the others' affairs, aren't they...* Go figure, at that she went mad. Started throwing away all my things down the window to the street, at the same time naming every item with such furious underscoring!... Her vociferous appellations are indelibly written now on my mind. I'll always see now every modest implement with the accentuation of rage. A table! An armchair! A pen! A pencil! A wig! A suitcase! A dingdong! A dress!... The worst, of course, were the papers... She burns them all at the kitchen burners. Flown in flames all the work of those last six years or so..."

"Six. You don't say!"

"I came to you because of all her fuckers you seemed the least able to present any real challenge. That was the ploy. I hoped that by showing her that I gave you a couple of blackeyes at the least, I cared a lot about whom she diddles with, or doesn't, you know, which I really don't; enough work as it is, you know..."

"Well, tell you what. Why don't I try my luck? Go to her. Plead for your plight. Steal one of her coal crayons, something of the cartoonist's trade useful for painting bruises and blackeyes, come back here, paint myself, and we go back crying, you to your armchair, and pens and dingdongs, me back home also to my work, she to her

cute drawings, with this new theme we offer her in concert, from the lusty corolla of her lifted skirt to the sad corollary of my spent little prick.”

He said ok..., and we succeeded... More or less.

Afterwards, broke for supper, the hairy girl already asleep, the dreamy boy supperless to bed, me and my fellow meacock took our business to a funeral parlor. As another pious nitwit was ceremoniously propelled to the celestial plane, we two, pale perambulating copies of the happily deceased, pertinently gave in to our proclivities for woeful verbigeration. For a poorboy’s sake, we prevaricated at will. The pitch sounded totally plausible. The panegyric brimmed with pirouetting paraphrases. Hitting right all the pizzicati clefs, both, one after the other, praised the defunct’s plethora of parochial proprioceptions. Crowbar Phil had been, according to our gospel, a chiliastic’s portfolio of prejudiced philanthropies. A late convert, he’d ceased his predatory practices point-blank, thus back to plain pedestrian Penelope post choleric cockfighting Circe and crotchey claptrappish Calypso in a jiffy it was, and then what Pyrrhonian chastity his since the pathological turn-around! Paraclete his credence where pulchritude, verecundity and any assortment of pitiable convictions were always on the serve and smash. No polychrome prickling of conscience since then, you bet. Just his practiced countenance in anticipation to the prelude to celebration, his primeval cruelty captured in a cupboard, kept against the pestiferous and the chimerical, the possessed and the pestle-prone appearing on the screen of his TV. Till, fed-up of plucking such paltry chickens and worthless protozoa, on it was with the pearly pilgrimage to meet his maker, for his maker so tarried that the whole thing, praise the lordy, had become a chore.

And so, after plundering with no further pretext needed the canisters of crackers and poorboys (to recoin a puny Pepysism,) home and to the pallet bound.

9.30.2004

Man hat

Man hat

Yesterday, morning was breaking. I thought, a bit katzenjammerish: Man, one had rather better be gone for good than back around once again. I had fallen asleep under his window, at his side of the room. I woke up when he was kissing and dry-

humping my feet. “Are you getting at or from the window?” I said just like this, not too loud.

“From, from. Sorry,” he answered, rather flustered.

After he was gone back to his bed, I felt empty. Remnants of a sticky dream bothering my thinking. Why had I chased him away?... I love meacocks. Didn’t “god” say: Love thyself?...

Ah, swimming in shit, that was it; I had been swimming in a vast quagmire of shit — I sniffed a little, nostrils aloft, maybe a raccoon or a deer had come to void where we were at; that’s what they do, don’t they, come out by night and shit around — yeah, transported in cottony clouds from a placid family picnic, smelling of rosemary and thyme, to a cage and a quaint yearning for the far mountains — oh to be gone, just dreaming, among the lizards, the mosses, and lichens, and crevices..., the misty, mushy, wishy-washy trees, above all the nutty stones and their pungent soothing presence! — the calcite-crystal eyes of the trilobite witnessing my utter bliss under the summer breaths of sweet air — far, far from the semper unrequited yen of the Huge Pricks — far augmented since I’ve become his Widow — bitten unrelievedly by poisonous snakes, their enraged organs victims nonetheless to a sense of perpetual never-assuaged martyrdom...

I was saying: “Phorms (forms, shapes, delos, inchoate figurations) of matter — that’s what we are — (the Widow indeed!) — parrots, worms, thistles, quicksilver, amber — forms of matter, just — hazards of amalgamated dirt surrounding a tiny teeny void”...

And then I must have fallen down the side of the sweet odorous rocky mountain, splash into the quagmire of shit.

I had wanted to write on the grimy glass of his window: “If naked is the worm / ’tis a crime to cover thy bishop / If an uncovered face’s the norm / ’tis covering it also / of itself a crime? / Always? / When?...” Quandaries, forsooth, better left to the fairies of the vaporous nights.

Then I heard him grumble. He said he was about to get up and defeatedly slink back home —thereto to be duly chastised by the hairy girl. Him, another blushing flower born to burst and show unseen, his delicious beauty never wasted in a desert cranny where he’d wait in perversely sensorious musings while thereabouts the lizards and mycelia of communicating intimations river and skittle profitably under his startled and doubting skin.

I said: “Wait.” Cold wall, meager supper, now I’m the wild she-ass joyfully splattering her milk, spurning the heavy irons with which the hallowed idol-obsessed beehive wanted me shackled forever more — and the sputtering pyrotechnics of its clattering brighten with fleeting firespecks my epic shenanigans.

What else could I have done?... After the fall, not ripe enough for the suicide option — sorry, no guts for this sort of drab activity anyway; also, I can’t be chosen for it outright, and just because I happen to be passing by your side at the critic instant when your own personal rebellion (or is it some stricture of your blubbering neurons much rather) must compulsory commence.

Those are the dangers of traveling. What if you are caught in somebody else’s revolutions. For which you don’t care even a whit?...

I wasn’t going back, to idels regrets and such; not on anybody’s life.

This day long ago, in some forsaken country, while on duty, I had to climb the edifice. Someone’s put a gun on my hand, a proper rebel’s “asked” me to participate — but I lie, there was no comminatory “or else” there, either; no, just nicely: “Would you please also joint in the attack?...” Something like this, with a smile, melting my virtual cunt. Then he said: “Here’s the better gun for you, I’ll keep the so-so one for myself,” shoving to my craving arms the shiny updated model of a killing machine. Aches my paw at the remembrance of lost love. “Thanks,” even the heft of it feels fine — exhilarating, why not, I’ll hasten to add.

But of course in the field of battle the odds against us were too tremendous to fathom. No matter, one doesn’t waste his courage in speculating about rates of survival, one had to strive abreast, a man has, doesn’t falter.

Propelled by the breezes under my skirts, I’m farther up all the time without even thinking about it. He must be also — the frenzied revolutionary imp, revolting, we both are, bent on the discomfiture, ay, the destruction of the stinking stingers’ glutinous blob of conventions — he is! — elevated, aloft — I see now and then his fast untrousered monkey legs like yellow flashes through the windows that open upon the cage of the stairs I’m so unobtrusively discarding by braces and threes — he’s outside, somehow pinioning the nails of his toes on the scant purchases afforded between the stones and bricks of the plain slick façade. Soon, intimately ashamed of my much easier route, and yet convinced the ruse was allowable if not the only reasonable attitude at this instant of overwhelming inferiority, I’m exulting atop the bloody building.

Would he had called me as soon as I’m back home?... First ring, I’m throatily

answering, joking protracted sing-song and all: “Hoy-hoy-y...?”

Now let him rot in self-doubt... He was a burning offering propitiated under the very window where my pallet almost rested, and I failed to take him?... What kind of a creep would reject such a heroic figure, like a monumental statute atop the winds?... — I know he’s raking his mind with such contumelious guilt I fear for a stroke or two (or for a sniper’s bullet, or a stray bullet, or the slippage of the hero.)

But no time to commiserate further. Focus on. This chamber I’m in, boy, in itself that’s the beautifullest mansion in the sky one could have ever devised. The hallowed idol-obsessed beehive has no crippling harpoon stuck on the burring spine of such a one as is able to retire in a place olympian for sure as this one is. Unless he himself be one of the mystic deleterious vapors — one of the fucking mystical idols indeed.

Mesmerized by the room I’m in, no mirrors, not one. Spacious and soundproof as the stratospheric firmament outside, all surrounded by armored isolating glass, the city at our feet suspended like a paltry planet one could crush as another flickering flimsy bulb. Also inside pip and chirrup with slight voices the small multicolored birds — many, ubiquitous, galore — and coming from every unsuspected corner, like the crazy exact geometrical patters in vivid black and white that beset the clueless mind every time weariness shuts my eyes. But anyone can listen to a record; contrariwise, a man has to put up with whatever comes his way. I touch with reverence the gilded bars of their ample cages. Their old faces, all my faces — and like every face a careless pasted-on congeries of loose badly worn-out skins and gristles morbidly shielding an almost indistinct skull — a porous skull obviously yearning for the diverting occupancy of the busy worm. Scary touch every time one applies to himself a bit of the gilded powder — the porous bones around the eyes, ready-made caverns for the happy vermin. My eyes are adapting to the murkiness, the furniture is all so low, squat, like soft silky tortoises drowsing about: they are mostly objects of repose, plush couches, ottomans, blown-out cushions thrown at random, long mushy chairs with thickly padded armrests, many-pillowed mattresses on short legs...

And then, from one of those abandoned heaps of moist membranous afterbirths, lazily discombobulated at the center of it, comes the voice, startling to say the least — a woman’s very tired voice. She assumes I’ve just been introduced by the butler — she hardly rouses herself, maybe a tiny bit as to what to the neck pertains — “I wasn’t really asleep, you know” — smiles faintly, props her ear with the flat of her hand, continues carefully listening — to the chirps of the birds?... the symphony of the spheres?... — always so deeply reclined. By and by she perceives perhaps my open-mouthed admiration, or rather puzzlement, in front of such unimpeachable

luxury both of space and utter pastoral tranquillity pat in the middle of all the perverse polluted chaotic hubbub of this busiest and craziest of cities, and moreover everything and all so well disguised in such a humdrum edifice — “Anyone can listen to a record,” she murmurs, so disarmingly, so subdued, and I’m thinking: But in which conditions, ma’am!

We enter into a very mild discussion about the excellence or lack thereof of certain recordings dubbed from the voices of all sorts of immured birdies and beasts. Of a sudden a quirk of mind sounds the alarm, puts forward the picture of the beleaguered rebel outside — immured indeed, harrowingly stuck to the them walls for dear life — a stertorous, death-rattling mural of pain.

“I was musing...” She wheezed, ponderously, and for a fleeting instant I had hoped, such a stately dignified well-seasoned lady and all, I was punting for something deep, at least deepish, who knows, Einsteinian, on the order of: “Speed it not past the very light lest thou be stopt in thy melted tracks...” or even, more pedestrianly: “There’s only one life, I tell you; not enough, not enough, never enough...” but she came up with something else indeed: “I was musing,” she wheezed, for once not even begrudging a passing wince and a slightly puckered brow maybe to accentuate the deepness of the thought — and here’s where, with those, how she had tripped me — “musing about the orkers outside below; I was just sampling, freely libating, sipping libelulla-like, or like a fly tasting the aphid-speckled meadow buds, the faint echoes of what I overhear from my taciturn butler and such terror-stricken help as he allows into the sanctuary. The orkers, some strongly totemized tribes let loose thereabouts around the more untamed borders of the city, it seems, and the world’s so strange, they mostly just cheer you, I heard, safely enough, the cow-orkers, those are the widest spread, the dominant streak, cow-orkers, yes, they back you, they support you, they go all the way with you, except that sometimes they get ornery, that’s how they call it, at odd striking confluences of the planets or of their untuned totem-sickened brains, I was thinking on the order of the terrible musths that suddenly afflict elephants maybe, so blindly destructive, they flip and go bananas, hey, and how, they moo you, they mug you, they develop hornlike hardnesses and gore you, and they kill you outright, blowing frightfully through the wide holes in their ringed swollen slave noses, in fine, and then there’s the goat-orkers, they boo you, they push at you, they awfully rub themselves on you soon as you turn your back, and swallow your sandwich in a thrice... As to the flea-orkers, I heard, they...,” she faltered badly before she picked herself up once again, “Ah, and the orca-ocher-okra-orkers, those are sad people indeed...,” but by then I wasn’t following. Hissing witch, for all I cared, she, with her shot mystique, and her tottering unravelling butler rooting at her rectum and vagina, twin dark lenses of the final binoculars to the mysterious stars, could go collect dandruffs at their collapsing hell. Meanwhile, I had to meet my rebel, he was due to rescue me any minute, and carry me

triumphantly to a non-stuffy bed, with open windows and the fresh night breeze noisily invited in. “I was...,” she said.

Half-smothered by pillows and silks, I endeavor to raise. Of course, the guy. The guy climbing outside. Have I dozed off?... But who wouldn’t?... The sickly smell of jungle flowers and birds, overpowering indeed. I reach nonetheless one of the glass walls looking out. Where art thou, my creepy crucified?... I remember thee well, sorry betrayed rebel let hanging in the rough.

She runs desperately to the vast elongated window on the side of the street. What! In horror, she looks down at the commotion! She turns in a daze. “Lady Mayoress!” — she shouts, and urges: “Lady Mayoress, take a peak at the commotion, will ye!”

But what does she care? She only shrugs, shifts a little bit, reclines more comfortably, seeps some syrup from a curved long straw that plunges into some dark foliage at her side, moderately clicks her tongue... Then nothing, she seems dead again.

Downstairs, I mean below, deep into the street he’s been felled, his skull must’ve been cracked on the pavement. To smithereens, I thought, it figures: to smithereens, consider the height and all. One would imagine that she hears the hysterical ringings from the ambulances: ambulances, that’s a well-to-do neighborhood after all — they clean the mess and dispose of the shitty cadavers in a thrice.

Poor thwarted self-abused hero. And what a deep sense of shame on my part. But now his shiny new gun burns my hand. Quaint world of only old bags and shifty freeloaders. Lichtzwang-like, she seeks enlightenment — oh, for the dreadful bulldozers leveling the unlucky star-stricken ground wherein self-ignorance thrives. For one gets riled up. A man does.

Her son had recently come home on short leave. After showing him this tub she’d just bought, a so-called collector’s piece, mounted on steel horse legs, designed by the great Catalan architect Zepet Sert, she couldn’t but comment in passing on the great idea this sales representative had had. He had insisted on “improving” the classic masterpiece by buttressing it on some kind of gilded pedestal. “Fie!” — the son martially thundered. “Steal it from him, giddy ’er up, and ride it away”, he recommended, “never let him even approach it.” Then, before going back to barracks, Jim had left the following note stuck on the washstand mirror: “If rep messes Sert tub, stir its buttresses. Semper fi.”

A suffused, light, commensurate runoff whiff of comedy should be seeping in almost

inadvertently. After all, we are dealing with the (one should deem simple enough) goings-on of a mature lady about town...

She's got a heart-warmed gun, though — with it, one even assumes she's done away with someone — a man has — seeing the weird way she carries on and on, a man's got to tell herself as much or thereabouts. And yet, all said and done, the hell one knows, of course.

With Jim, insipid, urinated fag, the scrubbed bell of his skull sounding and looking like a chamberpot, ay, with him back over there stalingly marinating when not in rut and bursting, a carnage of infidels at his unit's wake, her apartment also rings hollow, and the neighbors being the pits, at all hours dropping in to snoop and prod and to generally bugger one most injuriously, in another thrice she's definitely missing.

And, more or less alerted by traitors, the cops alas hot behind her maybe.

Yikes, the thugs at her ass — taking a rest it must be from raping and torturing naive detainees, or killing no-money suckers, or from intimate sessions checking stolen pedophilia or doping themselves with no less stolen merchandise, timeless crooks to whom every excess is permitted by accomplice judges imbued in the same garbage. Well, she's an orker all right, a gunslinger-orker, with a sexy mole above her upper lip at a corner where it fits in lieu of a cruel smile even when her teeth are gnashing and she's wishing you dead. She can fly off the handle any which way all right. As for instance... And when the hive's behind, snarling and in hot pursuit, there's my moue of scorn. And there's the feeble chirping of my distance-spurning bones. Hear me clicking down the nocturnal rain-soaked reflections-ridden avenue. My numbers scan, listen, come the witching hour they are never wrong

Addicted to adventure, during the dark churning of the night, where the clouds are swept hither and thither by my own burning thrown afflatus plus the spontaneous ante-ups of other evil winds, having mostly slept the sunlit hours away, in a stupor of dirtiest homeliness, I morph, for whatever is worth, into a strafing failure of darting eyes, a not-quite-there presence lost in a thrice into the waving darkness, an absence of undetermined corpuscles filling and emptying the concreteless mold of a foreign biped, a wastrel, too-wieldy spook of a contorted body here and gone at the same eerie instant. So unidentifiable howsoever that you'd swear indeed the witches of olden ages are maybe back — or haven't you just kind of smelled one, a slithering vomit, absquatulating downwind?... Yep, everyday I look more like a demented creep — a she-creep for a worse affront still. Boy oh boy, talk about a bag lady — vicious! Not even the shy mature masturbator under whose window I fell nonetheless asleep wanted any truck with me — not really — too much trouble

horizon-wise, even though he dry-humped my unconscious feet.

The satin-petaled nest of the night welcomes she who, forced to helplessly cower in a murky corner by the diurnal onslaught of being, chose otherwise not even to acknowledge appurtenance to the same species — a blobbish imponderable, a shady splicing — a longing inchoative amoeba maybe — she's something the swirled space near a neutron star has not quite yet formed — not showable anyway in full light — to foist into chaotic commerce with the profusion of sun-fostered shapes, all fighting for attention: me!... me!... me!... — a man must tend toward obscurity, attend preferably to matters of the solitary dark, wherein, naturally prone to exult unashamedly, she is rendered of the hobbling cumbersome greasy crassness of the Sun and fashioned into a nimble and lean, liberated, individuated zinging perpetratress of "crimes."

By decades, just leprous conglomerated chunks of greying rot, the dropping years have scampered rat-like and escaped — unapprehensible — and have left behind almost no traces, vague, unappetizing, disgusting old cooking stinks of many Moons ago, stuck to the mind by traumas unknown. That's now the whole baggage: soiled grains of irretrievable sand through the extended fingers of my alien hands: the twin diseases of love and lust still trying to cling, filthiest of grains, to the creases of the lines where my destiny obliterates itself.

How guiltily can one man get for a single sin?... Is the hospital a link in the chain to liberation? Or is where craziness or death notch you for them in a definite, shrill that's it!...

Tentatively, in clumsy imitation of the blind, not a clue inside the pitch darkness of my conscience, looking for some other hefty-enough, and meaningful, and luminous distractions against the encroachment of death, indeed — in the freer clearer humbler, and above all less clamped and cluttered, surroundings of the shadow regime, where blackness rules and the lackeys of doom, darkside's grim riders, roam undetected, at their wake only ruin and bleakness left, and banes, anguishes, chokings, all sorts of unjust desserts...

Soon as, eager anew to take flight, the fire-emblazoned wings of the night start beating, like the gigantic canvasses of the pirating vessel of the furies of dark..., soon as they encompass with their absolutist span the whole of the seen firmament, and by their violent pulsions are inverted and floored every which way the restraining contraptions wherein our shackled movement is strictly monitored by day... Then!... Then, from sluggish rheumatic slippered worm, I'm point-blank metamorphosed and aloft.

There's now a not too well adjusted portion of my hair which late yesterday, when I awoke in the dimness of dusk and got ready for my hodiernal nocturnal foray, refused to go along, became harrumphing and withal uncombable, moreover that I was trying to coerce it into compliance and to my horror I realized the comb wasn't even mine, so I began to scrub it as vigorously as I could until almost in a fell swoop all the tines fell off and I was left with no resources but my fingers and the standing water on the washstand to tame the rebellious cantilevered portion which try as one may wouldn't for all the world in no way fall in — I unblinkingly ogled at it and with a beak full of venom damned it to extinction, so that now (as I was saying) one has to wear an ugly cap, much as a workman's — fye! — a sewer prospector maybe, one of a crew lost and toiling on the dead center of a rain-soaked road — harbingers of all the coming shit finally unleashed, fay stinkers, and never hitting paydirt. Nothing so melodramatic as ipecac on an empty stomach, to be sure, but...

Where are they coming from, all those sudden wrinkles betrayed by the cruel light? ... Who would recognize me (or her) today?... Everything considered, counted and debated, flotsam of a wreck.

Only that the night favors the pallid. No wiry maggot mine velvet doll, mine rubber maid... Hark, ye passers!... Do no relate this frisky maid of rubber to something, yikes, stinky, alas, made for unfulfillable entelechies of spent sperm!... This elastic girl, this high priestess of rubber (I truly love 'er, as the ugliest highway robber loves his as yet ungotten, always adjourned term,) she's an acrobatic wonder, a mighty crinky who sells you no affraying frikky, no silly dinky for your middle pinkie; lithe as a well-cooked vermicelli, same here as in Biloxi, not hairs but flesh she raises when she becomes she who dares atop the lewd Norwegian camel in the circus of your dreams.

Celestial worm, see, even the Carcass Review extols how masterly she waves away not to be entined by the devil fork of core decay. Life shouldn't have the raw rigidity of a germ, but flow stewed and seasoned with the charm of the perm.

Was I so cocky last night?... Not on your life. Stretching the point — wishing even for the end of the world — when all the bodies would be offered for whatever kind of consumption — no crime too heinous or to account for anymore — geeky adolescent again gunning impunely for cunt (or cock) — its palpitating jailbaiting veins, its mystery-tingling cowl of a foreskin, its thoroughly bewitching personality...

Sap is rising, I think. Insofar as 'tain't imperative, I shan't pour it on, buster. Strychnining the mainline with my mordacious grip, releasing the otherworldly feed from the one hypodermically adapted fake tooth — an obvious canine, I believe.

Here they loom, buddy, the lumps — the lumps, the lumps — the lumps of next station. Clunk-clunk.

To the slight guilt of knowing that's me the murderer, still my highest anxiety comes from the sudden urge I've got to get rid of the gun — the difficulty all told of finding a proper secure way of doing permanently away with the niggling wriggly navy toy — looking maybe for a big construction site, more or less abandoned for the night — thinking to bury the incriminating acid toad in still soft concrete — die, dirty bastard beast, die! — or else what — approaching the coast, trying to submerge the writhing burning living radioactive meteorite into the ocean — I mean, the lake, the river, the dismal pond — without being noticed, not like tossing the nagging, still breathing, raucously scorning nose from the opera Nos or Nas (The Nose) — I hear, boring in, the maddening chords — who knows anyway who is already suspecting me and perhaps hot on my heels, tracing with heat rays every inchoate movement I faint to make and do or finally don't. If I ever find the deep dark water, I fear I won't have guts enough to decide once and for all, and chuck the screaming loud alien thing in — I'm afraid I'll go for broke and Zadig-like take my two legs as one and jump in myself with everything.

The (not so casual) pressure (any longer now) is entangling me in knots — I fear I'll trip and be done for.

Even the woman taxidriver refuses to take me aboard; entomophagous whore, looks like a mantis ready to whip at me, her features so repellent my brains mug up — the kerb's become a crater — the taxi's scorching exhaust tube opens a gash on my arm as I help myself up — the driving starved whore keeps gazing at me with such unnerving fixity, like she knows more than what she'll ever say — her smile snide and so utterly cruel only a cold killer insect could manage it.

Now I'm left with the sole resource of having to take (which I rather wouldn't, for what if it is also crowded) the late bus in order to get away from those perilous haunts — how did I sink into the very hullabaloo hub of the city — just dead center at the crater of the anthill — and all the fireants about in the middle of their bughouse hubbub?... Gotta escape if it's the ultimate exploit I execute.

I've crossed the packed street alive.

The bus about to part, though, is not the late bus I expected would be at this exact crossroads. Instead, listen — ou, ou, ou, says my heart — at the same time ou: egg (my heart) and ou!: listen! (for whatever shall hatch) — instead, the bus, 'tis a chartered one for German tourists, and there's no place for me..., except that the driver needs somebody post-haste to get Biology Beerhall (Biologie Bierhalle in the

original,) another rubbishy native German tabloid a few men tourist inside the bus are raucously clamoring for — they want to see and believe the latest tits, crotches and soccer comments and results.

“Cappish, old gal?... If I should desert my pupils here,” the driver tells, and so fast that most of what he tells elapses blessedly unheard, “and leave alone and as it were in an orphaned nature this here much unwieldy vehicle, this being the busiest intersection, and some of the unarticulated parasites inside being in their blindest drunk, what do you imagine I would find me on my questionable return — a bus-full of cops, a mammoth mishap, an emptiness to my guts, a pocketful of dust?... Here,” he foisted a few dollars which my viciated hand took, “rush to a kiosk and buy me as many Biologie Beerhalls as they carry, and yes, yes, in exchange I’ll tranfer you past the choke, drop you right a the pawnshop’s door, yessum; leave these inside already...” He uproots from me as keepsakes my couple of still moist medium-large canvasses, props them at his feet — now harps, luths, psalteriums amenizing the toes of one — spuds, Brussel sprouts and leeks ornating and perfuming the other — and pushes, urges me along: “Rush, rush! Lady, rush!”

As he sent me on my own, now much relieved without the heavy canvasses, I felt bouncy... And yet soon also quite lost... Watching in confusion and umbrage the enormous throng of downtown, trying to find my bearings, feeling as if I am silently barking up the wrong treed oasis — no coconuts, no Moon, no white horses, no maritime breeze, just gases, garish neons of Broadway and gangs of monkeys let loose — I am about to fall flat on my face — where the hell to cut and slash toward a sole shiny isle of a newspaper stand that carries B.B.?...

I saw myself leaning down from one of the highest windows atop one of those surrounding never-ending skyscrapers — FayWrayish, quite — saw myself studying all those useless nattering cockroaches toing and froing without any apparent sense or purpose — going home, are they, to their nasty little holes to stink the night away, to their hairy bungholes, to their holes, slumberous, lustrous, hairy...

Meanwhile however the gun was burning a hole of its own in my scrawny thigh — LIVE HATS (bei lebendigem Leibe Hüte!) the biological beerhallish journal led in humongous red letters, and, around the middle pages, portrayed a few coquettes fashionably wearing as live hats each a newborn baby precariously stuck atop their carefully shaved pates, stuck (or half-stuck) with some type or other of garish, luminous crazy glue — “Here you are,” told the woppy driver, but he just snatched the four copies and, taking advantage of a sudden clearing, accelerated away all at once closing the stealthy electronic doors on my now farther bruised nose. Society is deceit, indeed, that’s what you perspicaciously rediscover in exclusivity every time you peel off the silly euphemisms and all the pieties of a fetal nature that dog

human relations, and instead get down to grits — inharmonious retribution without end — murderous leanings unleashed — society indeed.

High and dry pat in the center of all the wolves' purview. Before the maggots started definitely flying, and all spiritedly homodromous, there was a tiny window of opportunity which a man willy-nilly had to take. I'm swearing: Hats Alive! By the living body! I'm telling you!...

And like Makari the Skorpion (written in Greek,) gruff creature in which all conflict comes to jell and wilts to ashes, stealthily I've slid into the rat-hole of the nearest church.

Who am I?... I'm an old bigot run afoul of the law of heavens, craving a fix of sudden shriving, and I look perfectly the part: Shriveling black shroud walking — old age to oblivion bound is (mercifully) almost never cast against type — vicious, better disguise invented — under its mantle of decrepitude, you are allowed to carry the evidence in a votive jar, like a lethally poisonous pet beast used to daily feed on your desintegrating cunt... Or as says the Sniveling Abulia: "Thou shalt not pour it on, unless 'tis imperative, man."

The mother-church family as the surviving circus, or who would have thought: still standing after all those years — and you deludedly once believed people were maybe possible targets for a little modest enlightening, for the scrubbing away of some of the atavistically ingrained crassy chickenshit of old. Two elderly priests are very nice to younger sons of the mother...

To the younger cast you cast your eye from the rere rows of cankered pews: one) Morvius Labruise, a vampire; two) Humblous Chuzslitt, the tonight vampirized one...

Great theater, those liturgists, eating their gods in public and so on, gore assuredly assured.

Oh me god, disgusting; listen to the Morvius, the strutting stutterer. In between bites, fragmented, a word edgewise. Fucking stuttering vampire, the oozing gets to annoy anyone. Hear him, oxymoronic, as when the hawk gleams; as when the oven retches and spits over the morbid breads and the open oven erupts enragedly (posh pacemakers exploding in shabby crematoria), also as when the glimmering (those that glimmer and strut) hawk up oodles of rheum, and the hawkish (and marcial) gleam, and gargle and sob the halfchoked doves — bloody oysters persistently stuck, sputa galore — the gasps from everyone he sucks the fucking lymph of.

Of course, to repeat, oodles of the stuff, to wit, plenty of photic, lymphomatotic, lymphatic oozings, to wit, to repeat, oo, oooo, oofy slimes constantly borborygmating plus, strange syncopation, simultaneously gurgling up, sudden thick grumbly snots in a seepage most foul, all of their oomph slowly depleted, and by stops and turns.

Looping dildoes all over the place, you gotta wonder how specious can they get?... With goofy eyes soon after the swoon, that's the puffy spoof: "Mnemosyne — goddess of what?"... Looking like a fool, mirror's the proof — though for only half an image, fading?... Ax the wooden doom! Melodramatic symphonies couldn't puncture his moos... "Got my spine, got my arteries," like Oedipus checking the various stimuli, or his feet.

From the hospital to church. What's next? The ultimate hole, the cemetery?... But piffle all that, let's inspect the heavenly place.

Under olympian canopies, symptomatic obelisks don't waste their equilibria on voided dicta, they push for the heavens, actually a few guidebooks too, in perfect symbiosis, scantily cantilevered over his boiling septicemias.

"Morvius!" — he drools — "what are you up to, boy? Shouldn't I also help? Such a heavy panoply."

Now strewn along the gooey floor, the Humblous fain would reconstitute himself; thus, serendipitous, he's passed trematode-like through the banged crack broken in another campy garish saintly statue, becomes at its periwinkle-hued hollowness the protoplasmic lining, and moves!

An obscene snook cocked at the high officiating bishop, dervish, or whatever the fancy-pants hierarchy, trying the while to ingratiate the mutually jealous deities with his cockeyed incantations and vampire attire plus adjoined shenanigans — his prick's turned into a krait he's perfectly handling like the craven shithead snake-handlers handle their own for more unction and flaming tongues crowning their rednecked pates — the snook really his feathers ruffles — he sounds, enraged, a lichenous bell — pop choruses I don't believe too well intoned rush from the sides — the sides, where equipollent conglomerations of livid monsters — mumbling dark-robed fey mummies such as myself — would show if you please in a distorting mirror — and with megadoses of metaphysical sewerage frantically doped — flinch piecemeal, in waving crescendos, as dead half-rotten horses beaten by flying devilish ghosts or some of such ecclesiastical ilk — and, rattled at the same morbid rhythm, like farts from the equine exploding corrupted flesh — the acids of death at

periodical work — they let out coarse blasphemies — they sound like, I reckon, to too pagan, or laic, or unlearned me — and send estrange maleficent signs much as a stupid druid chewing aconitum or a face-immerded African wizard under his singed pelt of asse would in their insurmountable turpitude...

But too mesmerized by all those topiaries of lippitudes, yellow-green froths of lymphs shampooing each tooth, I've got to unwooden those eyes, dust of thrips — a man's gotta wipe them off, make the vision keen and honed, and the mind.

For in the meantime, the populace must have considerably thinned outside below, now wait for a few of those bunched moldy raisins to elope and, tagging piously behind, no longer tined in, free, prepare also to no longer hold back, cut curtly for the side-roads, hold onto your purse, and disappear, slithering, into the darker night.

Magnificent accomplishment — the enterprise I'd first regarded with such foreboding now was entirely painless. Such an extraordinary mission. The clocks were striking one after midnight. The pale streets of Harlem were brimming with big mothers, the ferns on their noggings asking for a trim from my ax.

Me, I, she hits her stride without wavering, she sips the rarefied trailings with nostrils aflame, she unravels their umbilical tracings — from first terror-stricken sob to last graven trite gasp atop a crumbling tombstone — she lifts their gruesome vital trajectories like she's picking dead hair from her hoary buns — nits from her rancid bush — soiled shreds of toilet paper from her purulent bung-hole... Always the same images, comatose, haunted.

And yet the hell they know, not even suspect, or care to... Whereas she's got your number, each, knows what you've been at and reaching for — you cheap mammothrepts all, mother dweebs always under the ferule of a guru or other — either anointed by the powers that be or else striving for the selfsame oils of compliance. Whilst freedom is individuality with no strings and off the hook...

"Sweet acolyte, I'm just traipsing as due — due, as one who, erstwhile, to many truly brung the sacred oils, toward the pious helping in the administration of the hallowed last rites to a dying agonizing grandmother," she hints, shows in between outworn robes a quaint shape that shimmers, eerily gestures with hands that (as opposed to their tattooed dead lame crosses, Moons, retching-prone lizards and tools, horned devils, crossbones, skulls, weepy dolls, and more yet of that disheartening pretty hokum, trifling devotional doodads depicted with scant talent in their most lurid full,) gestures with hands, claws that sport live black widows as stigmata on the move — and the would-be muggers slimily retreat, jinxed, or hexed,

or magically impressed, or further idiotized and preached on.

They protractedly express: “Awe...”

Snickering witch, she went aphasic after a sinful stroke not two Moons ago, but behold, she mutters away almost intelligibly again; she’s taken Skorpí Makari, her pet poisonous beast, for a nice night stroll — only that they have gotten slightly lost.

The city is bed-unmade, untamed, moronic, untaught, and whereas our looks might appear to a foreigner sullen, fierce, or angry-senile, for a fact we are grinning inside — “makari” even meaning happy in pidgin Greek of course.

Here he hisses, using the imperative once yet, for he’s got a knack for dainty words, wouldn’t one know — he calls my tits fallen bottom-busted kyacks — ultimate naturalist, he treats thy commonest stock-in-trade microorganisms as scoundrel loose-cannons out on a jaunty jaunt — from dapper as clean dairy to an underskin orgy of hog-wallowing as your flesh crawls and their heinous aftereffects hatch — for ’tis widely known that each of the fatefully elected are entitled only to one work of greatness, the rest that are secreted doomed to being nothing but appendices of varying degrees of shoddiness...

“Cretinous canaille,” cooing skorpion, he hisses just awakened in bitter disgust from a vicious recurrent dream of multifarious insects in a daisy-chain round his neck of live ones humping, if not also eating, the already dead, “the youth’s the scourge; open the sluices, let funnels and tremies let flow the variegated tender bodies turned asunder betwixt my corrosive gums; of course, that’s the pseudo-, quite, even plain miseducation they get nowadays,” he imparts with a sinister wink in one of his biddy eyes, “only certified pedophiles should teach, just like in the heavenly (gallingly missed) years of yore, when you brought your smirking teacher nosegays and canes from the lordy’s fields, the former for him to cruelly sniff at and then decorate his pervert’s desk, the latter so that he could better whip your raw denuded bottom in front of all the rows of wildly aroused boys and girls, then anyone knew about warm real openly demonstrated affections, and yet! And yet one was unequivocally taught for ever more also about due pose and position through it all, due behavior at all times, be they most trying, monsieur, and about decency, urbanity, smiling through the tears, being poised, a clean plated red-hot pertinent appurtenance while the glowering well-shackled passions raged freely — freely! — beneath. Instead of which what dreck do they sport now! Faggy phagocydal glyceride balls, fat half-dead paraffin-enriched already embalmed old farts ready to engulf with nary a complaint a glomerule more — plopped children, produced and reproduced like droppings of sheep — or else dour misanthropists intent only on crushing to smithereens the untested spirits, and worse of all: giggly cheery stodgy

soft pricks in skirts: what the hell could you ever learn with such a foolish specimen for a model — that life's a fairy's ball you only awake from first day loose in the world with the shit-ingrained knife of a frenzied spittling mugger at your throat?... No! Only lovers of children will do the trick," an aporetic snort, then he sneezes, and he himself screws in the tin top of the jar, whereupon he easily curls up for a snooze, some of his legs lovingly wrapped around the barrel of the glittering gun.

Floppy, frowzy oldwoman wins, nay conquers Miss Universe crown — some of the kitschier more pansied jury members are hurled into the abyss, own swiveling armchairs where their degrading asses are glued not excepted — "It took moxie and bloody cheek!" the audience insults — "this is very grave, and I know nothing graver, I trow plus certify," croaks the announcer before he's also cancelled with a blow with a blunt implement called as well a trophy to his now granulated skull — the rest of meretricious hags from the jury and first rows take mimetically to nag and stridulate about the injustice lest they be taken for accomplices of the Worst Bungle Ever in Civilization and Throwbacks. Saddled with bewilderment, ambivalence and other lukewarm emotions, the conquering crowned new queen of beauty, plain dingy oldwoman yours, a twinkle or two at the corners of her canny though myopic eyes, shores up to a working mike and whistles and shouts: "Children, children, it will have to do! You know, the furious by their own furor soon get paid (in Latin in the original,) which means everyone carries concealed in her veins like sudden weapon of self-destruction a number of strokes, emboli, aneurysms, clots..."

Instead of piping gradually down, though, there are some have even answered long-armed and by greeting: Hail! — which is pretty heavy, loud and frightening, no less to a seasoned oldwoman, upon which she disappears forthwith behind the chenilled sequined drapes and curtains. Well, well, good night again.

Inoperable remembrances — little soft bird of my cervical cancer — nuzzling at my side, nudging at my ribs, enticing me to fly — much as my piece, in competition now together, trying to vie I guess for who's gonna carry the corpse, I mean the prize of the spoils — and boy what glory it'd be — I mean what glory? — self-understood, the fellest sweep of 'em all: from being to nothingness, vicious, what a cropper supreme, who wouldn't want to be the one pushing down the abyss the long-tittering wispy puppet with the touchwood ponytail, the sawdust skin and the splayed toes, too much given to closed shaves, somebody had to tackle her even if from the wrong end to be done at last with all that morbid teasing, really.

10.05.2004

Worse cried the sinner

Yesterday, after those few befogged nights of a stroke (it must have been) carried by the stress brought by a thoughtless act whose tag when unfurled was astonishingly loaded with the ancient grime of immense guilt, drawn by my own will and two still firm legs from the hospital ennui into the squelching city, where the church beckoned with the promise of its miasmatic foretaste of death, and again, later, when the streets aren't packed, back outside, still strangely armed...

The wrecking-ball words of hospital and church (both such deadly mangling traps for any spirited char-woman such as moi,) still resounding in the half-wiped stacked-up slates inside my quaintly behatted cranium... No, no, I want out.

“(...) When you feel the pangs, many-pronged stink from the start of the festering, when the moldy, gritty insights into the why-the-fuck-all edge by rotting slivers the elfin thoughtlessness used to bless your soul, then you are ready for a renewed stay in the companionable asylum... (...) For the rest of the year, keep stuck on survival mode the astral dial of your soul; soak socks; think soccer mom; suck up to your mom; sock it to your man (when procedural enough)... (...) Pre-date all your dates for roughly eleven years; come out a winner... (...) Uteruses sound funny; we pack them like a rattlesnake packs a rattle, a lyrebird a lyre, shitake too, and gin a wallop; acknowledge the fact; feel blessedly funny... (...) Let today's gnosis be your aching whasis... (...) Sieve garbage carefully; once mock virginity doodad is found, restore to its pristine condition; repack for next year... (...) Put your sorrily meowing pussy to sleep with soothing maternal softnesses... (...) Beware the insidious bacteria: scrub all your prostheses in boiling alcohol... (...) Something of a maiden's fragrance lingers until a woman is one hundred and twenty-one, but as yet no further... (...) Rummage through all corners and drawers until you fulfill your mission: that's the ticket... (...) Demurely practice the whole day the hallowed virtue of amnesia; should you forget, peek at the calendar again... (...) First thing in the morning, ponder and ascertain Nostradamus's ditty for today: *Awnings: hither and yonder a tur dawns*... (...) Today's chore is no chore at all: enjoy the view of your naked body — you are not, repeat: not, a beautifully got-up human specimen going to pot — keep at it until it blossoms — worry about poisonous monoxide, and yeast... (...) Lick your toes; ruminate; limn; laminate... (...) Don't damn the torpedoes, damn arthritis... (...) For a gutsy day, quit scaffolding skeletons, and come out of the closet swinging... (...) Core the olives, rows and rows of uncrackable kernels — what to do with them, and the related topic of the state of the economy — let this occupy your eternal spirit — anything but overcoming of your crazing mind

by the sizzling disquieting intimations of unbeing... (...) Ah, the bungled mechanisms of existence! Wasting the loo water again, are we?... (...) For a revamping of your falling magma, back to the midnight churchyard, listen to the dank harmonies spewed by the harps of the harpies... (...) Scuttle today's regurgitation if queasy from yesterday's travails... (...) Have a tryst with the jeweled Indian; ask him to divine rather the uranometrical state of the in-between... (...) For regeneration's sake, hat yourself with all the prisms of compulsion adoringly kept in your secret wardrobe... (...) Hide your sheep's clutches until the uncle cries wolf and the wolf uncle..."

What, what?... So many utterly worthless instructions... Stultifying compendium of bullying moralizings... Priests, nuns, nurses, doctors, do-gooders, removed relatives, gowned spooks, intimate familiars, all the human rubble... And I fled, limping.

But the city, boy! The atmosphere so electrical, people and dogs so rabid, or peevish, and odious, so easily irritated... Fickle, cranky go-getters going nowhere to get nothing... By the way, though, always desiring your supernumerariness — always willing you dead, at any rate, already... The jangling machines calamitously sprung up at every attempted step, the unfathomable swath of shrill lights... The river of melting metal... Bringing me back to my mother the frightened doe, her flashing tail, a confusing semaphore, black-white, black-white, here, there, again, back, sideways, where?... The sudden strobe lights imprinting themselves into the deepest of my tender-raw brainlet, engendering the strange patters, brimming with images unimagined, op-art of infinite repetitive varieties... Dizzy, about to fall agroof and be crushed by tires untiring...

A freckled, parched pea jumps the skillet, and squelch-squished beyond recognition... That stops me cold at the kerb, unable to make my mind... Back to happy days. I'm a child again, long nasty nails of a woman rasping on my tender tiny prick, such deliciously beautiful cruelty...

Should've been a girl, then as now. No fucking guiltiness attached there. Just the enjoying sufferer, a poky little cunt by everybody poked about...

Mr. Papa, the president, big dour hairy mother, yoked to his scrotum, from which frizzly creepy tendrils of verdet popped to frisk beneath your knickers, perennially seated at the throne behind his desk, and yet today (one day) was going places — that ponderous morning breakfast-time he'd taken the fall...

Not many other presidential aides had been capable of finishing themselves off, worse luck, more's the pity. Well-nigh succeeded, he, mired in screams, kneaded in

congealing blood — pavid demolition job on the paved fragment of last horizon — jostled nonetheless and, apparently to the last of the spalls, back to an all-white ward where the sepulchral shivering wimples conceal skulking death's-heads — to a scold's burst of disarming abuse follow the hands and cunts blue-red passionate: "Sink baby into my arms," nauseating two-timers for whom I fall anyhow — factor in the fear-forged manacles of internecine war — cathartic relinquishment.

Mrs. Mama, ossified floozy refocillating with the rest of the fussy fossils, reptilian carousers all, flabby gooks hardly ritzier than toads, fanning themselves pell-mell on the floor, concocting according to the mystical book a new spiritual witches' brew. Misled by fleecing underlings, Mr. Papa, trudging on his suckers, of a sudden sunders to fustian door and leapfrogs into the far-fetched reel — caught unawares the botched unkempt black magickers squall and vacillate as flotsam in the storm — all hell breaks loose, bloodcurdling leakages of which reach like ill-starred windfalls the dark-purple cob-webbed sancta of my room — for, so young, I'm already dressed in weeds, drenched in painful tears of bliss, the blond down on my skeletal arms wisps of gossamer woven by the fine-spinning black widow spiders that knit and unknit the night...

And then my dreams of betterment... Please, my lovelies, understand that: of betterment for the worse... That's how well do succeed their untiring masochistic teachings... Still woozy from sleep, and already down the stairs to the subterranean school... Bicycle, gloves, sunglasses, guitar... Nothing forgotten, nothing lost, trying to busk in any crowded corner, cadging charities for the sick... Oh yes, oh for to be another arachnoid nun — witches in heat vowed soul and body to a more intimately powerful though outwardly dastardly suffering head warlock, his utterly tortured corpse ultimately crucified on a totem of much mystical heat, and ferocious magic and enigmatic import, always so tragically window-dressed it attracts all kinds of wincing and mincing weasels, vice-riddled unsubstantiated wraiths, and rungs and rungs of unsuitable consumptives unfailingly blurting their way up, always undeterred by the huge and huger obstacles the defraying profiteering clerics undisguisedly put on their path — coaxed to death by the charm of so much publicly-permitted exhibitionisms, mostly self-inflicted excruciating martyrdoms, bent on soaking up the reflected glory of such sick and spectacular sacrifice.

"He's our idea of sharp, maybe cross-nailing sharp" — quips, slurping up orgasmic, kind of, spittle, a wit of cunning Voltairean looks — and is rapidly black-stoned to death, hordes of the faithful armed with sacred, I mean miraculous, and cheap keep-sake slivers (of impaling instruments) and spalls (of sacrificial, pelting paving stones)...

Well, well, well... Firmly anchored to the not-too-late, though. Strongly rooted

indeed to the phenomenal bay, the entire world a passing breeze portrayed on her veils, anyway sails. She quit projecting soon as she learned how to read — the Manhattan Project, ok? — a man had — all project is projecting, and all projecting leads sooner'n later **to massive schrecklich death**.

Here she comes, witness to all my tribulations even since before I was born — oldparrot Katalonskaya — her shrieks outbade, outdid my own any night of my terrified early life — the dire pains of transformation — not easy to become Hèkati (Hecate in the original Greek,) queen of the night. She bids me good morning as we open the door, Skorpí Makari already sleepy in his sour-morning jar.

“Wewe this time the defecating windows and the dweadful awmies, in both stwands, stwains, stwengths, stwident and mute, of dogs and bitches in heat, mistwess, any diffewent if you please?...” — Katalonskaya inquires politely, never mind her impeded speech.

Loved the show, I tell her, with the queer anecdote of winning the appalling crown during the kitschy shindig, you know, but never when it shuffles along for too long and dawn sets in to grate on the ears, and further offend the nose, and plain horrify the eyes...

She acquiesces in all her wisdom, the hairs of her feathers crawling with the chill of the foreknowledge daylight — when the atrocious illumination further denudes the universal ill will.

Challenged for a wistful instant by the odd disposition of the quarrels on the kitchen floor... Days Mr. Papa wasn't still dead, was time to fix the breakfast and try to rouse his carcass to a simulacrum of intelligent presence. Everyday of his indistinctive vegetating had to board the train and go far to work in his damned city cage... Sad spooky clown, him and his accursed idiocies, steady, unchanged as his sacrosanct routine... Trains do this to you, depression-delivering machines... You get indefectively railroad ratty-nutty bored, all these hypnotic noddings, those never meeting, never ending, always oscillating parallel lines — it fosters vacuous long-windedness... Then, at odd junctures, the puling whine of ties and poles, crying in false recollections for so many potential new gibbet-growths, grotesque hangings, regretting and all at once pining for the past pain of so many real ones — the martyred, the half-devoured victims, the crushed to pieces, the fallen, the thrown-in, the lynched — ire of lynchers and avengers is poison to the blood, not recommended, huh-huh; you are not only sick, you don't understand shit from the world at large, totally alienated from sweet and sour reality, never in touch but with the venom-spiky toxins of your own vitiated blood — and then **ka-boom**, a rent in the world, the sky's crumbling, the shattering universe's coming to your car's top to

roost — an atomic bomb strands — diaphanous, a flare, a burned aftersmell, an outage of all your wits, scant or otherwise, a flair for mystical evanescence, and next you are faded to nix...x!... **The crimini!-criminal schreck** of an opposite fear-conveyor, a secret army convoy abysmally thrust against you — it misses by inches, but eventually all lucks run out — “*Buster, time to put up, you know,*” death the grim beckoner does its blowzy whorish bidding stuff — as does the stupid uniformed son-o’bitch, stuck forever at a crucial intersection, him and his paltry bishopric of a little shitty cabin, with a dildoish lightning-calling bayonet bidding-bidding, with his little biddy eyes of a tiny monster called back to unbornness from where never oghtta have been roused — some humongous nuclear fright-freight or worse — meanwhile, you silly, blurred, numbed, dumb-clucking seated one are jarred out of your scrambled skeleton, too haphazardly shaken and ruffled and shuffled by far — will you ever manage to put the pack back in due sequence?... Doubt it, but relax; you’ve been octroyed a new respite, use it befittingly, my son... Soon, you are liable to hear covered-up by those insistent ugly-jazz syncopations the unavoidable sanctimonious sentencings coming out of the, not the clear, blue — the foggy smog-gray clattering underwater funk where you marinate in ruminative self-centering, your softened brain the unwholesome cod, anyway cud... Whisked non-stop, a can of deadened semi-subterranean worms... Now survey the all-thwarting penumbra and feel your life terminally pall... Deluded idiot, invite yourself into the dismal shrine where the flaviventral and the slugs gregariously amass to worship or imbricate, and splenetically die of spleen seizures and black colic fits, for, if there is in the whole foamed firmament a bubble virulently diseased, that fuming snaking tapeworm is it... By somnolent mosses smothered, by patches of fondling dormitive, now, disgusting bug, you over-secrete oily truisms galore, too clever by half, or less, while, the whole while, saner bits of your being are eloping with even the repulsing matter and abandoning you at every stop, rolling down the steepest talus, far as they are able, and seeding themselves perchance in bucolic single-celled colonies — nothing prurient, nothing itchy-wrong, nothing shittily self-righteous — ascetically waiting for another creation, for once skilled... Ask yourself, fast in your trembling trundling destination death, where’s now your body, devoted sustaining of your bright thought structuring machine — the bones bonemeal, the cartilage mucilage, the suets a doodle, the flesh not evet a sutler finds suitable... — the spirit?... Alas-alas, gone also the way of the brain.

Well, old butler, those were the crumbs — set to its place the hallowed broomlet; the shovel, the pail, the rags, all the means of sustentation are quite arranged, each in its floating sphere of ponderous influence — and now rest in peace, if thou otherwise art able, dear, dear creepy crapper dirty nitwit flapper... in the murky still Stigian waters... from the gassy deleterious pool... at the center... of the dead... eye... of...

So, because I don't know where the big monumental cemetery really's been placed of late, I, me, she goes next house of the game, to the enclosure of canned dead eidola ludicrously calling their empty apophthegms. Betook myself, yes, to the late hour movies, where as a main feature, after a lot of meaningless announcements of coming inflictments, I'm served the dense spectacle of a few modern artists... Bizarrely named with dark monikers you'd rather use to dress up exotic pets (chameleons, live oysters and such) than bestow, and thus waste, onto such seriously blustering flustering humans, or their former hulls... They are all here, like animals dining at a rotting carcass... Come to meet, a fateful afternoon, at a poet's fancy house, in a limpid pristine little Mediterranean isle — Eivissa so-called — where after a short respite the natives give them hell. **Ha-ha**. The Eivissean people are ritual killers of rams — they are also whimsical mothers, they titivate themselves in dun- and taupe-dyed tanned or leatherized *oldmariner's*' slick coats — actually manatees or siren-fishes, and sea-lions or walruses, or globicephalouses, or porpoises, phocae, dugongs, kind of — also eviscerate pell-mell guinea-chickens and turtles and hares and stoats, haruspically then (after admonishing the worshipers in trances so ludicrous even the watchers both in the screen and off feel strenuously put-on) going barefacedly and bluntly guessing what foul despicable doom and other assorted disasters are freighted to the coming wind, though — hey, score a good one for them — they seem to adore those German longhaired cute donkeys whom they never kill nor eat raw — as otherwise they do thusly eat (and, withal, force-feed the scary hapless youngsters,) stinging rays and spiny whole goosefishes — exactly the same, and with the same displaced enthusiasm, as one who swallows an eel and dies choked in the valiant though foolhardy attempt.

Well, what do you know, gallumph-gallumph, EnMiró, EnBarçaló, EnSalvadó, NaRosóNabò and the others (NaRosóNabò, he's the poet, he looks like an undepilated clump of a dyke, keen, though severely asthmatic, on undertaking manly endeavors,) have tired of fugging around the book-crammed room of the tetchy much conceited poetaster and are now climbing a steep scree, in the meantime heartily being laughed at by grackles and rooks and sparrows perched atop the gnarled crowns of the strange vegetation — mainly, among lesser whirling whorls and spindly puny yo-yo kind of jumpy purple-hued flowers, small palm trees each sporting a single gigantic banana which it plainly seemed to be totally taboo... Nobody at any rate dared to even think to feed on 'em — not a gesture of encouragement to the grasping of the forbidden among the pack of them, natives and foreigners, no...

The younger among the artistic fellows then arduously outreached and topped the quaint hillock, the older guys still staggering far behind, creamed to skewed, awry, stunted, panicked throbbings, newly knobby all over with grotesque ingrowths, precariously balancing over the chasm beneath, no more of their vaudevillian

patter-chatter, thank goodness, just frothing in the throes of agony...

Let's for a second pause and muse... Did she, or any of the skimpy cinephiles, get the gist of what it all was about?... Me, the high-chaired watcher, had since my entrance not understood, and I knew would not henceforth understand, a single word of what they (the actors?) convolutedly canted about...

No matter; now at the far, remote screen, the nimbler fellow joined the shrapnelly crows in making crass fun of the turdy splotches on the canvas-side of the his easel-like naze; then, fixing lower on the details, he directed his acid critical puns for instance to the unhinged carotids on the **decorticated, écorchéed** [damn the artists' lingo; just **flayed**, of course, like his flayed peepee while taking a leak behind one of the badly stitched ape-riddled bogus bushes with the enormous unpeeled penises (bushes with penises, another "artistic," liberally fantastic expression)] so, there he spat, on the flayed necks of his older peers, the squelched ellipses of their ghostly heads riddled alas and crisscrossed all over with bumpy quivering corrosive boogers their much augmented noses now picturesquely shed.

Following the rancid tradition, like trickster stray urchins bent on consuetudinary malignity, the idiosyncratic island birds took to wily stroke at the underwing foibles of the less experienced number in the famed quintet of odd-named artists... He was EnDesdò. Marooned, for the while companionless and thus robbed of sounder advise, the garrulous murder of lolling dark-winged skryers finally managed to promiscuously convince the naive tyro to go, after stoning away the monkeys (whom you've got to beat and turn worse than into gory lyres if the tigers and other fang-happy clunkers are to be deterred,) to go ahead, ahead indeed, and nip a faint nibbly-nipply taste out of one of the fabled nicey-enticey freak celibate bananas for mastodons. Which fatefully EnDesdò did. Ah, the catastrophe, and the awful music adjoined!... All in all, from there on, the proceedings, they weren't no picnic, I'll tell you... Somehow, down at the festive bonfirey bays, the logrolling natives learned of the mighty criminous act even before the four geezers tiptoed to the topmost... First, the poet, his florid shawl terribly askew, the sizzling gobs from his nostrils and mouth not improving on his image a twig (for, as I was saying, if looks could've kill, he would've died most foully each time he had checked himself at a mirror, though as if,) the spinterish poet, I say, on ogling the insipid though pavonianly coruscating leftovers crumbled at the feet of the reeling apprentice magician — also as if by a spell the murder of tempting crows had been expunged — became most frightfully sick, his never promising features were now abhorrently bloodcurdling...

Aghast, the poor asthmatic wreck lets go a **schrik of schreck**: "What've you done! Fuckin' 'ell! We are all dead!" — he shrieks, more or less.

Upon which the culprit giggles as drunk, pretends to know squat about the mess, claims to have fed only maybe on a few niggardly dandelions... He seems to ask facetiously: “Or are they so fuckin’ holy too?...” — and goes dimmer, shrugging, shrinking, trying to pass for a bit of scenery.

Now the other three senior nitpickers feigned to join in the fray, in scrambled unison tragically insulted the fading crybaby, incapable besides of staving off the concerted four-pronged assault, and they didn’t stint none on harsh-sounding epithets, the cross-currents of their odious impulses getting wilder as they collided together, and, with the gathering storm — for indeed the slumbering weather had awakened angryfied, meaning enraged, from a pellucid nitidity of dreamlike quality to a roughness and toughness volcanic, cyclonic, positively underworldish withal.

Meanwhile, down the craggy slopes toward where the ocean indignantly crushes, the logrolling acrobats, though seemingly all cut from the same rude cloth, have gotten themselves a chieftain of sorts... The all but engaging sea-chanteys have ceased, the general mood bodes no good, brooks no slippages... We knew from starts their abiding contempt for the foreigners, hence the squatting cautiousness about all visitors, most exactly manifested still on the artists’ side, with their properly guilty sense of being, all told, nothing but cheap parasitical additions, made graver in such luscious though cruel surroundings... Unaccountably, though, of a sudden the **authentic** (or captain) appears to be even ferociously indicting a whole slew of people — like, say, Saxons or Tuaregs — just because he didn’t quite catch the meaning of what he was told — as repeated from the mouth of a now offending party — by a single speech impeded spy magpie.

Well, the shiny chrome of their tourist-welcoming put-on is now burnt down to bleeding rust — how shall now the damned fruit-samplers cope, seeing that they are only scrappy artists and the locals all rabid nissus and brawn — and local withal?...

I was tempted to leave the seat at this point in order, to more satisfyingly, no doubt, dream the ending during the soporiferous heavy-humid day at home, but Makari the Skorpion, less imaginative, of course, wanted to stay and brave the apocalyptic battle to come, without forgetting, far from it for he enjoys the elements unleashed most of all, also the looming great storm.

It was a momentous and felicitous (the latter from Makari’s point of view) decision to have waited it off, for, for once, by chance, movie-wise, the events unfolded so that all of a sudden, when the pallid elitists were about to be crushed and then served to the ravenous downstairs sharks now farther swarming the fuming swamp-sudsy sea waters, and lucky too, that a long-eared or -horned Eivissean painted skorpioness (in Makari’s parlance **skorpina**) exploded on screen to save the

shambolic afternoon — except for the smarmy poetaster, TSLEliottish oldlady schoolmarmish old type, bludgeoningly wearisome, stiff at first contact with the native horde, his many inner subtle crutches (buds, cusps, epimera, tragi,) by quack prosthetics' placed, plus diverse bigger prostheses (unbolted ribs, fingers, feet, pricks,) jerkily flying like chickenfeed for the lots of utterly frightful vermin of which the lost little isle now abounded.

Where's the ocean law (*"but it's not the law, the loo's what matters,"* said **aloft** his fake prostate) when you need it!... The clods must be off course again — yeah, half-asleep, moping it off — of course the choppy-choppy chore, the awful detail, the hard tasking and whatnot of thirty festering whores and transvestites at each harbor stop — you've gotta digest afterwards so much invasive virus, gotta try and make up its revealing static of harrowing mortifying — that your patriotic duty now is to find yourself some calm charmed sleepy nowhere, sink the anchor and lay ruminatively low, far from the teeming noise... Then the killing always comes inspired, surely when you were less ready or indeed needed, but that's besides the point of your reactive calling — and the diseases rule.

With the first creep gone — his petty, samara-style, not-quite-up-to-reach surrogate wings fed to armies of haggard, most virulent, just hatched beasts, born of the very stones of this accursed, bound territory, ensconced apparently in a maelstrom of shit, filmed superimposed on a activated toilet shooting for the sewer directly — with the most obnoxious member of the chosen new-fangled association (propitious first time meeting, you know, only historical with so many hoity-toity bigwigs, and so on,) now dismembered and disposed of by the mouths of many critters huge and teeny..., the other four, doomed nonetheless to lachrymose and ridiculous perdition, with all sorts of shameful blandishments intended to ingratiate the totally unsparing, nothing pusillanimous crowd of ferocious attackers, especially the extreme, unmisgiving wenches, soiled with semens, and muds, and bloods; the beautiful almost naked women warriors, whose collars are serpents and at whose exposed crotches venomous orchids fantastically grow...

Well then, if girls were the worst, and amongst the quite unaffected slews of newly squatting representatives of such feverish wildlife as suddenly happened throughout — all oddly enough with the oft-noticed speech impediments — oldparrot Katalonskaya remarked: "Evevy beast a tongue impediment, like mine maybe, sequels of last yeaw's stroke, I say, pweening the cosy inside of my cowl, me, the ex-aphasic pawwot like a condom-cowled pwick, so that, quite sensibly, I don't bite nobody's eyes off..." — and all paragons of grisliness, bent to a fault to the cruellest of antics, all at once teeming up and scaredly blossoming, no doubt reproducing without cease, I mean, fucking animal-style and spawning at a dizzying pace (and yet Makari cruising at neutral, quite unerected, so far as emoting went) —

what it all amounted to — this scarce island, witchcrafted (how else to explain it?) seemingly with a single impromptu touch of a maleficent wand — flaunted, in its anguished, constricted, stormy bowl, the ugliest most objectionable live soup one could ever be given to reject, inspissatingly fussing withal. Even the most illumined liberal fellow shattered, shivering at the accelerated viscous popping of so much, and abhorrent to boot, life...

Cringing at the distant thought of it, we remember the vitals-eating keas (their hosts still kicking and running for their sorry existences while having all at once — kidneys, lights, livers — piggedly pecked away,) — the martially bogged-down, soldier-uniformed monster penguins, feasting on the severally blown-up by their mines, so ridiculously strewn, in such haphazard ways — also the shuffling slowpokes of strange blind gorillas just emerged from their ancient dungeons, ill-clad, bulky with bursting wens, and withal uninhibited, each with a husky emphatic boner which they squilsh in jest while quenching their hunger on every organic body encountered, be it quick and just fresh or static and long dead — and what about those lithe basilisks, and prowling, on-the-branch, quasi-invisible kraits, with eye-teeth and tooth-eyes lethal at first percussion — or the gigantic yellow-jackets with the pendular bibs of sharp cutting steel, and — our breath catches, our heart's gone to our throats — the endearing cave-dwellers, neither persons nor parrots nor apes, unfortunately tongue-tied with speaking defects (and yet their impeached speech at a glance more poetical, yikes, than Yeats',) now, hapless poor revived many-millenarian ancestors, unconscionably obliged by the force of things, and tinkered-with destiny, to smuggle their absolutely obsolete learning to today's frame of mind — the clash becoming epical, epochal, more pyrotechnically magical still — thence their flummoxed extra-foolish countenances, and, to top it, the unstoppable, all-plugs-off savagery with which they outdo of course the brutest of the brutes — rapings, butcherings, devourings galore... Anyway, with a tithe's enough, we can't account but for a trifle of such heart-rending fauna or else we'll be finished much after the movie's been already classed away as memories practically worthless to ever retrieve... The point being that from all this distressing morass, this swarming swamp of malady, wrong-headedness, abomination and sequential ammo gone off at uninstructed intervals, the savior shined.

When the limberer loggers — mostly the young amazons, with their immarcescible deadly flowers pointing from their sweet-odorous cunts and the well-stropped misericords, with which they amerce whichever quality of life happens to suit them at the moment, clamped between the nitid white teeth perfectly rowed — the breathless chieftain nonetheless at their fore, with his warlock's crozier clutched at his right hand and a preposterous spanky silk hat on his fed-up head — have already destroyed the first idiot, and now they are going all for, at his no less actionable four guests — but wait, hey, here Makari went rickety-rocket: a painted Eivissean,

assumedly female skorpion, going by the name of Alacrity Steven (a name at last much more as you'd expect!), with long curling horns and a cute snarly smile, had hogged the screen and, yes sir, was deciding single-handedly the outcome of the whole bollocksy, skulduggerous, doggerel-ridden, skeinous, heinous scheme — with an atrocious velocious bite cum sting, the chief wizard was on his knees, dead on his tracks, his brain curdled, his nerves unstrung, his poker-pecker both dust...

She was the trump. Makari, at her presence, immediately overenthused; missile on a sent mission, he pushed with all his legs, and appendixes and appendicles, and other impending tentacular pedicles bar none, and very soon — one, two, three, humph — shattered the jar that kept him, and us moreover, safe...

It happened, besides, that one of the shards of this thick glass jar, gone ballistic, impacted on the scrawny reckneck's nape of an Eivissean-looking brute up till this instant seated on a chair a couple of pews in front of us... The unforeseen new monster raised himself like the raving djinn of a volcano and, storming worse than the storming storm at his rere, he charged at us, hey, like the issue could never again be so hot... The ploy, however they had forestalled it, it just seeped in on us anyway as impeccably achieved: for instance, also the carried-away daffy duffus could easily have been confounded with the screen's other extreme savages, and his curved staff — currently an ex-arm or -leg of the chair he had been seating on — was wielded with the same all-murderous intentions...

No matter (and no less coincidental,) with velvety speed Makari had launched his sting (his bite's really innocuous) and, talk about blight epidural, as soon as reached, the also infatuated giant, not too lucid to begin with, now lay all prostrated, eminently in a knot, his brain curd, his blood whey, his spirit sublimated into spirits all burned...

As the movie was about done, the credits scrolling, the closing music sillily augmenting in volume and tackiness, I took the happy, thoroughly spent skorpion and tossed it undershirt, at my most bare, alas, much wrinkled, midriff...

"Whatever the shit you do to your body, don't do it to mine," querulously clangors the peeved, incapacitated, all-fallen galoot, "damn it, I don't even belong in the same fuckin' film you do."

"Listen, if you will to the aching of the bones," I, me, answer, or the shitty heroical oldwoman answers, "his poison box's all but empty for the nonce; with it, the therapeutical bitings he administers my cancer-induced rheumatism he does carefully sooth..."

Already over the darkening corpse, I, she, imbued with an inner sudden well-being, resulting mayhaps from the chemicals injected by the savior-emulating beast, quietly pronounces: “**For no happiness, my dear flipped man, equals dreaming.** I could give up off on all of my richnesses, whatever they were, even, goodness disallow, that of coexisting with all the birds and trees and lesser organic, more or less live stuff under the clement Sun, for this is the unique, irreproachable, always unrepeatable, maximum pleasure of living, but, yet, thanks be, to yield my biggest trump I never can: Dreams are built-in, inner produced and inner consumed, consubstantial with me, for to live for real is to... — yes, yes, no beatitude like it, screw you — is to, as to undream would be to die (but who’d be the stercoraceous bungler who’d perform such a disagreeable trick...?) — non-conforming to numbers, yeah, it don’t compute... — to live for real is... to exactly dream.”

Put out by the exacting cipher-juggling, he chose the easy exit, he judged maybe that, once evinced, the casual pickings outside should be fatter — but nothing drops from a barren sky.

On the dead screen, dyingly were sung the least of the dirgy snags... We were all confused. Such unscanning sleight-of-mind: To dream or not — dead before your time, or alive even after... —check?...

Now the dreamy oldbitch who came out of a dead Sunday, late evening — leaving behind an abandoned cage — by its stink a toad’s, now uncharmed and fugitive... — was back en route.

—Gone, but where to...? —were wondering some of the hospital’s mortiferous flunkies.

As she is asking herself whereto. The cemetery?... Home?...

A perfidious, cestus-wielding, slight, wispy chap responds to her thoughts: “Action’s barred, to act’s to kill or move to the death box, unavoidably checkmated next.”

“It was another toad lived here...?” — she asks, diverting her glance to a ramshackle vagrant’s box, propped at a heavenly piss-scented corner of the murky sidestreet.

“It might’ve,” gripes the abject subject, his necklaces of rusted spiky iron clanging as he wobbles his surly head. “Are you the cops...?”

“Me a malevolent corpse-kicking skinflint employed as niche sweeper in a graveyard...? Of course, you never know, but wouldn’t it be a stretch this time...?”

Have you had a good look...?”

An enormous tabby cat lurched from the heavy fronds of a dwarf tree. “**He** ate the bird,” by **he** the ratty contemptible fellow meant the cat, whom he picked up by the skin of its nape and from whom he wheedled a shrill miaow by then scratching its head. “Hand us your pocketbook, granny, the shallow civilities are over.”

She wouldn’t bother with the boring, fed-up “again?” Instead, she asked: “**She** ate the toad? I can’t believe it. By now she’d be grunting and whining and wriggling all over, and retching at breakneck and pathetically far-flung, her vapid ghost adjourning for next life and all, her quietus well about to...”

“Shut up, hand over!”

“You see this? *Again?*... ‘Tis a big gun.”

Proud gamecock trying now, harried and restive, to weasel out of this sudden new predicament. “Hey, ma’am, no place for such a cockamamie notion here, we were only..., we were intrigued that such a seasoned individual dared still, and at dark, roam those hell-forsaken..., puzzled and befuddled, dumbfounded even..., at seeing such bravery flaunted and ah, unforgiving pluck showing its..., and in flying colors too, its snub-nosed sharpness, sharp-nosed snubness, you know..., haranguing — and with which heartfelt angst, not true? — hectoring the feckless unreformed... Please, don’t kill us! He’s the buddha! Me is the toad that transformed and escaped the cage!”

“I knew it,” she felt on her face the moist spotlight of triumph, she hid her piece back in her coat’s wide pocket where she continued nursing it with warm sensuality, she fluttered her lashes, shaking the curtains of a dream. “You were the toad, huh? As I came here, I saw that liquor shop, looked in through the glass, severed shopkeeper’s head lay on the counter, nary a complaint on my part; doggy barked for my benefit; feeble prate, that’s all. I said to myself: Bet I can find the toad did it before the night’s done...”

“You the cops, I knew it! He the buddha, though,” the scratchy boy was losing it, “he know the world: an endless chain of squabbling birdhouses all the way up and down the tiring stairs of time.”

“Pains of the body, they give birth to nightmares. You’d’ve been better never having been promoted from a toad. Who was the liquor store fella, how much did you con out of him...?”

“He just the fucking boss. But bosses, there’s nothing more transitory, less permanent, of course; come and go like rains of shit — as soon here as dead. We don’t subscribe to the death theory, anyhow — filthy insinuations, unerringly erroneous, no doubt. At a pinch, he’ll be back before he grows daisies on that barnyard counter of yours.”

“Back as what...? What’d you mean...?” I remember I was alarmed. My prick and Makari both shrunken to almost nullity.

“Inch by inch, like a smudge on a rag — oily gleam refashioned into another body husk — another tricky cover for the spirit...”

“That’s what you sold, didn’t you...? You sold spirits. Aren’t you kind of a sinister magician too...?”

“I’m elated — you saw through us! By all means! And don’t you hate your guts too — not yourself, no — your guts, for guts rot, guts rot non-stop, and we are a no-guts something else — a spirit that dreams on...”

“...till it doesn’t. Always unconcerned anyway by shitty mortality. Very telling, yeah. We sympathize most strikingly, unconventional twin souls, restricted to essentials, resilient at all times, fall who may, stealthily in cahoots, even in ignorance of each other..., except that you wanted to rob me... Rub me off...? Rub yourself on me...?”

“Ah... Whatever would suit...?”

“Be my guest. Dare be bawdy...? Once I was a great sinner, you know. Hospital bound for my sins, and now, totally shriven, cemetery bound. And heaven’s next. But do. Let’s see that sill-cock of yours, undo the belt... Drop the buddy, yeah, the buddha buddy, the boudin furry sausage with ears and claws, and show us the much tinier... Count yourself lucky if we like what pops up, we are aiming at the cuckoo with bated breaths plus other no less bated gadgets, **git!**”

“Whisk her, **brod!**” He sibillatingly whispered, and threw, before scampering away like a praying mantis with moth-eaten wings, the flagellating tabby at our face.

When the hullabaloo was over, our chest and neck were deeply scratched, the tip of our nose was profusely bleeding from a vicious bite, and the cat, bolt-stricken by a bullet, lay whimpering at our feet.

We caught up with the ratty shitty oaf after a couple of hours warily slithering through the ruinous gloom. He and two of his cronies — the latter looking a bit

more roughneck or hardnosed (meaning maybe less plaintive and surely less scrumpy-bodied) than our particular enemy — not that either, though, looked any less moronic than him, by the way... Anyhow, the three of them were crammed in a secluded rocky hole under an old rusting derelict crane, which, among other dumped implements, was, by its size and condition, the more obvious of the wrecks in an abandoned and forgotten construction site. In the murk (no light but the skimpy one the stars saw fit to filter down,) they seemed to be masturbating, the ex-toady with cestus and all, and with the exception too that one of them, instead of his bit of raw meat, was caressing between his thighs a much improved cope-less ferret.

“Fucking disgruntled crone wanted to tease me tool out, wanted me to screw her blind, centuries that she didn’t know what’s good for an old cunt. I would’ve too, only that I was out of haberdashery for me bird, you know, imagine otherwise the thunderclapping illnessess pouring from her chelonid bung, like compressed springs unclogged...”

“Big excuse! You always so squeaky squishy-shit clean; ay, mama, but ain’t the bedding too pussey with stains...” — ha-ha. Derided dismissively the more repellent of the three.

“So the granny was hot, though, huh? You oughtta brought her here, maybe batty Blatty here wouldn’t’ve been so misgivous, you know,” of course, now they were talking about the winsome toothy ferret. “He really don’t give a damn at which old slatternly hole he goes roly-coasting down to hunt and gobble-up the weftages and selvages of old broken-down organs, do you there bloody Blatty mine...? Once he sank buttocks-wards down into the very marrows; he’s no fucking doctor, him, mistaking polyps for spasms, and the endless scream of the several dumb words anyone’s doomed to trip with... He goes inside and operates in toto, if you know what I mean, all the springy and tegumentary inner resources a-gobble-gob-gob for a fact.”

“But wait... Don’t be so choosy and exquisite in your wistful evocations, brod, or you’ll make me come too soon. I wanted to hear the end of Phoo-phoo Fink’s story first.” So that was our enemy’s dainty name.

“Ratty old pelt hanged to dry,” he said, while shaking his icy scepter, “rebutting, rebarbative old bag with a strange, flesh-tinged and membranous, tactile and tremulous, horripilating felt hat. When the clothes came off..., ah, the rubberneck rubber-chicken-like, chewy, harrowing gristle consistency of it all — bones, skin, hairs — a massive hairball spat by a dragon... And old, man, she was old... If a day, ninety-nine years old.”

“Ninety-nine, ninety-nine!” The other too and the ferret loudly jeered, full of whimsy and nonchalance here.

“On her way to the cemetery, to bury herself and be done with; spare me the fucking sobs, she must’ve thought. Let Phoo-phoo’s cock sob its jizzms for the dying of its bonerniness instead. She gat a Greek name, Penelope, or something.”

“Pe-ne-lo-pe... won’t you elope with me?” — sang here the sinuous ferret, bombastic crooner.

And now he opened wide his starry eyes. He was staring right at us, the edge of his piercing gaze giving us the cramps up the spine — here’s the basilisk again, we wondered, suddenly more than bothered, or distressed; blatantly, genuinely afraid instead.

Very carefully, we lowered ourselves behind a boulder propping, on the outside of their circle, the crane — an awkward giant gruesomely decomposing, crying clunky chunks of dross now and then, punctuating with its ostentatious pain the monstrous story told by the mocksters... Only our spying eyes and our vaginal black sock cap sprouted like bleeding tumorous lichen from the rock, our dark dripping nose also a rust-leaking sill-cock now... They were laughing like creeps... They were resurrecting past rapes, interspersing the horror of fucking listless groggy critters with what the toady explained about the possibilities of just tonight, with ourselves as the prey... We were now deeply aware of who the shitters were — not just a bunch of squalid guttersnipes shooting the pestilent breeze, but real fanatic connoisseurs of the corpse — night fuckers of found cadavers or of the ready-made terminally cadaverous, bludgeoned and heaving, gangrenous and simmering in putrescence, with their festering guts strewn on the dirt, left with just a couple of demented last gasps or yet a few cursing breaths... That’s why we — or the toad’s revolting description of us — resulted in incentive enough for another jaded leisurely jerking off...

Such a hurling pageant of revolting images... The whole gift-wrapped in dismal misery... A pack of nocturnal wolves slouching behind the churches, from crammed bar to crammed bar... Waiting to pound once more... On the strengthless stray bigots... Shunning themselves to dark corners... Wrestling the prey to the ground... Grinding it to bloody salivous pieces, each slice a grisly mouthful indeed... Soft mumbly fray... Then back to the circle of wild tales, reptilian, digesting... And now, here we had them, the three (the four with percipient Blatty) jolly skeezickses whimsically cooing about their very specialized métier — nothing less threatening, huh...?

“Come suck my cock, Scusax,” called the ferret-petter to the third of the chug-chugging brats.

“Why don’t you ask this time your fucking dead mother,” rebuked Scusax, “not that I’m too hypersensitive, but last time I was revving at the task he bit me fucking uvula off — thinking it was some kind of clitoris I bet, or that other thing they’ve got way back, service the cervix, is it...?”

“Scusax’s got the mind of an obstetrician and the eye of a commode,” the ferret-pricked remarked.

“The uvular r’s are much better pronounced in a commode’s mouth,” said guffawing Phoo-phoo the toad.

“**You say uvula, I say ovula,**” sang the melodious ferret again.

“**Uvula** whatever crosses your balls, I say, while of course the fucking commanders strongly disallow it: **u shalt not vula anything, least of all your neighbor’s wife,**” Scusax’s pecker was full of carbuncles, some of which, with the recurrent squeezing, now supurated and zinged.

“Woozy oldbag thought I might once had been a frog, a charmed prince I guess, fuck, ha-ha; fishy squabbish hoyden bribing me to give her the meat. She says: Unbuckle, my buck, for tomorrow you’ll be rich, I’ll bring you my treasure chest, where all the prodigies promised by the oracles wait for your foolproof magic touch to spree away like hurtling avatars kept for too long in the cage of straitlacedness... I say: *The what...?* She raves: Briefly, I bequeathe... All my marvels just for you, my cagey, ordeal-vanquishing, pert, heroic knight... *Skeevy witch*, I excogitate... And I surely fucking start to feel spooked and more and more less like it... She muses then, changing the tack I guess: I dreamed today that I was young again, sunny, shiny, airy, that I could play tennis, springy, spry, and claw with the racket at the thistle flowers and ridicule the rotting distaff-wielders on the benches, extenuated oldsters and self-haters, so pist-off and sprained and lusterless and envying my hassling vim, my spruced image, my fresh-smelling breath..., I could wear again such short skirts and the skimpy panties that crowd-crumpled between my cheeks and the slash of my cunt, so that there’s almost nothing left to flustered imagination..., ah, the glory of youth showing me ass to everyone..., if you had sucked me then, my crotch bare and all smooth, salty with sweat and ratty secretions, and all at once sickly sweet with the dried piss, plus at hand so nearby the divine perfume of young shit... She was rhapsodizing, believe you me, her tusks scratching themselves to a screechy climax, making the bones of me back crawl to me own edgy teeth...”

“But if all this was so disgusting, why hadn’t you already pounded on the bug...?”

“Dry, ugly, scarce, crazy bitch, one of those snake-haired gorgons, why you call ’em: a medusa..., so I was paralyzed, suffering her maugre... Debating to death with meself... Plus oldfucker had the sure opened eye of a pistol aimed at me cock!”

Foul exclamations followed, the slug-slug of crotches intensified, the irate ferret growled, also exacting a bite or two from the now more eager fingers that aroused and gratified it. Phoo-phoo gushed: “I won’t keep you any longer on quirky tenterhooks, inasmuch as we don’t want to be inaugurated as road-kill, which arguably we are in jeopardy of becoming if we tarry so on the middle of our journey home..., it behooves on the contrary that your guileless inquisitiveness be slaked: Here I was, reboant, victorious, screaming like a gone goon, throwing on the witchy bitty bitch the Brother Brat (*good for him!* — the other three cheered) at her head...! Last I saw him he was wilily hanging, nary defanged from the flanges of her snout... I’m expecting him back any minute now with his work wholly done, ha-ha, whereupon Blatty’s turn will come, I say — and don’t scrimp none on your refinements, chump.”

Demolished venue where the tragedy apace unfolds. Under the almost fallen giant, now by time sculpted into a grotesque failure of a proud prognathic laughing tower, the half-unclad at their wasted waists are due for some reckoning, to the now gratefully lachrymous witness the a-righter assuredly avers.

She to me: “You just wait.”

And addingly she self-chides: “I shouldn’t even have waited this long.”

Nonetheless of a sudden at unison they come, but they come ballistically lunched, at least the fiedinsh ferret, suddenly ejaculated, alas, so that it lands all claws and teeth atop her cap.

Unprepared, she grabs not her piece, alack, but a handy shovel by its corky wood, and it swings it, and, with its metal, mostly turned into sprue, she clunks herself, the bang yet cushioned by the clutching borrowing body of the hell-sent beast. Not exempted of any of the vigor of the thrust — on the contrary, the shovel and the crane add of their own with crying tears of gritty decaying pig-iron, and a few arteries are pierced — the rabid pecker tumbles down, slain.

Second sulking vermin done for. Now for the piece with three bullets yet, you bet, to be relocated whereat some aching hearts are about to faint to nought and be

replaced not with stones or rocks or coproliths this time, old story that'd be, but with tears of iron shed by a crying avenging giant whose shrine had been vilely desecrated, hey.

Hey-hey, hoy-hoy, eheu, fugaces, and so on...

Back from the tomb-raiders episode, now a bit drunk with the aftershocks of a no doubt excessive excitement, wavering on the resilient froth of the lutulent interzone of my ebullient thoughts, snapping out of it only at the random rhythm of my sudden glissades, tripped by the glib gimpy gimcracketty pirns strewn on the sea-sickening floor, live hard dense salt-licks for my jumpy, giddy, rollicksome toes, I was reviewing in my mind some of the obscurer points that had slipped under in tonight's escapade.

Big entrance, forsooth. Pricked the eight-inch barrel up his nose, spun the cylinder, pulled the trigger and voilà boohoo — no as much noseless also him, as, ok, the ex-nose a crumbling turd. Now for the second, his flayed blight-carrying hands held crookedly high, everything by them touched sickens and soon wilts away, no time for shaking, sorry — “But, ma'am, I'm even acquainted to your lovely daughter, I even have it in for her; her and I both spangled and flamed by the fairy mysteries of the tiny eggs — no mystery like this mystery at all — come out the little critters and their cleft venom's hell...” — with this expletive, and the bullet's, the marriage's sealed.

Now for the first, just recently emasculated, desperately holding his garbled crotch, all his vim elapsed, frightened to death, haptotropic nerd, his skin on fire, easily blistered if touched and gone, gone and smashed as his willy — “Here lies bleeding Blatty, his pecker,” the eons already piling on the severally up-ended and brayed lich-stone — a mincing grimace of apologetic malingerer is the bum's last.

Hoy-hoy, good night.

For afar, there arose a noise. A nauseous, noisy, familiar noise... Are those more of those self-propelled, screeching, blinding machines... Coming for me...?

The pistol I had been saving for a quick way-out for the nearing day when no continuation declared itself possibly envisageable, now seeded with the corpses — growing in Phoo-phoo's hand greatly and crucial to the case: Voilà, a murder-suicide pact looming, very likely, pretty germane to the protagonists assumed plight anyway — and more so considering their gloomy and screwed circumstances — look at their place, look at their bodies, look at their minds, none worth any added expenditure of worry. All brain-children die also in the brain.

But the road-kills, now. Gliding athwart and every other which way, losing my balance on the slurry — tarred opprobrious pebbles that grievously trip the scurrying squirrels, and hear yourself surrender those scurrilous susurruses when one gets inside your shoe — I've put myself on the inspector's (or doctor's) frame of mind... Were they in anyway existentially solicited, a bit farther than the pious trivial gnomes this type of young perverted boob is the butt of, before one of them gave short shrift to more complicated corollaries and pulled the trigger...?

Hum-hum.

Moot point, or who the fuck cares anyhow, damned road-killers; had not enough for a hot June night...?

"They already did the bunch of us in; what else...?" — somberly blamed, also heaped pell-mell on the platform behind, the tragic chorus of dead ferrets and squirrels. Lest you draw from it some nasty moral, drive through the wreckage on the road as you drive through the wreckage of your life, always engrossed in piffling fatuities.

But now the saffron gives way to the amber, the amber to the ocher, and the ambulance, its hand-cranked, deafening siren, rushes me back...

10.07.2004

A few funerary fineries

Yesterday, from my bed in the hospital, I saw my farty neighbor the sick woman slide away up the corridor. She was disguised as a limping Sherlock Holmes, but the heavy perfume over the stink of disease betrayed her. Myself, I camouflaged my aspect by becoming if I might say part of the background scenery, I disengaged a few branches from the christmas tree at the corner and affixed them atop my gowns; then, as stealthily as her, I followed her outside. She was headed straight for the cemetery, I knew.

We paused near the falls. The esplanade was wide and empty. Above, the semicircle

of the sky was crammed with stars. I said, I couldn't help it, I said: "Look, a comet!" And that betrayed me. "So you followed me," the Sherlock said, displeased. "But look at the green tail of the comet...!" I enthused.

And then I fell silent. I wondered: "Are her eyes today as sharp as mine?... I'm a night-seer. Is she one of those only sees well by daylight?... Does she get the shadow-light that shows in shiny gray the instantaneous displacement of each heavenly body, as I'm given to see?... All those hyphens of phantom spoor?..."

I said: "Look, the night creatures framed by the starry light! The leering pterodactyls aureoled with gorgeous electrical sheens, the other flying dinosaurs, the handsome diabolical rood-riders, over there, and there, over the clear line of the horizon, like enormous bats, don't you see them?..."

But she refused to glance up. She was looking down the falls, at the jumping big fishes. She was holding tight unto her Sherlock hat, for the wind was blowing now, cold and hard, lifting every item. Before the falls, on the more peaceful expanse of rocky water, three or four night women took a languid bath. They looked like dead ladies, their faces so pasty white, with the shadows of recently shaved moustaches and beards on the pallid shiny skins taut over the slightly swollen flesh... I said, beaming at them: "What dreams of skies, not true?... Good idea to see them naked as you, leisurely ladies, without encumbrances, in order to better express one's exhilaration..."

And then, holding myself straight, like a comic ramrod, I rigidly pantomimed, I aped, I did as if I were a very serious conductor conducting the music of the spheres. "Shtttt," I said, "a bit of silence for a musical interlude of admiration..." And the dead ladies giggled.

Not the sick Sherlock woman. Her teeth rattled. She was embracing herself tighter and tighter, and peering with a sad pious grimace at the marzipan ladies sluggishly soaking in the now wavy water. For the wind was becoming gale force or so.

I strode to the edge of the falls. The spurts of foam bit at the threadbare hems of my gowns. The windy haze clouded my eyes, that's why, like a harpoon shot up from the troubled waters, I ran to the center of the esplanade. Here the vision was nitid, cleaned and cleared by the sweeping wind. Above, the constellations became cartoonish. The stars cobbled together figures out of comic books. Klutzy, sebaceous loser boys fawning on... Wiggly girlyies that rode over whirring hot-rods... Busking violinists on the sidewalk, their hats begging for alms... Rude, gripey old men, grumpy, long-nosed, skinflinty, forcibly passing... The fat bullies, of course, wicked lewd turds fallen on their asses, carried in wheelbarrows precariously balanced...

The gliding aces crossing in a smiley streak... All the grotesques... Drawn in points of light... Their contours Suns... Their ridiculous figures lightly anchored in the sky... The wind threatening to uproot them, see and arm or a wing almost flying on it own, and yet never managing to destroy the unity of the personage, the whole holding on, all at once moved and unmoved... I was laughing my head off... I turned to the dead ladies. Immersed in such solace. They were glancing their hands over the surface of the water, with enigmatic little smiles on their dead faces... Their long phosphorescent fingers winnowed the water... Sometimes they came up with mucous leeches, which they lifted to their mouths to kiss first and then keep inside, with plenty others... “May...” I shouted, “may your skies be always this jolly, my ladies!”

I cheerfully turned and noticed the Sherlock lady had walked on. I ran after her. Her scent was unmistakable. Her shadow loomed at the end of the blind alley. Soon I rejoined her. I could pass through the same grate door... In front of us the tombs, each tailored to the taste, one assumes, of the hostages inside. We trod on crunchy pine needles, while small critters scurried all around. I whispered: “Where to?...” And her shriek was piercing and intromissive, it tangibly grabbed and tightened the ropes of my heart. “Shit, ‘tis only me; your bed neighbor?...”

“You are violating the hospital curfew, and now the cemetery curfew... They shall castrate you as punishment...”

“Easier said... What do they do to women...?”

“To women?”

“In lieu of castration..., as punishment?”

“Don’t you read the tabloids?... They are publicly empanelled, they are unvaccinated of all their previous vaccinations and sent to the shanties for a long stint as prostitutes, their spirochete count must skyrocket up to eleven hundred per cent, thereabouts, I think; only then they are allowed back home...”

“With a better memory for grudges, I should guess...”

“You guess’s as good as mine... And now I’m busy...”

She had kneeled atop of a grave and with her nails she was digging.

“Is that your daughter you are digging for...?” I asked, politely. She wouldn’t answer, so I continued: “My daughter is buried here too... As you, I came shortly

after her going... I wanted to see how she was doing... If all the funerary fineries held true, you know... I said: *Coo-coo, home already!*... The faint light of early morning was crashing through the my blinders. I was self-conscious of the dirt in my nails, hid my hands behind my back. *I've entered the girl's room*, cautioned to myself... She was flat on her bed of wilted roses, her night-shirt up to her navel, black widows or other tiny spiders tickling her quivering quim — delicate critters walking like gloved bejeweled daintily feminine hands, instilled without fail with a sense of whimsy and fantasy, and what clean wholesome fun it is to watch them so polite and urbane, nodding *how-do-you-do* and waving always *hello* and *adieu*... Don't you think too...?"

The crazed woman assented. She was reaching to the first adumbrations of the livid corpse underneath.

"Hey, here she sloshes in, the predawn virtuosa with her grueling palps crabbily notching one more bile-curdled night away," she chortled, slightly mimicking a ditzzy dracula perhaps.

"Say," I intervened without further a-wimble with my fingers, "was your daughter murdered too...? Do you happen to know a guy Scusax...?"

"Ditto?" — she inquired, while languorously patting the strange surface of the a flagging belly.

"Don't give up so easily," I chided, always so patiently, "a particularly loathsome snatch-snitch; I'm positive he belongs to the bushwhacking gang meets regularly as menses thereat, where the herds of garbage bins are lastly corralled..."

"And nimbly nutted and deballed. I see, not for nothing were you born in Kentucky, Laramie," she lied.

"Watch it," I warned, for at the brink of the bulbous well-mouth, above her daughter's burly tail-swelling coccyx, a gloating long-legged bright eye had come to drink, "oh, neat," I had to acknowledge as the enfeebled eye retreated by a providential chemical-warfare cannonade beat.

Wooden ledges around her bed of wilted orchids were ornated with hanging roots — mandrake, nightshade, ginger, bryonies, licorice — from the chewing of which the digested arachnid-taming chemicals later arose... Or at least that I wanted to surmise about the whole arrangement.

I had been for a second in thrall of the spectacle, my hour-glassy eyes craving the

end, concentrating in an infinite point and yet escaping to the blurry outer boundaries all at once — my almost hypnotized mind waxing more and more peopled by slithering blunt shapes — dots of black venom, hydrophobic abdomens of doom, swollen drops of shiny blood all black but for a crimson equitremoeidal still wet — and still already I felt I was superimposing myself, felt regaining my fulcrum, locating among the shifting resonance the unfluctuating point of gnawing ejection — all the annoyance swarming the vision, those gory stainless tsetses were indeed ejaculated from the same fount of hoarse shrieking cave-dwellers (not her stinking cobwebbed putz for once) — now their pruned selves melted into a single pupil — minus the long lashes, I saw what they were: Superfluous chicken-turds of her hatred, projections of her malevolent eyeball spread like bad seed, discordant cockles on the lunar field of her body, burred multiplications left in the lurch in her craggy (rabidly, wastefully spinning,) one-galaxy universe which couldn't care less, was not endeavoring to beat the odds, rather the obverse: Was hellbent on inner colliding and crunching to nought forthwith...

“My daughter, instead,” I said, “never saw her eyes again... She was prone, remember, not suppine as yours...”

“The pain she gave me...” The woman said, cleaning with her palm the malignant dead body, and mocked, imitating the nasty voice of her deffunct daughter: “*So, which merry harvest of shameless rapture are you unctuously back with?... Don't curb you ardors, please reveal...* She soothingly prodded, when she knew I wasn't up to her skills, when she ordinarily panned my work... *And your answer is...?*, she would needle, and my loose flesh, shocked, already morbid, would desintegrate some more...”

Tried to divert her attention, assuage her distress... “Met the dirty fellah anounced had been your daughter's boyfried, maybe. Name of Scusax,” I insisted, “there's hope, you know, for wreaking some revenge and so on...”

“She despised me, she balked at everything that wasn't first rate. And she knew I was so mediocre, so paltrily worthless as an artist...”

Outwardly unfazed, I faked confidence: “I beg to rebutt, ma'am. I see you are artistic to the hilt. To the Hiltons the world over. An accomplished pianist, I guess?”

She (was she hurt?) ignored my presence; turned her brittle, teary profile to the grave where her daughter's bed of rotted orchids leaned askew; at the bottom of the sepulchral stone, now tilted, there was a dusty frail spectral mosaic of webbed spidery ex-votos — an array of tightly trussed victims hanged to ponder, dry blackened clitorises stuck to the darkening frontispiece of the shrine — was the

corpse active with her thin fingers even after hours, even after the measured hours of her life had been over for weeks...?

“Scusax...?” I pounded, searching for a healthy reaction, “a guy with a festering plague of his own he quarantines, I hope, in the unapproachable borders of his cod-piece...? (*My, are you versed on the details too*, I hear you thinking,) but I had the hideous monkey telling me as near and stenchful as I’m telling you. The frightful phimotic piece of dreck with the fistulous penetrabilia, heard him claiming, and loud and to a crowd, to have also done, plus the daughter, you!... Say, would you deny, would you, that this is a fact...?”

“Eh...? Who knows... A passing fad when he was on the upswing and me passing through the park, no doubt... Could happen. Despondent, back from the concert. *Concerto Alarmoso*, by sir Ardor Pert... Me such a failure... And she so brilliant... But anyhow... What mystical relation have all those juicy tidbits to what you should care for, or for that matter I?... *In this so tiny vigil of our senses*, as the silly dago had it, what’s the worth of rummaging on the others’ crap of this so-called sin?”

No wimpy denial on her part, of course. Hum. Thence vindicated somehow on my surfeit of ire a few hours back, during the killings. Hum-hum. Even betrayed by an inchoate sigh of scant relief...?

“In what crenellated guise, pray tell, did you slipshoddedly descend down the perdition well to complete abomination...?” I fake to dig.

But the fire’s ashen.

“What instrument in the orchestra did she... The nimble thimbles...? Those hinderances called drums...? Was she outweighed by those mammoth trombones, is that what broke her spine...? Or, ah!... Was she a soloist...? That hurts, such premeditation, such cunning, such presence, such fame... I understand your deadly bitterness...”

“Or maybe something akin? Shut up! Nya-nya, nya-nya...” Crazy woman, she laughed. I retreated, and, louder, she guffawed at my waning.

A nightingale sang out on a limb, either of evergreen or perdifoil. I listen, seraphic, while she sobbed.

“Yes, yes, my daughter, the wondrous, wonder girl violinist; she was a world-renowned virtuosa already at one, dead at fourteen. Buried with a very expensive solid-gold instrument, a modified properly certified Stradivarius, no less...”

She was trying to get it back from the obdurate grabbing of her carrion hands...

I said, in another attempt to ingratiate myself: “Mine was murdered at fourteen too. You see, we had four. All so well behaved. I was Joe Stare. I was Joe Silent. I would silently stare down any nervous or wayward tyke into abject compliance. In a trice. Plack, like this. Everybody brought to order. And to sleep, even if there was not a crust to gnaw on... We had to remedy such poverty. We sold our three naked boys to a family of gypsies. Out they leaning from the rere of the gaudy cart, due from fair to fair, in a neverending funny ride... The moist big teeth of the backbards going giant horse as it smile, that I remember most fondly... And our daughter grew to be a whore... Dangerous enterprise hers, you know...”

She was impersonating her sickening daughter, while still strenuously pulling at the gilded instrument: “My, my, my... Aren’t this early morning the square pegs brimming over, and unchallenged, from the round black hole of your recently trepanned skull, you doppy worm...? Fuck off the unpoisoned limits of my purview... Get thee rather to the kitchen to fetch yourself the pills — moronic boron and shit knows what else — but don’t waste the round trip and pass me a couple shives with honey-jam and caca-wad. Come on, you lazy rascals, bid the gypsy lady fine day,” as if she would be kid-talking and encouraging her pets with her long unpainted nails, “oh-oh, it bodes ill, shrewd devils, today they only want to bite.”

Forgive me, but I found that the gobs of shark gristle, the wadding inside my body, was rebelling — couldn’t shirk their teeth... I was waddling off their scent-oppressive premises, their maggoty quarters of dole, toward the airy nightingale’s, all at once saddled with, and lightened of, two heavy sheaves of doubts.

I saw the woman on her haunches, resting. Peering now at an old photo she’d extracted from a congealed crease in the floreal quilt that enveloped her dead daughter. And there they were: *the early happy family* — her, her fuddy-duddy dad — mother hen and her pullet — sex-link lace, I mean race — a race both of fine layers and fine also to feed on — her gigantic pullet, up close, food of the gods. Her skin still resembles the egg’s. Later, very soon, all got scuttled — blew, humdrum occurrence, to all-blemished obsolescence.

Uncanny mirror that mirrors I daresay my terminal lassitude. Some girls this age are dainty ambrosia, sweet spittle-inducing blue rock candy that makes lick-happy fellows of us all. But when the flights of fancy clash in the parched deserts of our reverted soul, the musk so attractive we realise was mostly reeking from the dung. Evanescent fragrances now endowed with the asphyxiating tentacles of a vicious nausea.

She halved athwart the photo, and then a couple times more, and lifted its derivative jigsaw like a piddling grenade and exploded it into the garbage bin of her daughter's coffin. Hurlled phantasms sand-stormingly crash-landed, glaucous glass-eye that shatters together with all that it kept hidden along its sadly reflective life. Well, no matter, the maiden had slunk at last into the dragon's lair and, all-willingly and even callously, therein she had surrendered for ever and ever so much of her sillily contrived and empty sham. A man has to furl back when the hoax is about over. Preparations are seriously in order — she had gotten rid of another shameful item — now she breathes, epiphanous, relieved.

Fiddle-strumming, beer-guzzling daughter, carouser, a whore. A whore. Soft blond St.-Pauli-Girl type of a girl, god, how fast gone to pot. She'd, I mean he'd doted on her, first seven eight years still full of hope, then something went wrong with them both, he became uninterested, gruff, remote, she at a loss, thoughtful, mistrustful. He was afraid she had finally seen through him, a failure at life, at work, at home, a sad loner, a raggedly flunk just passively waiting death out. His buddy fuddy-duddy dad a dud. Not at all an elegant more or less glamorously employed father you could bluster in any way about or in any way show off to your shrinking amphitheater of friends, and, even before she realized it, her disappointment in him had already preemptively redounded on his disappointment in her. No gifted Lewis Carroll him, no forbearing Alice her. Still she behaved while he kept going on, willy-nilly alive... Something had been safeguarded, a distant affection, a need of each other, mutual keepers of some accruable remainders of worth. Then of course he was gone, and for her everything came undone. To whom, to whose warmth still address her hardy tendrils of self-respect...? Nobody after all to lean on — love is a very unreliable commodity, taken early in doses deemed too strong can either vaccinate you against it once and for all, or else poison your hideous heart so that it rots only into bilious squirts of disgust. As soon as he was cancellated under a plain small headstone that mockingly said: "**Ffinis Sniff-Sniff**" — as soon indeed as he was forever cancelled under fathoms of cheap rough dirt coped by shivering furbelows of deer-turdletted sward, she was done with what's in any way proper. She didn't also piss on the stone, but she dismissively spat at it before turning tail and speeding to the exit. Arms akimbo, uniformed Jim (the crazy sick woman's cop brother) self-righteously shouted after her: "Spiteful bitch, he didn't die against you," though that's exactly how she must have felt, now one thinks of it.

10.10.2004

Still a little effort, my livelies.

Yesterday, as I was entering home, back from the triple ordeal of the hospital, the church, the cemetery, more or less purged of the sin committed in unwitting cahoots with the hairy girl's husband, **heard the house plants commenting**, grateful nonetheless, even in their last legs, running on empty, even, bless them, while their covalent bonds were dissolving back to oblivion, never forgetting their cheery co-creator...

Some were singing my praises, others were just bemoaning their plight. They are all products of my *easy creative gesture*. When I eat a fruit, be it small or big, its pits and pitkins are tossed (or slightly pushed) into the loam of my many cracked or chipped pots and pans which, once discarded from prandial use, I later fill with the rich growing mixture that I pour from sacklets bought often on the same stores I've bought the fruit...

Creative..., no, I won't invoke something which isn't even quite there, which is just in the process of being existed, of being built out of enough, harmonious being... That's why I always proceed to meekly, solicitously mumble at the corner of their ears (corn's or any other's, weeds and friendlies): "Still a little effort, my livelies..." Or my lovelies, my lilies, my lilacs, my tulips..., but my livelies, my livelies...

And in any event, why not?... Life bugs me — so wasteful... When if there is something I hate..., is waste.

"He's a cross — a cross between species..."

They were enthusing, sending my name or the spiritual conception hidden under my name to the heavens, where they were also incontinently due — and thus where maybe my already well-established soul would intercede — poor vegetable souls, they are so naively religious, always aspiring to the peripheral, hyperborean, ethereal altitudes... I mean, **empyrean**, that's it — where the welkin bubbles in paradisiacal self-sustaining arcadias, and the eyes themselves self-generate worlds of marvelous puppetry where all the action is in black-and-white fun and mistily soaked in placid well-being.

"He's different alright," a date palm answered.

“He’s not gregarious,” said a little gasping cherry tree (child not to the cherrybone of the cherry choked the great bongoist Steve Peregrine Took, but to a much more meritorious one, of course,) living side by side to an erstwhile stripling grapefruit sapling, now, alas, wilted and verminous, only able to nod, I don’t say in agreement to anything, just in acceptance of the wave sweeping it back into the rubble-rich (pseudo)void, where the construction all the while is attempting to take place, if only after finding a proper, finely attuned, seeded instant, where the great creation could indeed commence...

“We know so much about those things...” — a thorny, sturdy, ascetic Osage orange tree, mused, his archers’ wood now somewhat more brittle, and yet still tensing for the stars...

“He’s superior, doesn’t need the support...” — at cherry’s right (maybe once removed, a plummy having apparently given up the ghost already,) acquiesced another fellow, son of a female ginkgo seed — once picked from the floor, slimy and stinky — and ere those strictures as he was made nowadays to endure (as recently as let’s say just last week,) still such a beauty of prehistoric proportions, such a boon for the appreciative goodtaste of those angelic eternal ascribed, if all goes according to plan, to everlasting callaesthetics...

“Ventures everywhere just by himself, and thus discovers and understands much...” — a tomato friend (formerly a colossus with big pendulous red balls) now feebly remarked.

“He’s a mutant, much advanced...” — wheezed a withered capsicum mother.

“Alas, nonetheless,” an avocado tree was sighing, much depressed, perhaps (if I tarried too long) while breathing already its last, “as I’m telling you all, alas, forget the hokum, for the biped..., the biped took care of us’s dead...”

“**Never!**...” managed to repeat, almost in unison, a couple of faithful pretty peachy mamas not far (separated just by a few mangoes not swaying at all anymore) from where it barely stood.

“We want none of it...” one mango muttered, very, very worried, its bloom off color, its pruinous velvet now sorrowfully allopecic.

“Couldn’t do without. The world couldn’t be so cruel, no...” — the second, a natural amputee (by cruel nature maimed, maybe to save its core if perchance a drop of water ever fell again from the crying heavens,) thus seemed to expire.

And then ah, the rapture! For then's when I opened wide the door. My heroic silhouette was darkly cut into the gloam. Their ears (flanges, tragus, brows, flipperous integuments, those flaps between the fingers...) (and their leaves) all pricked up, even in extreme exhaustion, even if leprous and about to fall of dryness — a glimmer or hope resuscitating them — if only for a second of glorious vistas — my bipedal amplitudes — and in effect that's what I shouted, exuberant: "**The biped's back! The biped's back!**"

And singing, and laughing, and reassuringly calling them by endearing epithets, I poured to each and all plenty of fresh clean vitaminized water — and all exulted, man, and who wouldn't?

Heard them more loudly commenting this time, yeah, and with what regained energy, bustle, and stamina, and alacrity, their pores filling with blessed elasticity: "Here! Here's him, unscathed! The dauntless intrepid snatchcruiser, the gashfiller! Cunts alive!, the through-and-through healer, the noospheric intercessor!... Our star!..."

"Heed his call, for he's it — the director, the conductor, the survivalist! **And him we follow to aftergoniness**, where happiness lasts already without any more nasty boomerang effects ever popping up in abruptness and malevolence! Without sudden killing accidents and debilitating dearths!"

"And unpropped co-aid. What a dismal place the world without him, what a desert of meaninglessness..."

"He coolly withstood the revolted elements and defeated all the enleagued ill winds of blight and ruination. He sailed across chasms of hostility, and anguish, and general ill will — and this **with such grace!** — and now's back forever and ever, and ever..."

That was my company — they of my company so happy — my company — of them and theirs me so happy too... Yes, yes...

Toilers of the earth, great regenerators, here you've got me — and, with me, of the tamed life-giving elements never again any lack more — with me, neither the Sun, nor the water, nor the air ever wane... For I am your mutual sustainer, sacred bond ours, boy, indeed, for a fact, for a fact... Never again the gutted remnants of uncared aliveness, the sputtering husks of unlife, no way, no way...

Careful to my words... **Substituting any of you, your buddies. Substituting**

me, my buddies. Thus. The sacred covenant's signed with the stuff of existence — never alone, bridging the species — such a pleasant feeling of accomplishment, no? ... No?... Hats off to our pact. And cogent all and recollected, let's laud the hour, the hour...

And the chorus answered: "Indeed, baby, indeed, the hour, the hour..." As falsely buoyant as me.

Replete again, and vitality flagging already... Is the water itself tainted?... Was the trying doomed from the start?...

And then the memory of the too recent failure, surely now perpetually etched in each self... Are we talking palimpsests, erasable memories, warped, riven slates?... Are your souls as is mine, a buried treasure one keeps stabbing blindly for at the thereabouts where it is supposed to remain (or it shifts also underneath to add to the hopelessness?) and, when rightly guessed and by inference met (or so one, self-deceived, is given to understand,) in odd moments of half-dream, then the unrewarded fight for the irretrievable, for the elusive, and the rescuing but of the planted, the fake, the ingrown, the festering, the painfully teathed?...

Excess, garbledness, a gurgling of dragonish water.... A hole without end... All the fullness empty, full all the emptiness... That perennial feeling again... Incompleteness... Incomplete, them and I... Despite the mutual efforts, incomplete... And then the excruciating difficulty to be enveloped by sleep, the exultance having given way to despondency — so hard the proper imbrication — ah, and the unsteadiness of the rungs of the ladder to infinity — where indeed is a step steady enough?... — plus leading where?... — such a frail link even here, tonight, among us — babies, your mutterings of unrest, your moans, the hurt...

In fact, nothing to be glib about, no, sir, nothing all in all to brag at all, at all... You know... Damn... And will tomorrow find us whole again?... For that's the trick, ok, that's where we illusionists perform... When the day's new, and the slate seems again to make sense — on top, the brief introduction of all our previous living — and the wide impressive rest under it, plenty of invitatory space for a hearty adding and re-adding of enriching persuasions... And the communion between species looks like such a great idea — such a mutual, reciprocal propping... The cheerfulness of the new morning... Soon, my pets, soon... Let's chuck despair, not to the nettles (they are our friends also,) but to the puff... The thin oblivious air of the interdream... For tomorrow I want you all alive again, exchanging pithy impressions, ok, ok?...

10.14.2004

Cirus and Ceres Grail request the pleasure...

Yesterday, I was sorting the mail accumulated during my absence — bills, ads, wrong addresses, wrong idiots, the wonted garbage... — and no new job for the struggling translator specialized in esoterics... Except an invitation... Odd... “*Cirus and Ceres Grail request the pleasure...*” Some sort of party... And the house quite near, in fact the mansion of the mafia guy up the hill — so Cirus his name, hey?... The murderous type for whom I’ve done several petty tasks, extremely well-paid for my standards of misery, little commissions necessitating a modicum of finesse, where the errand boy was in possession of a cache of appropriate manners, had some kind of societal wherewithal, of which his goons were completely devoid, totally incapable of, of course... I was thinking: Probably he wants to convey for my consideration a new one of those especial delicate chores, highly unlikely that he would be paying any kind of courtesy for my past exploits, or wanting me promptly reestablished from my recent illness... Just, for some reason, my presence necessary — as if in order to show me whom the dedicatee of my next learned action was going to be...

On the other hand, *Ceres Grail*, hum... With such an adroit moniker... Charming enchantress... What an admirable sobriquet... Fairy magician... You’ve already won me to your cause... Command and your slave shall... *Etc.* Or: I’m destined to be the servant lover of your entire life..., or you mine... How different from the low lousy ungrateful ex-wife of mine... Scary nagging machine... (*People who nag should be knackered without further ado and no regrets*, recites En Tiberi someplace.) Lying whore, in any event, full of self-disgust, bossy, cantankerous, headstrong, with the body of a male, huge square shoulders, nervous legs of a failed dancer, and cheating me all around — not only about the fucking parcel of things, for which who cares, really — but in matters of importance, like: “Where the fuck have you hidden my papers..., or Why did you burn all my writings..., or Who has poisoned my food..., and Who has lost my child...” And such a vulgar, no-account name to top it all, unobliterable, stuck in my craw... Exactly, another koestlerian **mimophant** — with

the skin of a pudic mimosa as to what affected her, and the skin of a rude proboscidean for matters that affected anyone else...

Instead, that dreamed woman, so harmoniously well-formed, so gracious, so unselfish... Ah, *Ceres, Ceres, Ceres..., Ceres Grail...* Rescue me, for I've fallen so low... Buried treasure longing to see the light of day... Verdigrised goblet of hope... Interred in some unmarked grave — ah, in lost topographies — ah, of incinerated parchments — ah, with erased abscissas and ordinates...

And what shall I wear to the feast?... A mansion so gorgeous, with people so posh... Will you notice me immediately by my goodness hidden under the ugly rind?... You know, I was shitting the other night in the middle of nowhere... There overcame me this terrific urge... Then the irruption, in such a forsaken mountain byway... The night predators, boys and girls, the girls laughing, hurtfully commenting in jest, and complaining of the stench... The boys more cruel... Kicking at my balls... Stoning me for real... And then me running and having to wipe my ass (very imperfectly, alas,) with the inner rind of a pomegranate... So soft, though... And hiding behind the Viking wall... Such a forgotten gem... Oh, I'm sorry; is my conversation less than proper, my lady? Lord forbend... Wear my heart on my sleeve, such unashamed sincerity... Can't tell a lie... I'm just flesh and boners... Burning for love... No dissembling ever on my part... Never my lips festering in untruth... What you see, my lady, you get, whole, the whole hog, devoted, at all times...

Would it work? Nothing works as planned. Better scuttle... Talking about shitting, in bad taste among casual acquaintances... And yet, always taken in sport among intimates... Eliciting guffaws, snickers, merry awes... In fact, serious matter, what about all the ills and terrible deadly diseases arise in the bowels?... Enterologist, such a respected sage... Ugly swellings, and deadly burstings, and awful petechiae from the backing up of the shits... And the Viking border wall anent my heroic defecation... Such a gem, I said, but it was more, for I had discovered a porcelained bit of it created in olden times... And no account of it given in the classics... I could tell her, and wouldn't she be popular among her erudite friends, the elitist researchers... A porcelained top of wall never yet certified but by her previous word... Prove that she'd been there before, for no sources, classical or otherwise, whisper a word about it... The pristine traces of our adventurous forefathers... What a coup de maitre, de theatre, d'effet, my dear...

“Ha, ha, I knew once somebody,” — she, in cheerful polite rich company, talking thankfully about me, once I'm already gone, eaten by birds, that's the hope, for *nothing ever is left uneaten* (En Tiberi dixit, again, so let it be preferably birds, for as him I also have this insurmountable horror of the slime of life — no, I can't mix back into the fucking humus, I want to rise and die aloft, if possible still totally

uneaten, *hovering for ever in the in-betweens* — “who (that erratic guy,) would you believe it, felt urgently driven to take a dump in the middle of a dirt trail, at the lea of a historic wall, partly hidden in the Moon shade cast by the mystic wall, and with the misfortune that a band or two of tipsy youths, coming back from some wild partying in a clearance of the woods, caught him in such compromising position, and the girls jeering savagely at his fetid evacuations and at his very meager equipment, and the boys stoning him with such keenness and odium. and a clear intention to kill...”

No, but as it happens, my lady... And now, that’s also interesting... The same feckless youths who had derided my modest body depletion, and even attempted to annihilate me for it, by dint of a proper lapidation, and using no pumice or pebbles, but solid huge flinty rocks... Later, I’m still perambulating, now approaching the city-center, and, in a blind alley, I hear the noise coming from the rotten insides of a dreary tavern... Soon, there they are, thrown into the uretic gutter, the three would-be juvenile murderers, now indeed no longer smirking; quarrelsome snivelers, but at this point reduced to what?, their skulls are split after the brawl, and their girls within, kidnapped, garroted, broken toys... I say, moving my head as a philosophic tramp would: *The best technicians are always expelled, to make room for the inept*... And I would’ve dried their drooling, and patched their gashes, and attended to their ruptures, and healed somehow their flaps of flesh almost bitten off, hanging in drying blood, and I would’ve also stolen a few intact glasses property of the tavern, exacting my little tax, by dint of taking off my jacket, for example, and stuffing it with stacked glasses, for whomever I invite home I’ve never find a few clean glasses for them to have a drink... I would’ve, and could’ve, and more... But that, ay, I heard a very disheartening siren approaching... Maybe, not far, there was another of those inexpugnable banks, with its hallowed resounding halls and walls, rooted to the indestructible basalt of the inner core, and it was being assaulted by another band of robbers, oh-oh, and that really attracts the murderous cops... And so I had fucked off, skulking, from the scene of the uncrime...

Me telling Ceres, such an interesting lived story, and as recent as of almost yesterday... Would the witty explanation suffice, or go how far?... I see her stunned, paying attention to that new guy, a quaint acquaintance to her twin brother... Specially sensitive... Encroaching of her soul, staking my claims... Or going too strong to begin with?... Creating a certain revulsion... She’s frowning... Ill vibes: the machine stuck in a vicious circle... A groaning, growing to-and-fro occupying, and then overcrowding, the whole of her brains; she impelled to shout... “Get the fucking clown out of my sight! Can’t bear him and his imbecilic tale!”... But what if... Yeah, maybe enlivening the recitation, with the touching addition of taking the odd pratfall... In imitation of the ex-murderers falling like worn sparrows on the swampy ditch, all their vainglory splashing in ordure... Then me, re-erected, such a

well-hinged figure, nothing like a skittish remora, on the contrary, the dark hero who strode up to the filthy water, to assess the pungent situation, coolly... A glaze of ice at the rim of the bloody puddle... The soles of my boots squelching it... Myriad of little mirrors reflecting the dizzying polychrome of the unraveling traffic lights... And the almost murdered boys, their bloated grotesque masks, their limbs slowly slithering, the friable, frostbitten webs between their fingers woven with frail veins where the blood's gangrening, trying to stanch the gnawing tears as they weep like little children stifling in the deathgrip of a grim colossus reaping away, like with a swift scythe, at their ankles, then at their knees, then at their hips, now at their waists, at their necks at last, their cursed lives... As the squad drones near, shudders the dark hero at the feebleness of it all, the ubiquitous wreck of so many fumbled bodies... A shrug, a groan, an oath pronounced as a stiff chamberlain would announce the alighting on the vestibule of a picket of vile guillotineers... No pandering, no animus, just a bellow foisted matter-of-factly at the wrongness per-se of the scenario... Absurd postscript to a pamphlet the servants were using as outhouse bumph anyway... And he is gone, his heart full of manly piety, even for such squirts without importance, for such human weed whose vitiligoed skin now withers for the boots of the always resurrected zombie-police to crush to scurfy amorphous dandruff of the decaying streets, like shit of dogs unriddled by the coprophagous beetles, and by the ominous winds sent to the honed nose of the princesses that leaned on the balconies, choppily acclamated by the same throng someday, such are the tortuous folkways, shall clamor for the clean slashing of their necks... Indeed, as meanwhile dawn puttered ahead, for to ultimately thrive and give birth to the fiery orb whose duty'd be to illumine, among the half-baked inside this kiln, the well-finished linchpin, the grinning spur in the whole of the precinct, ready to explode in a vexing chuckle, like a bomb of blood, me.

I, painting dark red the spiral that screws me to being — and *screws* is indeed the operative word. Passing now to more weighty matters. Now that I have your attention, my lady, let's consider our plight... Life too short and so on. Time to hit the sack... Or maybe not. Rush too fast and, after a kick in the ass, fall agroof on the garden outside, where the mastiffs slobber, hungry for you. Let me rephrase it... *The life's the way* — the trip — from a to z. Let no accident trip us to any other letter than the last, baby, for the arrival is critical — *the voyage must be achieved* — so that between unbeings your being means the most — a scar, a notch, indelible, in the living statue of posterity.

Let our love shine in the glint of the eye of the entelechy (the final product, god?) (I'm a Tiberian through and through, and we see no other goal worth seeing than the eventual realization of the Ultimate Entelechy.)

“Let our Love Shine in the Glint of the Eye of the...” Indeed, such declaration is

bound to make any woman wet. Any woman not a lesbian. Ah. Careful here, my pet, we are dealing with mafia types. Do they still fall for those ugly tacky christian puppets, cheap idols signifying nothing but superstitious fear?... And a lesbian worse... A dyke of a nun hating the body and everything that hangs thereat?... Would I dare unzipping and saying, so meek: Saving your respect, ma'am, do gape, and have pity, for It has appallingly lain shriveled for so long!

No, no, stick to essentials. Easy does it. Their mind not the excellent kind. Far from it. Rather inert matter, by habit and routine so profoundly etched, and therein, in the obtuse, I mean, opaque crevice, the thinking machine forever jammed. Can't tell them the truth. Listen, time's elapsing to nil. Let's make the most of it. For there is nothing, all this priestly mafia shit. No mystery, no marvel, no miracle. All is run of the mill. Run of the mill is all there is. Matter, life, matter. Nothing, illusion of something, nothing. Let's cling to the illusion, let's ride the illusion, let me ride the illusion of thou, I mean, of thee. What the fuck are we all waiting for?... That's all there is. Finished! No split in the continuum, no edge with two sides, damn, all the same non-eventfulness stretched to infinity and back...

Have to be more diplomatic if you want to win her heart, I mean, her rich cunt. But tell me, wasn't I the cheese?... There I was, heroic, deepened into another morning, calmly returning, unscathed. After basking in the manifold of nocturnal malignity, this uncreated world still uglier and more cruel when darkness abides... I say uncreated, my dears, for who could imagine a god so unimaginably vile as able to create such a cauldron of unending cruelty?...

No, wrong tack. Ah... My lady, I was walking in a cloud, feeling being harvested by the renewed Heat as dew from the early grass... That's more like it...

As the rusted claws of the rowel-Sun in the chilly morning air were independently each pursuing both the Vikings' border wall less unpredictable shadow and my frisky own over the stirred range that shivers of anger and dread for its each day increased proximity to the mephitic city — I'll tell them all, the civilized co-invitees, by my verb hijacked, unanimously having adjourned the broaching of all subjects, be them obscure criminal dealings, or lugubrious affairs of the jealous heart, and she, Ceres Grail!, all the while admiring my singular tie over the Adam's steadfast apple — not cringing at the wasps which swarmed to sip the secretions that poured from the loosen sphincters of the dead ewes, erstwhile assassinated by the surges and tantrums of their guarding dogs, I glimpsed an elf, not an elephant, an elf whose sting, instead of shrinking at my presence was hubristically expanding... Forsooth (I said, pulling out my spent gun,) who has got now the leverage?... My bluff was liable to work, for who would've thought that all my bullets had already been employed on my closing arguments of the night before?... But he answered:

I'm game!...

As now I'm holding fast onto the handle of the kettle, I held fast onto the handle of the gun, and I said, full of umbrage at his scant shadow: Don't let me come near, or you are damaged goods indeed!... But he laughed at that, then he screeched as elves do: Big giant, you wide shadow mars the landscape, so...

But I err in my vivid description... I was inspired, lady, but the beautiful scrimshaw figurines on your mantelpiece... What is that?... The phallus of a whale?... How very alike to mine!...

And then I knocked at the mafia guy's mansion's thick door — Cyrus's, ok?...

—Oh, hello. Today I'm coming for the feast? Here's my invitation?...

Behind the sealed red curtain, the vicious eyes of the butler, assessing the situation, crunching the numbers, or my skeleton, should I try to deceive or in any other way swindle him and soil his watch...

—Listen, mac, genuine stuff, arrived with the mail, nothing worked in no falsifying tortious bench, I'm on the up and up, no cheap clandestine number, hey.

I thought I heard already the rumor of the jovial societal exchanges, the cutting repartees among the moneyed and the highly taught, the well-to-done and the well-enthroned... And my quaint entrance...

—Oh, please... Would you steal a scowl at this one?...

—What, the pits upside down, the thimbles and the thuribles pouring not incense and myrrh but the whiff of the rotten ewe... Or heavens evaginated, *quoi?*...

But soon the snobs, their attention elsewhere... What?... Should we care too long for another of the whims of the boss?...

—Hear, oh, my humble pie plea for another antsy slice, garçon, please...

—Athwart the window's crossbars, another Nimrod I, too, I saw the tower of Blather proudly crumble — the clerk jived the jive, which unjawed us, eased our jobs.

—Good morning, sir, were your fingers not too numb, would you also unbutton my zipper?

—Sorry I’m fidgety, my rosary has come totally unbeaded.

—Alas, bemoan we, invertebrates.

—Attendant, are you the tinder’s tenderer? Chilblains shall bloom else incontinently.

—Sure, and the deathdarting eye of your beckoning mother, *mon cher*.

—But look downwards in sadness, and ask: Whose worms, warm hose? Whose phantasmagoria, craven cadaver?

—Hear the distant cooing of vultures? Methinks it were the purring remotest of hungry coyotes.

—My uncle’s pipe’s a dream’s smoke’s blue; on the other hand, my tailor’s richer!

—Sir, allow me a slight dusting; your boutonniere’s leaves leave something to be desired?

—Now stay at the gate, Peter; when she passes, snap the stay and, hey, I’ll stay the circumstance.

—Sewerwise, all clots of scum need to be unclogged, whereas holes need to be plugged.

—If athwart the froth, whenas nobody is forthwith, it behooves some further knocking...

—Pray tell me, is the parting shot still audible?...

What?... I was being dismissed, and with the threat of a shot?... “No, no, but I am invited! Listen to me, I am, I am!”

“There is no feast, you creep; we are in mourning.”

“Ah?... If Cirus is dead, I would fain meet Ceres. She also signed the card?... Sir?... See?...” — but having to call sir such an underling, albeit armed to his teeth...

He stole nonetheless a glance at the nacreous card... His eyes grew dim. Had some secret accomplice of mine thrust a shiv at his spine?... I would’ve loved the thrill. But it was maybe only a pang in his gut and the labyrinthine parturition of a thick

fart on the big slob's part... Soon he revived. He was making out the card, word by word, slowly spelling like a child of two or less.

"Come on, come on..." For now the storm was raging. A wildly perturbed ocean of flakes was pelting my only suit, which I shook in anger and ungloved, giving the appearance of flaying myself, the flakes reluctantly unsticking, like scales from a fish in the grip of a death-rattle. "I wish all this cosmic snot falls on me were curative slime, man, but it ain't... Open the fucking door!"

He looked damnedly displeased. He cut me off. Shut the spying opening. Was he going to let the mastiffs loose?... I was rushing to the gate. A hizz, I mean, a huzz, a huzzing whizzing hiss from a window...

"Pst, Cuixplec!" That was me. My lady?... I turned, the damned snow flakes, with the frozen lashes' help, the while stitching my lids, and, in the stringy haze, she was there!... She was wearing nary a stitch herself, but on the head a miner's helmet. Ah, how nice romancing at a balcony and such, how rapturous, so classic, what a prelude to a piquant passade. I brayed, my lips numb: "Yes!"

She rasped: "Climb up, for I'm cold."

"Tarry alive, my love. I've a knitted overcoat. And a knitted mountaineer's cap with a glad whorl atop in the form of a proudly crested rooster, or as we Americans bluntly call it: a cock!... Are you blushing, my dainty honeypot? Don't, or rather do, and as much as the glow on the candle of your hat, for that'll surely heat you in the meantime..."

For the steps to her window were mightily complicated to overcome, and more with this numbness on my fingers, and this wetness on the slippery stones of the wall I was trying to climb in my ascension to the promise of her jungle-like entanglement of odorous cunt hairs and so forth... And she needed to keep warm if she wanted me to take her in my shaking arms. After all, I wasn't going to copulate with a corpse, not with all of the exertion and all. But of course, that's the trick of living, as the last of the wheels of the whole scheme revolves to a hiccup, you see how all turns invariably for the worse...

Her whimpers alerted me first. I was only halfway in my strenuous and pouty scrambling, when I heard those sounds, so unnatural for a youngish girl as I had imagined. But what had I imagined in fine?... First I thought: the wife, not bad. Then I thought: the daughter, still better. What about the sister? Hm. I'm even ready for his devilish twin. At a pinch, in a very long shot, let's settle for his mother... Maybe still plucky and shrewd, amorous in a skillful way... All these

women, whomever, must want my services (as their master — husband, father, brother, son — had wanted them,) and afterwards the pay probably in kind, not just money as had been the case with the willful, cloven-footed mafia guy. In kind, ok?... Their adventurous embraces and so on... Thus, my yearning — and my boning up, awkward as you charily try climbing the gritty, icy façade. But now those weak, and weak-linked, grumbles. The woes and complaints of a sickly old bag...

My enthusiasm dented. The bulge dwindling. Waning the sparkle, sinking the mettle. Ebbing my push. My flung fingers crackling. My gecko pace now at a viscid crawl. The boulder or the edifice abruptly seeming impervious to my scrabbling, however arduous on my part; shafted from the underneath, my pudenda no longer airtight, losing substance, my ichor glacially trickling — or else I'm soiling myself. My lungs embedded with shrapnel. By brains twitching with scathing self-doubts, a roar of fear encroaching, my whole surface rankling, or growing icicles and scars, split, torn, shitted all over, gargoyled.

Well, whatever. There I was. Ouch, and now, that was still a shock — his ailing grandmother, and crazy to boot.

As I squinted inside, my guts winced: what a bleak panorama. How often one misjudges the affluent. Am I too squeamish? No. But the spectacle utterly threw me off; what a horror. The decrepit crone swimming in filth. Rocking and glowering, naked but for her sallow tallow candle hat. "Stay awhile, lover," she said. And I wanted to alleviate her condition, but how?...

"Tell me," I said, "about the sickening squabbles with your ungrateful daughter, and your grandson the whoreson, and his shrew of a wife, and their daughters, those cruel scarfaced filetoothed accessories to crime... May they all rot in perdurability!"

And she grew garrulous at that. And I knew all their rich family secrets. Then, screeching, she wanted me to go to the cops. Alas, wrong guy, poor woman. I was breathing the while through my mouth. Couldn't bear the stench. But now I took all my identifying appurtenances and secreted them into the crotch of my longjohns, and I gave her my shirt, my trousers, my jacket, my overcoat, my shoes and my socks. Clothed, she looked like a perfect scarecrow. "Beautiful," I said. But she wanted to elope with me. She wanted me to unlock the chain she was chained to. I said: "Wait for me, I need the tools." And cowardly escaped.

A marked man, who violated the sanctuary of Cyrus's home in order to rape his grandmother. Wow. That wouldn't do. Wouldn't at all. And I shook my head, drinking my whiskey in a new sparkling glass reclaimed from the tenebrous tavern.

1.11.2005

Bliss of bass: life in a submarine

Bliss of bass: life in a submarine

Yesterday, the very start of the early morning was already ominous. Two oldish women were talking not far from my window, their unsteady, rather drunk voices were born up the shafts by the breezy currents (or whatever the meteor of the moment was) to my blurry ears...

“Dear girl, say anything to her, lordy, girlie, never, I mean, no way!... On the contrary, talk only to your lawyer! As to the problem afflicting you, contract forthwith some mafia type, a gruff mob operative sworn to secrecy, and have him nocturnally spike your vile enemy’s chimney with some kind of clogging fuel — soaked benzene...? tinder...? whatyoucallit...? tallow...? solder’s tricks...? Anyways... Next morning, when she’s lighting the logs, the fireplace will erupt in flames, also utterly destroying the flimsy object of your hate.”

I took the debriefing to be directed at me directly. I (moi!) the direct objective of the mafia. For had I not befouled the night previous the boss’s grandmother?... These people are very kin, I mean keen, on family matters.

With frayed nerves, went to the peeping-hole time and again. For... How were they going to get back at me? In which crooked ghastly way were they going to do me in...? Setting the Slicer Gear on the Gizmo, and cutting away, bit by bit? Or with which other gruesome gadgets, glitches and all, destroying me piecemeal and wholesale?... Voilà the only quandary.

Suddenly stirred by the ruffles of haphazard knobs, dry Death trying to come in. Except that he wouldn’t be so thin; on the contrary, one of those beefy monsters, thick with fart smell, the lardy cummerbund encompassing his greasy girth, and knocking or ringing, and me spying him, floundering, seeing waves of seasickness,

beshitted, made smallish like the tiniest fish behind the door, and it would be him, flatly, fatly, fartly, matter-of-factly murderous, the same spying goon that had spied on me the day before, when I went to his (and mine) boss's mansion and I had to end it by diddling the dowager. Fear and trembling a go-go. Such cocksure thuggery on my counterparts. And my pants so tight.

—Wh-who-oo is it?

—Are you coming?

—Wh-where?

—Where else. To the boss's party. Didn't his wife and him invite you?

—D-didn't the great festivities, w-weren't they scheduled for yesterday?

—Dickhead, for today.

—Sorry; tell 'em I'll be there incontinently; count on me.

—Don't tarry.

A grumble. Heavy steps fading, maybe. And the floor sliding, its fingers slipping, liquefying away toward a dormant see of molten lead, the hallowed palace a fatal quagmire. Will there be horses, from afar galloping in, shiny arab stallions, whose hankering gashes of neighing swathe and pad my ectoplasm with hypnotizing hoofs?... Harried by the hurried paws of harrowing, scarring hate, and ploughing delirium, a highly perfected world stops in me dry in its tracks... I'm a gonner. Either in the (pseudo)security of my own home if the killers choose to, or on the way, taking a ride, or yet even in front of the aggrieved matron.

Without another sound, I bugged out. Slithering downspout, and fast.

Went to the shore. Alone, unpursued. The longing was gone; the crazy beating, which premonitorily bespoke only the disillusioned accomplishment of the wish: a sudden crash into blessed nothingness, now flew disciplined in peaceful healthy rest. I was breathing deeply.

Then, walking along the harbor... Suddenly, a shift: the heroes. Their Tower, of a discolored gleam, protruding over curly plains. A thought protracted. Against its walls, lurid rapes were stealing past. Twilight shadows scurriedly brought home. Also, a girl. There she stood, gloriously delightful: the solid paradigm of a servant

meek. “Lady Nun, thou mayest fold thy stately tunic betwixt the encompassed times” — sighed I, once the vision was over. After which, wrapping myself snugly, eyes soft in reverie, did I settle: “Let’s rather behold she, our golden earth, while passing amain.”

The navy was visiting. A nuclear submarine could be inspected by the vulgarians and all. I didn’t know they had it figured for yesterday. I saw streams of sturdy whores pouring, guttatim, into the underwater bullet. Hey, and I was also in line.

Down the hatch, I was going to learn about farm furtherance into the bowels of the ocean, something like that. Only that, instead, before, I learned about the exchange: among the coiling pipes, shorn and ashen women, full of excoriations and ecchymoses, were replaced with brats of twelve and eleven with fresh snatches and sunny dispositions. Some of the wasted women, now with such surly hatred discarded, had a murderous glint on their eyes.

—For the time being, you’ll serve above line.

—Cold comfort.

—Well, thus it goes. You’ll make do.

And then a kick on her ass, and she’s stranded, marooned, lost aground, sleazy, a disaster of a body, dubitatively browsing amongst giant thick whiffs, strange vehicles passing fast, delivering poisoned gases. Their disturbances last for different, willful spans, like myself, entering in stern communication with some extreme soul. Till, by and by, molecules of a mirror, the links clink broken.

—You and the would-be virgin replacing you, just two peas in a pod.

—Fuck off, creep.

—Oh, but I do. Do I believe it? Ma’am, no shit. My lovely, thou bringest inside thyself the vastest, beautifullest donzel.

—What? I’m not pregnant, not for that do they get rid of me. If you only knew how many fetuses we cooked!

—I thought you just might toss them through the bull’s-eye. I mean, splish, and splash!

—Fathead.

—So, stand thee proudly, stand thee few and sparely. Valiantly shuck rhetoric and play it now as it lays, I mean, that might of thine, and as much as thou shouldst wish; *that might of thine*, acquired with the long haul, get it? Jumping fences, gamboling, a doe, spawn of the devil, brood of the buck, panoramas aplenty, dodging the saving rifles, of which the handles flew, avoiding also the flu, all the tricks of the marine, knowing how to make knots, and so on, being quite handy also soaked with other substances, like the rays of the bloody Sun, hordes of worms (as flabby and blemished as you) have managed before you, and were they as skilled? Not a by a long shot. Example, the saber-rattling lobster becoming with a few millennia a quite affluent tyrannosaur. Or the smug mutt that instantly shall come to smell also your crotch, I remember him well, he came out of the brine, feeble, wheezy, pruny (no tail to speak of,) puny, and so forth, and look at him now, what a tight ship of a body does he run — and what a tail, almost as famous as mine.

—I'll call the guards.

—Again, fair enamoreess, from the kiss of two peaceful seas, many flurried waves of tender shudders stealthily came to the benighted shores of thy skin...

—Huh?

—But slowly, as the hero reaches beyond, with silver arms — toward the last one left of those who used to chivalrously use the city submerged, that daily starcity of his which always had been such a propitious relief against the flat, deserted, wasted horizon, he finds that eternity smacks less fragrant after too highly an eventful sequence. All are smirks when the jungle is laid on the lap of the ocean. And then a terrible fizzle. The baby fries.

At last, she goes, faintly greeting me, or bidding me adieu, or telling me off, sunken now to tears of grief, or another kind of allergic disorder with the same wet results.

Immediately nonetheless I felt so saddened. Where did we go wrong? Pulverized goddesses, which of our bones did so horribly fail, and which crucial word got misplaced, for such mismatched displacements of affective tectonics to occur?

And yet, never totally undone, I, quite unlike *me*, could still choose, fix again a better encounter. Into the clanging bowels of the gray butchering machine, perhaps pulling a loose stub, plighting its fate for the love me; then something hidden laudably collides, a chain-reaction, and fabricates a homely big bang, just for us, privately, cozily, the company of wee we's, well benefited, yes, and even the captain, at bed, at bunk, with a migraine, thinking: "Tomorrow we ought to awake, roll

again, alive, and free to choose, paltered, plastered, pestered no more by those surfeited ticks, forebodings of slimiest doom, the simial earthlings.”

Diligently, discretely, I win away the equanimous mood that moved me to suspect all possible agents of cunning eager to get my head, and theirs a crown of famed laurels. Drowning in hollow sounds, and yet afloat, swimming between flows of luxuriant gardens in tubs among tubes, I hear the lovers ensconced. ‘Tis a mariner dispatching her old concubine. How the brigand talks like me!

—As ‘tis written in scripture: *someday your prince shall crash into the sizzling center of your cash-machine-slot*, my lovely Catherine.

—Your perfidy cries to heaven.

—Correction: surface, that’s how we call the layer at the top, though of course actually heaven’s at the bottom of it: it, meaning, the substance.

—You lied the length of the bleeding trip.

—Dramatics becomes you nil. Remember that you are exiting with almost all your teeth in place. That only thanks to my sensitivity you are still untossed, and nary roughly enough, unlike your congeners?

Apologetically I coughed to advertise my presence. “Sorry, I must be,” I said, “the last messenger who therefore lost what could otherwise have earned, having instead seen himself reduced to parry his eyes in useless semaphorics from the strong crossbows wrung by the best endowed of his cyborg custodians.”

—I can plainly see them entrenched on the nimbuses tabbying the moist glass: ah, feisty women heroic! (joked the cheater.) And, if you please, agent, take this woman to port.

—Wilco, aye, aye.

I took the teary lady by the waist. “Come, you!” When she looked at me, her dolor shredding my integuments, I flipped. Ah, her revealed high Face. A sacred icon’s. Plus the body to go with. I addition to which such a boner climbing my midriff. Walking penguineal.

Reversed cloning — coming enormous into focus, out sharp in front of that rheumy background of (again!) re-rehearsing retired movie-mob’s funereal little figures, ghastly wilting, whiskingly siphoned to a raw excrementitious superfluity behind...

—Untimely dross, away! (shouted the quartermaster, I thought, from high on the bridge,) well underneath our new masterly kneaded wombs; phew, scram, no more of you!

She supplicating, in a frail voice only my ears could pick: “Our wombs, our wombs. Our wombs will supply, will come to supplant sooner than later all your too faulty aptitudes.”

I said: “But you too, Sister Madeleine, with you properly famed communicative memory, must have known that every Birth at the Summit had been irrefutably recorded — indelibly woven into an extensive, sumptuous tapestry — alas, the same one precisely that now, gingerly stuck to the naked ironbeam of one machicolation, unfurls itself (back at the front wall) to the ragged view of everyone.”

—Real name’s Martha, she said.

—Immediately, through the same Screen, we are witnessing, for the detriment of our sanity (Martha, is it not?,) something of a propagating quandary — with it, our acquired notions shall be uninuredly put to the mangle, I trow, of virgin confrontation. To wit: the wind (which can see anything) will nonetheless orientate the admiration of the serried ranks of a populace which inadvertently sways with it in trying to ascertain what the widening tapestry, both hides and, with the same spastic jerk, Reveals.

—Yeah, whatever.

Ah, poor spent women, who could have ever thought them capable of any act even mildly tending to comprehension? Agreed: masters are anyhow more durable. But was it not sobering (then, in the ignominiousness of our ultimate rushout) to scan how the mad overtakers stopped for an enchanted second and acknowledged almost adoringly the tarnished perfection of the Numbered of late?...

—Mayhap someplace in the future (I ventured) they shall call “glorious prehistory of immolated, martyred prototypes” our ephemeral, nugatory passing. Or, out of another religious myth, will conceive of an unburied paradise and of an unaccountable sin and a wrecking, trumped up expulsion, and, Martha, of all of us they will make hazy angels determinative or else praetorians of auras unspeakable, and won’t it all be really proper? Let’s away, you lovely vixen. Outside’s also livable. Call me a filthy liar if not. Look! (as we emerged.)

Ahead, eruptive, the spheres. For meanwhile dusk had installed itself like a

snowball of smut at the edge of a cliff.

She, the captain's jilted, faded beauty, was typically one of those who, though succeeding in always being born to the action, could (as she was undisguisingly doing this very instant when we were, like insects metamorphizing, newly recomposing) achieve a flawless mourner-like presence that would slyly thwart any type of unbecoming, certainly disallowed, gesture or Noise.

As any of those whose education has been mainly in eloquence (oh, talking jewels of our dreams!) (in where whole undersea towns have depended on the word of only one, and the acrobatic tendrils of her cockroach incantations,) a proven recitative sermoner like herself becomes only great in proportion to her Works. And once these are thrashed and sown to the segmented chief winds from up high in every minaret, and then (under the coruscating aegis of the mantle laws) her idiosyncratic diagnoses (at least, of course, the winged gist of them) fit (as samaras would the dimalest of slits) fit the orphan cogs high on the cupola, all is bound to run much smoother.

"Oh, harmless serpent eyes which over the thick Nobody of people perforate the hypnotizing horizons in order to visually kiss the actual selfcontaining structure of their own presumed maintenance!" — I rhapsodized, though no tip or gratuity (be it in kind or metallic) forth-came from any of the hearing quarters.

"And now, baby, this you must do. You must resolve: either you sail, swelling, in flames, ship abreast, ablaze, good and betraying forever the poor ex-lovers, nimble men, but limited as fishes in a festering pond, or else, devoted to those to whom you owe the very life (its reason, its excuse,) you remain, so near, available (my mouth waters, my pocket tinkles,) with your own eroding life which is the only web from where they (clients galore) hang — **capeixes** [get it?]? Plenty of business still."

Walking the plank, I showed: "**Esguarda!** [Observe!] They... Them down and about: wavering, tapering decrepitudes, a fading rattle of outlived flickers, futile, epigonal and futureless..."

—Through us, all dies — they moan. How to extricate myself from that slimy surface which makes of me a caged fossil, item of museum desolate, mausoleum planted lost, small planet dead?

"Resolve then: either to wail still with only the memory of all that which, now beaten, had once been ours, or approach the man in the non-waters of the ill space to which all the same you are sooner or later irretrievably bound.

“Behold the earthlings, reflected, their cold mouth cringing, crying mutedly for the death of the shipped heroes, the swindlers that shamelessly steal away every healthy unsullied ass.

“No remedy in view for ‘em poor parched fuckers, surrogate miscarriages somehow shanghaied into quasi-suitable existence. All bound anyway to the entrails of that wreck of a planet spinning aloft without reason nor rhyme. Prick up your ears as my uppity prick up-pricks and you’ll hear their boring ritual laments. And you, my beloved, from now on, just another gray mermaid of the sunless, orange morn futilely endeavoring to pick them up by the scruff of their dead blind balls.”

“Oh heavens!” She said. “Stones, stones!” But luckily she found none.

“Sporting, deploring myself with what’s still left of your scorched body, you, the ill-starred you, wrenched hard betwixt the times adverse, oh, only that my blood could someday wash my words on that early dawn when the wind came straight and I swore, all banter, empty revenge!”

She was smacking me with her bag. I fell on the bedewed pavement. As she was disappearing into the red-light darkness around the harbor, her heely shoes beating hard though recedingly enough, I expostulated, or else farcically embellished: “Oh winds, detect the jammed man, ay, the same who (far, in the forsaken baleful Hellespont) had prayed too late for the completion of our love, saucy Martha’s and mine. Detect me, drifting in fogs, or rather maybe buffeted by the dense fogs adrift. Maybe, pitied by a sorrowful homing Neptune who, following from a much-broken great distance a few evaporated clues, tries still to reach me, I’ll be yet saved.”

Already a few minions pretended to renew a fractured acquaintance with the pimpless lady, my Martha, for whom erst I tingled lavishly.

“Damn, well, good-bye, fair beauty. Betwixt us both runs wider and wider the slow cooling river of oblivion. At its brink, sublime scenery. Look, far and near: the enamored wound.

“The enamored wound, yes, of rich ocean, screeching to encompass like a captured cummerbund the imprisoned girth of us all, leading in too, well tethered at its wake, *à perte de vue*, a mess of wriggling scum, pell-mell a few, only, of those little frightened embryos, a shimmering screen with which to hide definitively the carcass, the infection of that heroic Romance.”

I was looking around along that most recent fault line in order to find a shielded corner where to pass the night snugly enough. The truth is I was deadly afraid to

get back home. Would the killers lurk in the shadows?... Wouldn't their manhunt be just tonight at the apogee? Force-fed thugs, drugged assassins indeed, stuck to the walls, slithering like disfiguring hives up and down the staircases of the edifice where my humble nest precariously perched, seeking only to do me in. And the neighbors squabbling, and rejoicing, and necking, and stabbing themselves to silent and boisterous, obstreperous agonies, and each employed at his own worthless enterprise, and me bleeding to death.

Of course, with money I would've hired a whore, a room, or both. With my gifts of loquacity (and less of eloquence) I obviously could not.

1.29.2005

Wise epopoean intervention

Wise epopoean intervention

Yesterday, in the relative safety of my night repair, peered at them: shifting on and off, silhouettes around the bend, suffused in the mist. Soldiers, war correspondents, diplomats, all-american christian clean-cuts, traitors, spies, hoaxers, hucksters, the patsies of several congregations, many other minor prophets... The crew, I knew, wishing their cocoon could become, come tomorrow, again hermetic and secretive, where the forbidden fruits could be relished with leisure, and yet the while having to taste in impotence the disgusting hodgepodge of dignitaries, met in apparent jollity, for they brought in the dollars with which their machine was sustentated, subsidized, and thus having therefore to receive them as champions, "our shindig in your honor, your honors, homely enough, but much heart-felt; 'tis our honor, our dearies, our reverends," and so on, while, as I say, yearning fervently that dawn dawned on the irritating harbor from which they couldn't wait to dive away, and that the despicable landlocked suckers filed into the never to be reopened recesses of their defiled memories, or at least till next visit, ten years hence or so, when many of the officials would have collapsed back into the screeching chaos of unbeing, and those alive perchance reset at naught, their numbers with any luck dwindling,

oblivious, more worried with the increasing dry catastrophes above — the while trying the crew as a whole in their subaqueous bullet to unsurface, and hide their faces for good, forgotten, passing unawares, as inexistent — their refueling somehow guaranteed for eternity — the swapping of females somehow automatized, happening naturally, no fuss, as the ripe fruit drops, in little unpopulated atolls, recessed military bases; their autochthones, to the bullet born, already immortal, or, if not, replaced with their intimate replicas — dreams of solipsism aplenty, distinctive mark of any submariner worth his salt.

Recklessly, I intoned one of those reckless cantilenas I often intone (no less when frightened — or cold and frightened, as now). I said:

“I’m only thinking death / As through the dark corridors of the palace / My exposed erection prods forwards.

“Such glory everyone longs to suck.

“I’m slicing their throats, I’m killing their men / And the women are all eager nonetheless / To pair with the fearless hero.

“(‘Tis my mind, as I lay waiting, and the four jars / Of my wrath filled up with / Visual repercussions out of my previous lives.)

“Now the jars are broken and my fury spills / All along the dark corridors, sowing death and semen, / Their vision thus blurred while my eyes grow sharper.

“I’m the son of violence, of the radical persuasion, / Occasionally watching, of a lull, the squirming, unmoved.

“Their blood-soaked eviscerated shapes, / Like huge snails with their shells shattered, / Only a mangy bitch would wish to suck.

“*From cataphractus to just phractus* — / I remember thinking, with a small wry smile.

“And how pithily they crawl, and juicily. / Until they look waxy, in frozen gore enveloped, / As bruised tapers, as broken figurines / Long ago fastidiously fashioned out of spermwax.

“They were all pigmies, my shills, / Shielded with their useless shields. / For them how my eyes must have sparkled up high!

“Here they went, a-swarmling, single-foot-long pigmies, / Their lances paltry pricks,
the burningly hurled stones / The giant bird shrugged off less concerned / Than as
if he felt brushed by flies.

“Nothing doing against the pitiless beak of the crane.

“Now aloft, each pair a tiny speck up in the enormously blue, / Two pigments fast
disappearing, black and white, / Adorning so ephemerally the slits they call
windows.

“Or nothing doing, nary a lipping, women, / Against the capriciousness of my
sundry swords.

“(As I stood, slumberous, darkly digesting such carnage, / Now ensconced, restful,
in some corner about the towers, / Propped, half-floored, on a reverberating wall.)”

An old woman must have heard my quaint keening; and old woman much less
frugal than me. Despite her years and her weight, she wolfed down my provisions
(solid and liquid,) until there was nothing left.

Silently, I watched the clueless snow drifting over the vast expanses of the sea,
waiting for the dangerous, corrupt procession to stop, waiting for the clean
morning.

The old francid woman said: “Before people-killing weapons were invented, and the
field was always fairer, it must’ve been nicer to live in, ok?”

I agreed with a few nods, not too encouraging.

“You know what one eats here otherwise? Night reptiles — big lizards — a delicacy.
Tried them?”

“Often enough,” I lied.

“Animals — so friendly when well-fed and well-treated — no different to people —
not a whit different, no sir.”

We were socializing, then?... As always when socializing, I was anxiously getting
mentally ready for a dance. The earth trembled. As luck would have it, a never-
ending truck came, macabrely, rumbling the lot, bullying along. It skidded and
there we were, encircled then by a long articulated truck, its many carriages, each
with a square big vat or container brimming with concrete about to pour away,

precariouly tilted toward our shallow burrow — talk about threat to one's life.

The old woman screamed her head off. No secret observation post, ours, anymore. I left the scene scurrying through gaps the senseless tires unwittingly left.

I was dizzy, and about to fall.

The old woman said, reading my mind: "I fall agroof on my nose so often. That's why I carry a stick. The stick is also useful to keep dogs away. I was bitten rather badly as a child by a mad dog. It was frothing at the edges of its jagged mouth. Viciously it jumped at my neck; it severed a nerve there; since then I've been a latent crip. I was already an ugly child, but now I'm an uglier adult. And I've got something in my brain. It fails to communicate with now one limb, now another, no rules, haphazardly sonofabitch; that's why I'm falling and breaking the rest of my teeth. I froth also, but I'm mighty mild. I wouldn't beat a dog, unless it tried to bit me again, and sever the other nerve; then I'd be good as dead. And though I fall agroof all the time, I still love to gambol about, you know."

"You like eating lizards too," I reminded her.

"Wanna get to bed t'gether?..." She slurred.

That's where I've found refuge: at her shack.

At the center of her scant shack a solid block of stone, smooth, well-wiped, not chipped at all: an ara for sacrifices to the gods, so she says.

After sex (I'm already itchy-scratchy with crabs,) we discuss the submarine. She's one of those of old was recruited as a girl and then discarded next time the contraption emerged.

"Or the engine stalls." She says. "You're doomed. The whole fucking crew. Mired in my turn, my turn, my turn... Deadening singsong. We all think it's our fault, our sin: everybody must pay. But how unfair for everyone else.

"Chockfull tumbrel plus squeaking scaffold — tableau.

"We are despairing. Then comes the voice, prophetic, the captain's, through the deafening loudspeakers: **Will it up for your sake and sanity!**

"Will it up, will it up — we all say, as a single man.

“Strobe your shakes! — he commands. Composite cares be damned. What matters is a forward-looking spirit, you fucks, as we rough it down the shunt. Nobody taught you before how to fix a high note? Squeeze those balls, that’s the ticket. I want of all you suddenly self-taught. Self-taughtify yourselves. Rat-rat-rat-rat-rat... Beautiful. That’s better, spectacular... Save the trouble, should I not be glad? Shuffle, shuffle... Down there, mama, all my puppets counter-offend to a man. Sweating is on the day’s order, my hens. Each one a snowman in hell: *I sniffle, I giggle, my carrots are no longer numb*, he enthuses.

“And it happens every time. I see ourselves getting up, very measuredly, and one before the next go through the robotized proceedings — wrench that lever, tap twice that other gauge... What does one search? Calmly, for in languor’s realm any rattle has a whiff of calamity, one searches surely somebody too to teach one how, or something unforeseen, to help one out. Escape is the spiel. Every twist, every cranny, every maladjustment inside this breathless container spells death.”

“Is that him? — for every hand is the suspect now. Every surface becomes so polished your image stares back at you. I’m just a bundle lying low. Question is: will I float? Nobody anywhere, but oneself and his reflected gapings...”

“Phew! My sight, again — lost in halfdistances. My ears — dividing the hum, the noise that pierces the skins layer after layer of its old parched half-used-up, many-layered drums: a trickle of machine-gunned snowballs with which my brain can play, leisuredly hammocked by slushy bursting airbags.

“Claustrophobic bitch! — they slap you silly. You are sleeping your beatings in a daze. You wake up, maybe. Is that a projected me? You wonder, awaken, maybe. Another as I, silently about, on how in hell to shun the gassy labyrinth of that lugubrious factory.

“Put it off for later. We (with helium, my masters) don’t engage in philosophers’ games. Too blunted brainwise.”

I heard loiterers outside. I could have sworn there was somebody stuck to the wall. Listening, masturbating, intent on mischief?...

Still the old woman went on: “The machine was running so smoothly now. I wanted to psalm his praises, I mean, sing his exploits. Rejoice, immortal Captain! Our conk shall not conk out now! Spar and cut! — speckled to her augmenting antennae this my exploding silence, and yet — cut through the freezing field of decorative brass that surrounds this porthole at starboard, and see (behind the brackish aether of hoarded emmentaler) the beautiful iridescent loom of our incoming worlds; behold,

we will touch no doubt there someplace above their lacquered surface only in another zooming jiffy! While the tittles, far-far, shone, tinkled, hummed — glaring flurries in an unfathomable cesspool, more marauding eyes bo ding no good.”

—Hey, Martha! came the rough voice from outside, while fists or rocks were pounding on the planks. Are you asleep yet? Did Adolph fuck you nice today?... Martha, and did he do better than me yesternight?

I wanted to shout: *I'm not Adolph*, but she signed silence, and I abode by. She muttered: “How though to castigate the hungry wolfs around, infamously aroused with crazy misconceptions, while we are borne darkly and fearfully fast; through a chink I pointed to each of them toward a gloriously vivid peseudostar. Ahoy! — burst then my howl — look, weary mates! Our mothersyncytium spreads, spreads, spreads to engulf the stale air-sick argonauts... But did they listen? Not as you, my pet.”

I didn't know what the fuck was going on. She and her mates outside, perhaps threatening to invade.

“Do you mind if I suck off you this spoling, cloying, funky milk, dear wife?” she said.

You know, I thought, stuck forever in the nether groove of her otherwise barren structure, playing and playing the same potential, impotent tune of a record: *yam-yam, yam-yam, yam-yam, yam*, better say nothing, man, better don't disturb those muddy waters disturbed enough, those tricky, obstreperous, intricate ways whose inscrutabilities rule the roost (or something like this,) moreover distressed by the shrill proximities not so much of my vying peers as of all those other minor profiteers always take the propitious john by the balls.

All those nails, all this garbage. Let them not crumble this crummy tool shed of which one would mistakingly deem I'm growing fond. Henceforth, too, the very gristly germs of lockjaw which from every which way would fly out for our throats therein battenning on. Take this for a scantling: a sliver has entered my finger. Damn us poor brutes — to instantaneous anihilation fair prey, alas.

—No, that which tore at you was my broach — from a medal offered for services rendered to the fleet, she corrected.

Conceive, conceive rapidly: was that better?

And now they came in. In the darkness I couldn't count them, either three or four. We nudged, crazy, palsied, mum, at each other. The stench they brought in:

overpowering.

Let your malaises, your maladies, your diseases awfully spawn, you shits, why not, my skin's already broken.

I was about to concede, but as luck had it, from back at their floating undulating bases, some impudent wiseacres were stertorously made evident through the wanton pipes of their gurgling raucous throats. Still excited by some apparently serendipitous ephemeredes which ringingly called for sudden celebration — whatever the cause, anyhow — they (now we,) in their (now our) dire (or undire) straits, the cause as I say naturally had to have been forgotten about — as one forgets a foreign conjunction that dampens his nonsensical discourse — so they (altogether now!) started to continue inside a ridiculous song of midnight. My more serious construction of a countenance was ruined. A dirge for it they intoned — despicable wetblankets, they intoned like they were what, poetical geniuses — grandiose enthroned bards, whose last lark, or work, again evidences that eras ago, in their high prime, when the flash was real, if only for a speck, their spark (or inspiration) knew of afar, remote perfections, which had been extant, tangible, true..., provided solely that their reach, their reach, reach, reach, could yet have spanned, and lo, have touched their beaming beatified inner shell, so gross only in appearance.

Of itself, my hand motioned: also a poem of grace.

Offering no eleemosynary condolences to the reclining marionette, our Martha, my armed hand, of itself, had moved. Broken sad dummy (I am thinking,) should it not be time to get parked somewheres less obvious?

Now my equilibrium is upset. An inner explosion. I searched inside. Why on earth also should I get so upset? Is old Martha my Martha? Isn't she as much theirs as mine, if not more? 'Tis me the late arrival, the last crow to the carrion feasting. So better shut up, mate.

Who are all those derelicts? At the tottering wake of such a deep-deep disastrous trip, do they still understand us? Us, I mean, the untripped.

"Please, Martha; perhaps your recent avowal..." I started, but then I thought: remember she forgetting me? It has already happened.

She was drinking and singing with her real pals now. I thought: take it all in while you scam through a chink. Trust your back: she (your back) has seen everything. The passing of another friendship. It was all in your sick fancy fount, deep under

your own gross shell, yes. Only that, without you as my witness, my point of tonight is going lost... forever. Our own will wipe us out, who said that? — somebody, no doubt, as he retreats despondently.

—Martha? Remember she remember...?

—Are you sleeping? Adolph, Adolph...

Somebody was shaking my bones.

“Adolph, don’t answer,” she urges me.

“While you were at war, bombing tots and wives, I was making a bomb of the womb of your wives. Revenge is mine, you’ll be killed by your own pretty soon now, when they’ve grown enough,” the man insists, rank, unbreathable.

My nape prickled. So I was in front of my nemesises at last. At last I faced them, spates of empty-handed, firedamp-shocked miners, survivors of old, when my father was one of them and I deserted their mired ranks.

Waves of cold eyes flashed recognizance. Wet, toad-like eyes encased in coarse dirty leather. Hers too were down over me... She’s seen my guilty countenance, I mused.

“Almost too late, Martha; almost too late,” for my stiletto was about to run swiftly through her heart, but then I heard she had spoken lightly.

Chance once more: her toppling words had just arrived with the raging terminal bellow in that wounded storm’s owed withdrawal. So that what I heard was already deflating orts, epiphenomena.

You will fetch Adolph home, will you not? — she asked of her man, in a sigh.

And it is sure that everybody, but everybody, should have, clearly, lucidly enough, should have heard her; should have heard her, but for my ripping, abrupt, thunderous voice of command.

I was urging that everything be redressed, I was spurring the redeemable few to commit on the spot the final communal choking of the irons in order to speedily fly from the excrement, away from the excrement of such a tumultuous, mobby trip and its venomous garroting of our new cells.

“Henceforth you shall obey,” I surmise I must’ve shouted.

But who were they for real? The throng of them would have to either resolve itself in a dear collapse, through some dreary epidemic inhibition than erased the lot, or else the thing (the conjuring) would make of the bunch a brave horde of molting pirates — truer to the last to the heart, sweet heart of the invader, and, with it, my head would have to fly alone, unmoored by a cutlass, or yet...

So it was. Flooded by lights. While from a seared gap in the jungle out there, brief new fireflaughts are added to our stunned eyes, no fewer than half among us have taken to wince sillily to their equally sluggish neighbors. Somebody had stolen a police car. Its wide and red projectors highlighting the remains of the shack. Its loudspeakers jeering foully.

One of us, his latest complaint: What does she say? We’ve gone stonedead. Have we broken the sound barrier. Would one not be positive about it? Is the condition pray just temporary? How bizarre and far out, how deep into space!

Imagine the impending shipwreck. See us there, helplessly disintegrating in pitiful and yearning amputation — when the fact tacitly stood that just to please her by no means the least amongst us would have gone to extreme guises, dangerous envisionments, greater lengths still — we would even have been ready to call upon that nice cream: **Martha, our very emperice**, had she been reachable through any of the extensions — we were groping as drowning octopuses...

For it was sure that the accelerating loss of her attendant friends, with such a replete craft of floundering notables lost without a trace, had to repercuss, and with such a grabbing din over the waves, as to unsettle (and not only put ill at ease) some of the most ceremonious of her other appending courtiers, if not become her own insurmountable jinx — do you realize what I am saying?

Sob again, it is not easy to escape the foaming bull of fate — and now we know how she got ultimately cunt-horned on the very skirts of her own Martian Field.

Bloodsuckingly ticked (but I could as well have meant tacked) at the flank of a turgid refueler, while wondering when and how the paste-thick violence would erupt and the absurd explosion take finally place, I took nonetheless time to pore dreamily at the more precise mirror of the night.

But with the crabs, the lice, the bedbugs, it was only fair that I also brought the ticks to the merrymaking, this I seriously thought, as once Wittgenstein thought about logic and such. “There can never be surprises in logic.” Hum. Though what happens

if you tick ticks? Will they at their turn tack tacks — until they clock you...? Worth pondering also.

There were we, in for the roughest stretch home, ready to kiss the homing, abrupt, homely fireflies hello, plus, though barely out of tune with the rest, I noticed that my teeth were looming larger and redder — we all were hungry and not daring to bite first at that eluding huge piece of leavening paralysis, thus I ruminated. But then again, indeed: to feel them grow or else decrease is pretty perplexing in itself; was that per chance her problem? ours?... But no matter, for in another protracted trice, behold: it was done.

The car had gone, sirens a-blast, and I was running into the darker darkness, even if in fact the nascent dawn made it already lighter. Easy to figure, my aching eyes.

3.08.2005

Martha — death and apotheosis

Martha — death and apotheosis

A)

Yesterday, my mind was in confusion. Sitting with my back a-lean on a wall, with the whiff of plenty of dog turds spread all about around the same slice of sidewalk my buttocks rested on, and feeling the growths going nerve-wise on their leisurely but exacting paths, fibers of malignancy from the pelvis down the knees, from the pelvis up my heart, my thinking caps (mostly clownish stuff, motley, with bells) all garbled on the hat-stand of my irresolute spleen, two arab catamites happened to pass, one of them (without wasting a step) daring to kick my leg, as if guessing I was nothing but a half-passed out tramp.

—That was so unglamorous! —recriminated the other.

—Very pukyful indeed! —jeered the crueller one.

I woke up from the lethargy. Got up and also walked. My backpack was a shambles. My pockets were flowing. I'm totally unorganized. I'm totally de-homogenized, de-uniformized. Got to come back to civilization, somehow, that's not the life. And I've lost all my keys. Plenty of rubbish in my pockets, but the dangling tintinnabulating keys — gone.

I'm smiling to silly (puling or obnoxious) kids. But they only answer either shouting worse or crying louder. As if I'm hateful or an object of ridicule. Got to put back my life in shape. I'm admiring with humid eyes of recognizance the little islet of order here and there — for instance, a window with all the smooth plates in place atop a pristine table, ok...?

Is that incentive enough for you...? A house maybe with just a tidy female. But not one of those with any of those male-female ludicrous animal shapes. Just a housewife who keeps the animality into herself (if any,) well out of the way, wrapped in sweet-scented furbelows and crinolines.

Here in the street is all savages and stercoraceous plunderers. And pretentious lumps walking their catwalks like engines rushing headlong, and bent on as many crushing orgasms of quasi-annihilating brunt as their half-metallic organisms are able to withstand.

Two slim trashy jaundiced girls, with black predisposed claws at the fore, devising on the run which would prove to be a better and condign punishment for a certain cripple, elbow and kick me out of place. "Dreaming again of those preternatural complacencies afforded by prosperous philistinism, pappy? Will you never learn...?"

Little shits. Why do they bring me back to my youth, when all my longings were to incline myself and do homage to dignified personages of proven value. Forget wooing, forget frolicking, forget loathing the old and worthy. Thwart your self-hatred and venerate the harbingers and torch-bearers of civilization.

Once even managed to accompany a second-tier to the celebrated violinist's secluded abode; Dewlaps, the jowly violinist (he was one hundred or more already, frail and sluggish, but so cryptically witty for his age,) he was ensconced in the dark murky end of the verandah, behind a wall of potted succulents. He never even acknowledged my presence, probably thought I was ballast to the other — a pair of mail gloves, gloves woven with filaments of lead, all right; quite so, gloves the fellow carried along in order to shed them should the crossing get too rough, or even to throw to the dogs, or even bludgeon with them the challenger to his hold on the old elapsed guy, whose waxy face, full of cankers and comedones (how are they called,

those warts with hairs on the craters?) mostly said no, in frank disapproval of everything. I ebbed away reverentially, nodding and bobbing, with my ass to the winds. The second-tier rebuked me, the master brooked no disrespect, and least of all parodic. Parodic...? I was totally faithful and true. Concomitantly snared by my inner turmoil, many contradictory feelings caseloaded themselves into my not coping soul — I won't renege on my strivings for serene order and enlightenment, and yet the guys who are supposed to uphold the standard of it are so full of shit — reculing, I stumbled and fell on my haunches, and here, yes, the centenarian stifled while sniggering and merrily enjoying himself.

But I've got to be careful. A young fellow driving in such an awkward position almost gets my goat — thinking probably I'm no better than a dying goat. He is stretched in front of the car, his navel eyeing the stars, and through the broken windshield, an arm cast behind, he touches the steering wheel at his back. But I was wrong. After a double take, I perceive he looks mighty frightened. He stinks of burning mothballs. He's probably waiting to be mulcted and upbraided by the fucking cops... He's now letting the car die down, its flank grazing the snow on the side... Letting the car slide against a tuft of banked snow until (that he must be hoping) it becomes stuck.

People, strange pastimes, strange gambits. I won't wait to witness for him to seal his fate either way. "*The state is a scoundrel and a lay-about* (that predicates, in flowery black letters, the wall,) *so there, let it be (A) — anarchy.*" Even the walls are heartbroken and cry with smudges of rimmel, and snarl at passers now and then, and hurl their gritty opprobrium with the courage of underdogs at whom anonymous forces with mallets or spiky wrecking balls are about to snap their spines. In a rain of ruins, we unfurl our brollies and go about our businesses as stern as stern mandarins or as stern as stern undertakers, or as saddened and teary as evicted emphyteutae.

With their tremolant voices, they are talkative as scolding old women, those grisly old walls they tear down, those wizened witnesses to the unrelenting passing of shoal after shoal of small fry wackies and thugs.

I'm a smidgen overcome, as I hear the suave evensong wafting from a dilapidated church where a throng of heathenish old women fawn upon the gypsum idol dressed as a luridly dressed scorpion, with blossoms of many flowers balanced on its tail.

—Peel away the keratinous plates of the scorpion, and the multitalented virgin must appear (they sing). She's tops at everything. At chess, you bet, and at the arch; it devilishly roils the masters to lose not at the second play, but already the first; she's

dandy at excavating also, it flummoxes to apoplexy the archeologists as they realize she encounters the vertiginously buried treasures with the snappiness of the stick of an also superbly bested dowser as it snaps it out of rage. And whoever sought the coinage of the old giants of yore with radars and shits and wasted their detritus-encrusted lives, she hints at it with the first scornful sneeze — where the blessed snot falls, there the riches are — and the archeologists perish in fits. As easy as the olpe flows (**com el setrill raja**,) her gifts brim over. Quantum mechanics are a laugh, and scoring thirty-one thousand touch-downs in half a second — a walk...

She can do this and that, and over there, like Arachne, spooling and spooling — ah, their cloying spools of nugacities...

They go on and on, viscously deluded, spinning their sticky, disgusting yarn. How to stem their mellifluous flow, other than with a sudden stopper up their asses? Maybe the wreaking ball, spiky, shiny, bleeding, was not such a worthless proposal after all — unkindly I hear myself think.

They probably are crapping their pants while croaking their crappy song. Cuddling together for support, or tottering and keeling over across the pews, covering up with shoe-shoed reproofs some of the stifling sniggers at the clashing pratfalls. Phony charities. How do you hide with louder sepulchral keening such a stertorous clatter of plates?... Plates?... There's ptomaine poisoning on the bleak horizon.

All that crazy pounding of the concealed plumbing between the church and the parsonage. Where are the pesky cons lurking?... I'm thinking, peering across the brumes, trying to ascertain, from the corner crews, the sissy pantywaists passing for proper custodians, and my mind follows its prerequisite course down the cow path over the prairies... Too prone to categorize... Such a sucker for "premonitory" coincidences...

I'm aggrieved that the pseudo-holy singsong poked fun at my dad?... He was a sooty, soggy bastard. He was a sour joker, a sad and funny man, bittersweet. He was no archeologist, though — too humble for that boisterous stupidity — the callous fellows destroying and soiling the just equipollence of the landscape, almost as despicably as those brutish oil drillers, bloodsuckers, rapists of the mother earth. No; just a simple hidden miner, him. And his discoveries of new metals. Fascistum (*Sht*). A highly poisonous little piece of schist. Avoid like the plague. Fascistum (a.k.a. Fascistuffum) induces total idiocy on the user. After it has made you work like crazy for practically no pay — being in fact completely valueless — it won't allow you to do schist. Instead, you are drowned in droves of stupid dogmas, marching prohibitions, puling cesspoolish censures, and deadly propaganda shticks barked away by militaristic touts and persnickety cheapjacks trying yet to stick the clumsy

forgery to added addlebrained dupes. Alloys well with thick leather and dense iron (as in iron crosses worn in thongs). Crapaud and spic varieties extremely virulent. Quite appreciated by certain very hawkish, deeply religious amerikan organizations, sillily bamboozled by thanatomania rousers for its “survivalistic properties,” and as a sacred bestower of the counterfeit values “valor” and “virtue” — here obvious disguises of their paltry surrogates feeble-mindedness and greed. If found, trash relentlessly on the spot. And Frogium (*Fg*). Obnoxious little slimy gneiss; in any case, *too* nice. Found only in arro(*Fg*)gance, smugly ensconced in its calcified skin along *expensive* swamps punctuated by ugly iron towers. More in its element when unwashed. Unctuous s.o.b. tastes awful, though sometimes is actually held in benighted *fashion* and taken under the languid wing of a few inane snobs. Scabrous profile, if punched swears in orotund stench-fgench. Cooks disastrously; and lest you want to be gargling for life, don’t be another slut and eschew forthwith its eating.

I’m chasing a extraneous, lambently latent moth. She’s been brewed, appropriately enough, in a dusty illustrated volume by Wells. I saw it getting out of the single enormous volume on the ledge of the credence. I peer into the window. Their plates, smooth and blue, with pictures bluer, so well laid out upon the table, with a table cloth white as the moon... The envy. And the wish to be invited to their quasi perfection. Ah, the bourgeois, such felicity.

But next, oh the thrill. I saw Martha — she was dragging her feet upon the pulverized snow.

“Martha!” With a sweep of my hand, I signaled the annoying kids. “With them thriving at our expenses, do we deserve something any less drastic? Martha, don’t you think?...”

Her dead eyes flipped my way and away, and again, and twice more. She was looking for the right word, her frozen brain too numb, uncollaborative. “You are the one. With you I thought I was sleeping with a sweaty snake. Effete..., epicene..., sleek...”

“Conscionable?...” I volunteered, hopeful.

“Consc...? Give us a break. What be those farty concepts: conscience, sense of justice, of honor, self-esteem, even this overriding sense of self that would carry us to the last stars...?”

“Maybe nature’s devices to count us in...?” —affable.

“Veracious caca, cacaveracious. Let’s pull the chainy on that. Chainy, hah, was that guy aptly named...!”

“Chainy...? Connais pas.”

“Guy I knew once. One of the oceanic, subterranean masters. Talked like you. Barmy hyena while in command. Now, though, once he was kicked out of the navy, finished and over with the gold and diamonds cufflinks, over with the hoods of velvet under which he’ll wink every time he’d order the utter destruction of some already wrecked ship off the harbor or even the bombing of an overcrowded city arsenal. And an odd tattered bum he’d made, knowing not a iota, for instance, as to how to hoodwink the lowest of prostitutes so that she’d put him up. Came to me crawling, afflicted with the plague probably. You ought to have heard my horrified screams. Both his trim moustache and beard now on fire... The juice, the electrical current cut by the storm outside. Our shack shivering. By turns the electricity threads, like legs of gigantic spiders, glowing with eerie greens and then reds, greens and then reds... The switches jittery, the wires sputtering, the electrons jumping without control, the ions, what you might call ‘em, gingerly jolting each nail, and he begging entrance...? I said: The underpinnings of my shabby abode are flying away, traipsing without furlough and in the throes of mangy ills. Their backbone melting, like nails stricken by lightning. And here thou loomest, a Frankenstein monster of quarrels spent, learning new phrases of pity-inspiring self-abasement, cottoning to me as if my wounds are still bleeding and pussy. No, peg me as a mingy whore, I don’t care, but my wounds are now sealed with melted steel... Once I was a little peasant girl, virginally selling produce in a stand by the road. Everything was in place. Nothing amiss. Beautiful aromatic pyramids. What a brief spell of paradise! And then the soldiers came. Recruited me for service to the army. Compulsorily. The women filed past, naked, in front of the officers. And then into the clinic, the hospital for the wounded. We were imposed upon to stamp our undefiled cunt atop the bleeding pussy wounds. For healing purposes, of course. Cunt of a virgin, such a heavenly boon. And then the officers raped us, the whole army of maidens. The whole ignorant tribe.”

“What an evil devil, this Chainy, forsooth. You were right to reject his farther advances. Not appropriate for a girl of your caliber and so on. Or did you chain this Chainy like a parrot near the fire and forgot about him...? Went to carouse with other men. Women like to do this so often, don’t you think...? Once they’ve managed to chain some male or other, that is. Cruel, cruel, cruel creatures that ever dared chain others indeed. I seem to remember the story from, when was it, yesterday...? Last time you told me...? Licked by the fire most painfully. Until the fire melts the chains and Chainy the parrot is set free, a ball of fire nonetheless, flying through the window, denouncing your dastardly deed, before, alas,

plummeting deep into the center of the earth...”

But what a mistake again to show my learning. It hurts the poor common people so!

She gave me the chill too, Martha. With which suave loathing, my bruised loyalty lay the misted, and again sun-dried, snares: Will we...? Will we not...? An incoherent scent of rebellion giddies the lot.

“I seem to recall...” —she said, her eyes gripped in a vise of ill will.

“Gypped obesity (I recited, in order to appease, now me the submarine conscripted whore,) after our dainty turds had been let go, we, in doom, women of Us, proceeded to homebase, fatigued — all those boringly laid heavy dull eggies that boom disgustingly thick, soon forgotten, behind for keeps — no, for good.”

Now remember she remember me? —I asked of myself. But she appeared far away, gone to soldiers again, smiling in livid fever.

“We have got to get our asses the hell out — do we hear? Yes...?” I tried to hold her elbow and push her on, perhaps toward some shelter and warmth, a church of heathenish crones...? But she rejected my advances, as if in her confused mind I had become the criminy officer.

Well-well. Shush, though. We will let time mushily melt and treacle all over us, hoping maybe the slimy embrocation of it will finally cause a certain improvement on our frayed health — an improvement one hopes now soon to be at hand...

“Obloquies, I mean, unctuous mercies, wished-for charities, homely homilies. Listen.” I said, impersonating. “While slithering out of safe anchorage, not even the callowest amongst us could shrink aloof — so to speak, shirk the fare. Ok...? We were suffering also. Enmeshed in responsibilities. No way to abandon ship then, and less and least her dear mates, and least still their still dearer females. Unless... I said no way, lest our call called foul. Out of the question.

“We were so tense, weren’t we...? Forgive our sins, we were not thinking. The inertia sucked us back to the scaled, fetid quagmire — the war. Oh yeah, our hightime of victorious senescence, lethargic domination. To flunk then meant that nobody was left to tell the tale — one, however, so fundamental to survival as ours was going to be... For survival of the species and the nation, our tale. Yeah. Hear me blandishing across to myself with waggish formulae of gentle exhilaration...? Martha, I feel I was the second woman aboard. You the first. The truth is that, after all, when the vessel was about to take to flight into the deeper darker waters, leaving behind our dying

star-city, my passing of the orders betrayed I daresay no wayward worry whatsoever.”

The mad woman sang with the voice of the rattlesnake: “You can empty your pockets, jerk, but you’ll never fly like its resident moths.”

Here it was: the recurrent daydream whereat, alas, she maggottly wallowed. The only expenditure with which her otherwise sorrowful existence, for lack of funds, would ever be manuductively able to hover, albeit fleetingly enough, as from the primordial swamp the beast proverbial. Indeed, she had wanted all her life so much to escape and fly. As a flushed quail even, it’d have been fine, and enough. Whatever far from the poisoned waters of the deep.

She sang: “If you smoothly spin again your silky phantasizing, they will find themselves caught in a nap nevertheless. If fish-, fleshstruck, you plushly blush, they will push on glibly flashing.”

I admonished, commander-like: “You’ll have to damn a few torpedoes, should you ever scam with the portfolios, my lady.”

I couldn’t let her die in such a desolate condition.

B)

Yesterday, yes, already on a quieter recess of the wee hours of the following morning, solemnly flowing across the expanding nobody’s-land of high flight, the tatty robot she had become was being tiredly jogged back and forth in front of the tracing screen, to one of which blinking, teasing verges was she being led, when we (or at least I) remarked the decrepit old man. According to appearances, he was repairing the rail of her train... Wiping with a kitchen rag the tracings of her withering saliva.

He looked so much as erst my father — the grimy comate miner up from the secretive depths...

His, for one (just no less than the other's,) was not another grave countenance — which seemed rather odd — the dear android is an unctuous drop of benignity on the wide rawness of the wound we form — now look here, why is it he stands out in spiraling elasticity amongst the circinate navels of my brain...?

“After all the hanky-panky, another helot bitch led with the zeal of a reb to the scullery where she belonged all along...” He joked.

I remained rapt, immersed in crazy ponderings, while through the intervening faintly lit dust zigzagged the moths unquashed from his newly acquired overcoat (through the charity of some stingy matron getting rid of the spoiler no doubt.)

Is this jack-in-the-boxish type a replica of my old man...?

Does he also retire, as any old ex soldier worth his salt, humble, contented, to the mountains impenetrate. With a garden nearby, the shack so cozy, the canvasses small...?

Living far away through the compass of the seasons, without petulance, without vanities, he who's seen (digging inwards vagina-wise) the frail entrails of our mother sidereal, and painting targets, only targets, deep burgundy, cerulean white, deep blue circles concentric, with the impact marks sometimes, with a faint green of gum-drops dot here and there, never to the sixes, though...?

“Want some help, mate...?”

All the time, while fumbling clumsily with the hard metal of her petrified body, here he was, jolly tumblebug, smiling meekly.

“Too gracious of you,” I said. “But I'm afraid we are speaking casket already.”

“Don't worry. Great mechanic me. Once (I remember) I had caught a rivet (a rabbit? a ribbit?) a rivet roly-polying out of home, and I had convinced it with kind words — e.g., *naughty wastrel, what will the heady hammer feel...?, do you think he enjoys playing nasty...? come on, be prodigal enough, and you mummy will kiss you on the riven lips of your swollen headweal; love conquers (but for a broken shank) everything else* — I had convinced it to return, and fall into its proper due place, happy it. The casket snapped at attention, tightly shut, swearing crudely, letting out some blasphemous imprecation plus a hermetic long-winded ricanement...”

Now he had his back to the scrawny locomotive of her rattle and was leading the

way — to the doctor, to the ark, to the morgue? For an instant, seeking concealed, elusive impairments, he had been a maggoty rolling scroll over the bumpy sleepers of her wooden legs. Thus, eureka. After spinning once more down the short toboggan, he had frozen: he had discovered some really tiny hitch or other. Now, employed optimistically on his superfluous task, squatting over the rail as though he was sheepishly riding its cold knuckled backbone, he heard the train of her heart at last approaching...

So he finally turned his apologetic head toward the desultory driver, who blandly beckoned recognizance and gave the brakes a farther little pull in order to bring the slow engine to a total stop — how sweetly evocative now my queenly exhumation of those two otherwise puppet-like would-be fuckers...

But there obviously wasn't leisure enough for lickerish whimsies. We were running, I think (she rigidly stretched between us,) or maybe just walking fast.

Both the driver and the cracked repairman were manifestly aware of the forthcoming disaster — and yet none of them made anything to avoid its dire consequences — how could they — they just mildly rolled, for a last time, their fatalists' eyes.

(Truth is I was sick and tired of looking out.)

To its depths, each one of them kept gutlessly to his labors. At length, contact was made — between the burnished steel of the atrocious wheel and the seedy rag on the back of the worker. Consequently, a gasp was in every defeated, abrogated face. Floating over the thick silence, the thump the old man's upper body produced on forcefully falling upon the wooden woman awoke almost audible prickles of gooseflesh but little else. He was exhausted. So was I. The systematic (all but imperceptible in its excruciatingly torpid gradation,) the sadistic, the deliberate, the slow-motioned crushing of her back by his weight, bone after tardy bone..., had the brambly audience panting for The End — but not a shout was dared from either of the aisles. An aside was due, but we had forgotten from whom it had to originate.

Meanwhile, the same went and stood for actors as for spectators: for an instant all had lost all kind of pluck in them. Protests were available no more.

I took a treacherous, slitty gander around. The silence. Where the healthy ricanements, the raucous guffaws now...? Everyone so fucking sad. Why...? The girl's dead. So...? The stench of the sweat at the roots of the sparse gray hairs on his scalp, I mean, the lousy beggar's, and then the dizzy flies haunting his gaping fly, plus such penurious, impecunious lot hanging thereabouts — the scene was starting

to vastly irk me. "Recycle the railroaded old ones," I thought, and peered through, farther, in search of an appropriate venue. Maybe a shop for handy geeks, or common do-it-yourselfers...?

The Asylum for Aestheticism ("cameras, drums, badges, plus the whole lay-out of shameless fliffises for momma to perform at home available inside") loomed over there, past a couple of blocks. Sooner or later we all had been trapped into the fabled store, we'd seen how, together with the entire Upper level, our spirits had crumbled first and no doubt utterly. Such magnificence, such unaccountable ingenuity.

"Actually, to substantiate your snort, your snore, everything about us seemed to run strangely in such a matter-or-factly mechanallity as to bestow upon the composite scene a certain blur such as one associates to the atmosphere of an unprovoked dream," claimed, quite rightly, with no aberrant righteousness, their ads.

I watch you all intensely. What a surplus of annoyance, isn't it; this sure adds crazy floaters to my besieged eyes... My nursing Martha, there you were, catering, in all earnest, for the more hygienic well-being of the lesser men aviators of the watery depths... And now. The air itself shimmies, aflutter with miasmatic infectors. Where is the celebration of your passing to a better state...?

Around, no trembling then of hedonist shimmies. No resurrections of incredible tone being foisted by half disengaged escapees. Shimmy, I thought, the rails of the coming train... But she's already been taken away...

The old mephitic fellow, hateful Charon, gotta get rid of him, won't pay him no obolus. No, sir, I'd rather plug him with lead. And then, without hedging nor splitting hairs, I started on my way, no dissembling, no excuses, as if aloft in a vacuum through the precarious, already previous, throng.

In the Asylum for Aestheticism I first succumb and my feet of themselves trot into the vault, they won't be gainsaid, they saunter down the dwindling circinate steps, straight to the dirty peepshow. Now, purged, slower I ascend to the heavens of the Upper level. As soon there, dazzled, I'm, I remember, a bit lost. For an instant, an urge to do as the legendary Jesus of old overcomes me. I'm looking around for a stick to destroy with it, and furiously, the whole spread of luxuries.

But wait, four odd characters, one behind the other, in a row, present themselves to me. Four geezers in an indian file. Four unshaved, withered, and yet vivacious, kinky fellows, abyssinians I should think.

“Such a long trip,” the likable boss tells me, “taking the subterranean train even, getting lost in the labyrinthine galleries, and dodging the buildings, having to warp ourselves in quaint shapes, and swerve around massive walls, avoiding vehicles and armed savages in uniform...”

“So...?” I answered, narrowing my shoulders in a dismissing shrug, as I looked around for help from the repellent attendants.

“We’ve come from so far, sir, for the mending of our single wide black umbrella.”

“Why you telling me about umbrellas, man; I’m here just to purchase one of those new telescopic pistols they sell. I’ve got something to attend to elsewhere. Listen, get rid of the umbrella, or open it upside down, pennies from heaven no, but almost anything else: look, they sell pickles, metacrysts, dildoes for all kinds of orifice — after five thousand fuckings with the same wife the thing becoming tiresome, n’est pas, of course — but wait, we’ve got also tackle, for fishing whatever, from the windows of your train carriage or your submarine, and, in case of gore and ravages of wars and plagues, we’ve got salves and lean beefsteaks; let none of your wishes be deferred, we convey all type of credits, plus we have an unquestionable design on your family’s immunity to infirmity, glean the ripe yieldings of our masterly certitude, what, don’t be rude, our sharks shall demonstrate here, and how movingly, our versatile capacity for humanity: that endearing sense of kinship that wakes sometimes in our iguanian heart, warming with luck to a sort of tutelage for the other with whom we are about to mingle in harmonious attraction — doomed both soon to grieve though, alas, for as a rule that spark for closeness never clicks... Unless...” I cautioned, winding down, conscious of my affliction, having also been contaminated with the irrespirable poison of their unrelenting hyping of the imbecilic customer. “Unless, yes, they are allowed to meet in occurrence of some somewhat loutish, loudish exequies...”

As I went, they, the four quaint abyssinians, were spinning their indexes on their temples — some of them at least. “So, this is what democracy carries, as the roadkill cadaver by a homing dog. The voters, being bigoted idiots, they can only elect one of their very own. En Tiberi spoke of the suicide of those systems which ignore the common sense of the most advanced science — and fuck, mate, was he right!”

Ashamed, running, I hid behind a mirrored column.

Party with abandon, Martha (I told my teary reflection,) sans forgetting you are a lady. But what’s the difference, my god...?

“A toilet commode’s and the voice of god, no difference — as mellifluous, as

compassionate, or if you are a bible-thumper, we have a little dainty terrifying replica for you too (nobody gets neglected in the Amphitheater for Aesthetic Asylum-Seekers), its thunderous voice and *his's* (and his hisses and *its's*) are about (no blasphemy intended) the same. True that while one fluoresces over mountaintops, in the other nothing brilliant is produced... Unless, though similarly shaped their products, you tell us (in confession of confusion) which of both are actually better perfumed! Plus the winds heard in its depths are actually less flatulent (acknowledge!) than those up above.”

“His lordship desires...?”

I said: “What...? Ah, a gun. One of those uptodated, ok...? With sensors so fine. A sneeze triggers ‘em. And whatever the heavy use, there’s always left still one bun in them, in their oven of non-spent promise...”

“If his lordship would deign in walking this way...”

Were those mummies on the run-way...? Horrid images of wholesale slaughter and wicked fratricide, of opened tombs and puddles of unspeakable content, black liquids that from chunks of carrion slowly and densely slid off, but also ballooning neighbors that exploded in a cone of dripping fertilizer, came to my mind as, aghast, I peered at them models, exemplary, so well proportioned, inducing trickles of dribble-drabble from the corners of my mouth, their wind-swept skirts not concealing the ashes of tiny bait-hiders...

“His lordship is in need of any balm or hippocras...? His color mutates from yellow to green with such celerity as to conjure up the unfathomable workings of a railway semaphore... It surely periclitates the whole proceedings... A head-on collision is by no means out of consideration, even if I’m not what you might call a certified physician.”

The penultimate of the walkers, wrapped in such immaculate widow’s weeds, and her absent presence, her abolished mind, her hugging disposition, her protruding eversions, proffering the kiss of death... Is she coming on to me...?

Faut pas charrier, I thought, still better, faut pas dérailer. Are you derailing...? Wouldn’t want you falling on my lap — the shatter.

“But would I dare be so bold as to try to interest you in one of these...?”

“A what...? Let me take a dodge here...”

Is the realm enclosed by your mother-of-pearl cranium full of such margarites of wisdom...? Why don't you go and entice with your viscous persuasion some other kind of sucker. Avarice is such a cursed vice. The proposal regards either the clothes or the woman that wears them... As to the sculpted turd assistant, in any case, he's a seller...

"Visit us at the desert," the abyssinian boss with the broken umbrella said, while leading his orderly patrol down the aisle opposite, "the water is sure scarce, and the wells must be dug deeper every passing day, but the running and the gamboling is glorious, and the girls svelte and jolly and almost naked, and the sun's beautiful and the colors alive..."

...oh, but the hell with the lot of them!

Theirs was indeed also a phantom vessel, nothing really alive. Before the Universal Stroke, we were a Missile; now we just were another deadly Clot, I further thought, with Martha at my side, as my reluctance got the best of me and I wasn't any longer following the wavy attendant.

But now listen, because, despite those treacherously gentle ministrations, there kept the carriage still advancing on in a dreamlike sluggishness. My reversible hands got up and hewed. Marred by an uncoordinated extrapolation, they erred as if over the rere of a screen upon which slow slides were projected — and the distant fixtures, missed, went on about their exacerbating Undertakings, though in such a helter-skelter way, I imagined, with painful eyes, and taking a powder from the mud-sliding place, almost blinded, running out of the shop, as I say, and all its clangorous sections.

C)

Yesterday, finally, you would have overtly averred too that, as of then, she ought already to have well clung, without more silly ado, to any of the excellent savefacers, any of the almost inexhaustible schemes readily called-for for the case, whereas, against a rerecurtain of flickering acts of industry ludicrously staged with rubbery devilkins brought up only to squeeze or prod the end of a determined prop, one saw

(a-swim in consoling saws,) crowned and tousled by a breeze of furious wasps, her stoic silhouette stifling the aches the inner arguing reboundingly woke on tenderer nooks.

Strikingly, the shady cutout, as if purging itself, first warps painfully, then doubly unzips (those seams seem burst,) and finally shoots forth, good and wringing nervously, two gun-toting tentacles.

She's dead and dead and re-dead. Nothing doing, get thee home.

But wait, from coves in her being, weapons protruding menacingly. Yes. From coves in her being, plume distinct ghosts, grainy steams, as tacit harbingers of morbid heresy. Smell them: it all smacks of foulest indecision, into the suicidal vortex of which were we all being inveigled — as bespoken by our own allegiance unimaginative — inasmuch as a bumfuzzlement unmitigated came to be the due product of its application mislaid. On that account, it neatly behooves (as no switch, but that at the very least of fainting, will put off the smarting ricocheting of gas-bloated thoughts) to pass muster through the aberrant orbitings, yes, in our mental orreries, arbitrating in so doing among their (let's call it for army's sake) (A) — anarchy, in order finally to spot the clear beeper that sets the whole Fabric of this quadrant's design, unmistakably.

We will be there too (I told my giant paws) but with a further lag, another lap left.

Then, "oh, I wonder if thou..."

Yes, overcome up to his very nape, my friend the old man smiled again. He smiled, relieved — the rogue train of my wrath had stopped.

Now the driver went down — a spirit hunchbacked, tripping on the footsteps, hopping miserably, hoping dwarfishly, heavily immersed in the acme of sundry sorrows... Crouched, nodded unsteadily and repeatedly toward the nearby fallen...

Poor Martha, who'll take care of... How better now to extricate her body from all this mess...

"You know," mumbled the dilapidated old fellow, "I do not get why should be all look so appalled... Probably she never felt better in her whole life; sixty years of being so finely cared for as today and she would've wished for sixty more. For how more kind can we be: all those attentions, all those compassionate eyes... I wish I were in her stead... I wish we all could have such a dandy opportunity as she..."

And then, at that, when he sighed so comically, everybody was laughing, smirking rather, with the nerves slightly on edge.

To hell with her story, to hell with his plight, to hell with my humanity.

“Are you sleeping?...”

And I slapped her, or him, or myself. Thus, she had been moved into reaction. Are you sleeping...? The corpse, impelled, moved. After this, silence. A solar wind had passed. Many among us were stuck, the other half numbed — in zombie-like gait, we collided with unsuspected accoutrements and props for quite incognizable ceremonies... Inconsolably, we knew only that now we were all as good as sunk.

Such exaggeration something must affect. Instead, nature is consciously in favor, for us, or else for our continuation. Hidden designs, one hopes, even if sinister. Or maybe all is fluff, surely all is, but how much better is to rest in fluff than on the hard reality of...

While, as in a distance, each one of the movements pertinent to the ultimate maneuver sharply clicked done. In so smooth a motion, no waver spread — the contemplation had become ecstatic. Yet, your regularly serene sky (at this forfeited hour) had lost its purity — was besmeared with the spurting rendered hearts of many “great personages,” i.e., the enthroned streetwalkers with hearts of goodness overfull. Nobody scorned the thought: allegedly, by then, all lay fatally stricken; what is more: exposed pell-mell to the avid yet tremulous reaches of the awed indigenous multitudes.

The guards from the utmost neither rungs, in seeing the ascending stampede, had broken into disarray; then, fled, rattling about, and maimedly shedding (rare heavy birds suddenly unwinged, still harassed) their shiny emblems, variegated armors, interlocking, disconnected weapons...

“We die so uselessly,” the other indigents shouted.

I went to a little girl. Cuddled in a padded pink corner, she was sobbing — at least, she did until a second before plying my knees my benevolent hand reached... At this instant, quite out of herself, she had thrust her spasmodic head through the windows of my eyes. In my concussion, I foggedly heard her cry: “Kill him too, kill him!”

“What? Me...? Actually why?”

“She died in your arms, mate, or in your hands? — here’s what everyone is (ponderously) weighing...” —cluckily whispered the beggar. Forthwith, with raised arm, he turned as if to bless me, but his punch was ferocious. He had totally managed to break two or three near clean pieces of gristle off my nose.

Shit. You know what? Likewise, from your coign of vantage, past your there magic rows of scented tintinnabulating bottles, surely you could, if ever it had so suited your fancy, have surveyed the equally clinching comings and goings of the top crew; in it all, my frown.

“Knock elsewhere, you dumbkopf.”

I skulked away. To come back defeated once more, told myself. So...? And yet, I thought I could still dissect out of the wrought thin squiggles hoarsely fingered on the dispelling condensed breath over the pilotport a kindly smiling grotesque yellow little face.

I was laughing (in relief) like the fleeing cops.

Feckless deserters, march! Wary, weary, at odds with that festering plague which threatens to bury your piss-drenched pedestal, you shall crumble sooner than later — each vocationally catastrophic crack of ye graced with a mass-murderingly inflamed yearn. Don’t I know ye!

I only gain appeasement with the slow plight-comparing of the on-rushing conjoint. At random, on the rere main screen, the scattered aggrandized appearances of some superior-mannered individuals seemed to indicate that, nevertheless, still a number from the whole cast that had remained up in control of the Directing Clock had managed so far to survive, even against the impending last surge of quite unintelligible invaders — barbaric juggernaut of croakiest annihilation...

My sedulous espial, anyway, a lesson in memorialness, a frame of reference on monumentry. Quite pleased with meself, I’m heading home... Whistling the tune of the dwarves march in Disney’s Snowwhite, I think.

8.23.2005

Fizzled the sister as she dwindled into the doldrums of noontide

Fizzled the sister as she dwindled into the doldrums of noontide

Yesterday, I woke up and looked around and saw myself on the glass of a framed picture. Who's there...? Was it the same fellow I've known all those years...? Could be. A trifle more cadaverous. Subtle changes inside the starker shadows of the image. But the only way I could be sure of being myself was by trying to convince myself that this was so, saying it inside my mind, again acting the deluded ipseist alright, in a sort of fuzzy, concatenated enunciation...

...this i am, he is me, he is i, i am me...

And again, and again.

Then the Sun hid and the reflected image got as dark as to represent maybe the contour of a giant beetle. So my head all botched in stitches and seams sewn with insect sinews, all smoothed, shorn of pilosities, misshapenly rotund in its profile, with legs and antennas steelier against the frame, as if trying to escape the cage... I stood surveying the abstruse new animal... Bore for an instant the brunt of its insulting, callous endeavor... Then, bored with the echoes of past stories, I turned my back, headed toward the can...

—You are wrong, I'm still alive, I said — or thought — the gist of it being that I wanted myself to be whole and myself again, the same jejune entity trying to pass, slide through another day, as a cockroach would, without bacchanals of intimate dissociations, and spartan subrogations or internal squabbles about its being or not, and shredding inner rifts of self-recognition and such...

No colossal impish forgeries... No flights of fancy — with the fucking heavy body never following the flying anyway... Just another more or less organic blob stuck rotting over the dirt...

A lost thought about Martha, her passing... Death Becomes Your Mother — plus the mourning weeds in her homage so prettily do become me, don't they? Wiping my ass, splashing it clean above the washstand...

—Scour the sink of your recent sins, recapitulate, walk back the cat...

I was spiraling down in a vortex of entrails, clockwise... I remember trying to reverse the spin, trying hard to go counterclockwise, maybe that trick would ultimately stop the craziness, or rather the crazy acceleration toward total oblivion, the no-end sleep with no dreams...

“Something unspeakably disgusting this way comes,” that should’ve been me, in diminution, reduction, shriveling, yes, in my unavoidably becoming another piece of immerded gut embedded among the other anonymous entrails. A hollow blob, sticky with shit outside, incapably attempting to yell its choking gall away...

Spooky the elasticity of the container itself. Couldn’t spin away from its easily expanding walls try as I might. On my way down, dissembling into the frame of a cheating pugilist thence expelled in shame by the booing house. No such luck. Futile endeavor. A belated flee madly itching to desert the corpse, now tightened by an impassable shroud. Smitten by my own wrath, staggering deeper into the morass. Or else an uncouth, unwieldy plantigrade wallowing in the muddy tarn. Debonair now in his blissful forgetfulness.

Somebody knocking at the door. Impinging unannounced. Zero privacy. Let’s disguise it as another pounding from the noisy workers that invariably were adding a wing to the house. Heard it not. I mightn’t even be home. Not returned from the three night day in the skids.

Cloudy water had been dripping from the ceiling to the foot of my bed. Shifting positions all night. Dreaming of pissing from the roofs, shitting to the winds. And the presence of the jeering four scrawny friends of my son. They cheer as I, in effort, frown. One of them had lately won a state prize for mending leaking, or splashing, septic siphons.

Unassisted, hiding, serving myself the best of the cognacs. Doing like unto Hitler, my sons. He’d chose the best, more renowned restaurants, wily guy he, discriminating. Discriminating, forsooth. And he’d close the restaurant (and maybe toss the owner and the sommelier to the lions) if the cognac shone not enough, wouldn’t be up to par, came afoul of his palate. His palate a palette of the most exquisite tasting buds and so on.

On cue, the shrill coffee-maker told me it had churned out some of its sobering sludge. Well, ok, after a few gulps, I was feeling better. My faculties of memory and recall thriving back, unthwarted anymore by a nagging sense of failed self-

recognizance.

After life in the streets, I had been sleeping for close to 40 hours...

What else...? Hum. Harrowing death-rattles, grotesque barracks, snazzy submarines, galling submissions, rambunctious inimical crowds... I was polishing the surfaces of some remembrances... Thorny thing behind my mind. Lingered stink of some musty calcium carbide bomb. Spartan razzmatazz choreographed in parallel rows, rescanned and fixed all the time, until perfection...? The piquancy of alien ashes. Heads in orbit, shorn of body, enveloped in frothy scum, slurring through torn imploded slobbering mouths subrogations of relief... “We aren’t dead, just hovering as insects, trying to trap us perchance some new soul...?”

Piteous delusions of vile bodies as moths busy at work, their trembling coronals agroof on the carpeted floors, which they defibrillate while simultaneously praying for devilries at the church of the damned sacred foe, one big massive edifice at each corner of the megapolis. Aftermath of bitter yesterdays. A peep at the mausoleum and you get the crawlies.

Sludge acids, oleaginous byproducts and other linoleums — these are my three areas of expertise — the mortician’s putrid susurrus — plus on the side phony books, wax fruits, stuffed birds and fishes, plastic flowers, taped canticles...

Almost apprehending the secret sense of it all, and yet each time, next thing I know the hummingbird has flown away — life hummingbirds do that, of course — on a whim, they are gone. As flies.

But now the obstreperous, strepitous destruction.

Anew Cirus’s garçon, the unhinged monster unhinging my door. Ah, betrayed by the coffee, its tar-loaded scent seeping under the apartment door.

—Sorry, the perennial noises of the workers close-by hampering my earshot acuity or I mean...

He’s holding me by the neck. “Why did I miss his boss’s party?” Not a word about the raping of the granny. The old gal true to her promises and compromises, and delayed orgasms. She deserves plenty new visitations, soon as I’m again limber enough for the perilous escalations.

—Let me explain... — I manage to proffer, raucous as hell —. Got even a certificate of my emergency. Operated on the spleen, you know, greenish grave of all the

burned out, too used blood.

Only that queuing is not my thing. Went to buy a gift for the missus, ma'am Ceres, she so kind of inviting humble, humble me. The shop crammed full. No good at queuing, man, left always behind, the last every time, can't stick to my place, all those excessive fleshies, alien matter. I veer toward the sides, where the air is less thick with miasmas; my vacated site is immediately filled by the bulbous blobby muck of another not quite sentient body — fat women galore, the puke. Encroaching stinks, corruptions; morbid, cancerous growth overflowing; such a surfeit of matter, unrelenting; you drown in nausea.

You'd clear the whole hog, wouldn't you, the overwhelming pollution, the milling crowd, with a swiveling stick, or a bat, or a machine gun, jollily rattling, all around, circumferentially. I've dabbled in my time with a bit of violence too. But then what...? Queuing in prison, the pits. Hate above all prison officials, don't you; their lame offensive joking among themselves, unbearable, I want to throw up, so unadulteratedly stupid. And then your buddy jailbirds, another mass of nobodies, mumbling turds in a rabid doghouse.

Or exiting the shop in a panic, and the urge calling, and having to queue now for the whores — the virgins, so-called, you know them. Gritty cherries indeed. Fuck, some of those children must be more than a hundred if a day! Centenarian babes... Superannuated recycled assholes, cunts... Re-sawn, re-sewn, re-sown...

Until, sooner or later, in own of those queues, you leg cramps, from too much waiting, and from the heavy nervousness, your number comes up, but not the number for your to climb the stairs, the number for you to die, deep pain around the knee, ignited, the popliteal torch, burning... They take you to the hospital. A clot disengaged, stuck in the spleen, you are as good as dead, all green...

—Be gentle with my sutures, my friend. The boss telling you probably **rough him a bit**, but I'm so frail after the operation you are killing me, I'm telling you...

The hospital jam-packed. At the beginning, like you, they take me not for a patient, but for some kind of comedian. A worthless comedian. He can't get any of the queues to part for him to pass. Remember, neither at the bazaar, nor at the tv studio, where I'm rather pissed that the woman I thought mine needs so little in the way of convincing in order to toss forthwith, at the drop of a hat, at the first muttered suggestion from people with no authority whatsoever, all her clothes in order to act naked, in front of each of the randy technicians and all, while I can't even access the middle rows, and I've never seen her really without a stitch on, and of course now — ah, the stitches, man, stop, they hurt! — now in hospital, not only the queues won't

part for me to cross over to emergencies, they've even stolen both of my crutches. At the bazaar, at the gift shop, remember, I thought to be the soul of the fairgrounds, get some kind of preferential treatment, no need to wait in line forever, but nobody's listening, nobody's paying any attention — anonymous, invisible, perfect for the little jobs our boss would ever care to entrust to me to perform in mystical conjunction, in maximum secrecy — well, so, even there they stole my walking stick, they, the fucking rotten-meat crowds.

One of the women, the proprietress of one of the shops, she's about to open for business, and she chokes on a peach's pit, she's dying under everybody's eyes, and what did I do, earlier, at the bazaar, I saved her, the maneuver by which you pretend to fuck her ass and instead you disengage the nucleus, the fruit stone caught at her throat. Well, what would you know, not a word of thanks, nothing on the order of any acknowledgement, nothing like telling me why don't you get to the front of the line, deservedly, gallant servant to the multitudes, so chivalrous, and so on. Instead, the bitch complaining that I must have busted some of her fucking ribs, that she ought to sue me, that everybody call the police, so I'm fleeing, with no gift for the Cirus's missus, ma'am Ceres, for the party, you know, such thrill on my part, looking so much forward to the event, and then the burning leg, and the hospital and the operated spleen... You plainly see that I couldn't in those conditions fulfill my desperate wish to oblige our...

Look, I tried everything. A comedian. Entertaining the lot. Speaking in tongues to the girls and boys at the counters. Catalanian, no less. Turkish, Kurdish, Hindu. All to no avail. Trying even to cast my clothes away, like my wife. I'm not that good-looking, too old also, looking more like a grandmother than a vestal, a virgin, a fountain nymph... They stole even my clothes, even my clogs! Only a little girl, little amazed at my little dick, listens a little to little me, she says: "You seem to be good at machines. What would the verse in the song mean...? When Doreen, the singer, says: **magnetic lizzy eyes**...?" I said: the fuck I know, I would need to know the full cunt-text that goes with the song, wouldn't I, and now, ay, ay, call an ambulance, would you, my leg, my leg! My lungs! My spleen!

—Stop squeezing, man, I'm not an oyster, there's no swank pearl in me; only drooling scum: my guts overblown, whirring, spiraling into the void of my death and their acid blinding your eyes, and afterwards wait for your boss's and his missus's griefs. There the fireworks start. Too much fervor in your actions; you'll be sacked, I tell you, and in an ugly fashion too. They'll be so sore; they'll kill you; such a quaint, horrific execution. I'm crying for your sad, sad destiny. A sharp foreboding that your end shall be most sleazy; your skin in narrow ribbons; your whining the laugh of all the walkyries and dykes of the neighborhood; the imps, the apes, the clergy, and the rest of your thuggish and villainous companions calling you a stoolie

and a shitty shaveling, and a corrupt cop and a sugar daddy and a what have you; with their foul bravado goading you to die in torments of gagging unspeakability; the whole mob vying to plug you another and where it most hurts, their goal to delay your ultimate suffering until you are so rattled the whole hale world jeers in triumph at the abject surrender of such a stalled hideous puppet... You'll crawl as a millipede turd, rotten by guilt, on your slow way to the sewer, while all the whippersnappers take a shot at you with their pointy toys and whirligigs hoping that there is still the outside chance that, before being swallowed by the puking hole, you explode in an apocalyptic exhibit of shit. Harm me a little bit more and sign your early retirement with the tip of your bleeding dick. I've got a bum spleen, a bum ticker, a bum mojo, you are already too jinxed.

With that extemporaneous outburst therefore, here he was, Cyrus's murderous butler, a smidge taken aback. Dubitative, retractile, shaking somehow, unsure where he was presently at, his scrawny judgment out of element, his violence at last held in check: incapable of thinking and doing whatever else...

—Come on, wrap it up. Your quota of allotted scowls is long spent. Instead, be a good fellah, get thee to our boss and tell him I'm properly thawed, a lubricating doll bending at whatever his behests; that you tapped my knuckles and that I went numb with adoration for him and the family. And remember to explain my ordeal, spleen-less and all that, big scars, downtrodden, no crutches, the alleged fat lot of my many pains. Next time it will be my turn to talk nice of you. Now scam.

The door, tottering like an unfallen hero, shivered at his re-crossing, but managed to stand, proudly. Then even I went away, propping it before with a lath and some nails.

I felt glad. I had shrugged off the ominous rebuke of a hard-bitten thug. Those were the guts; that well-rested day, the showing of some guts. I was elated, slightly alienated; the stem of my brain and my brain per se at cross purposes. I'm a champion with some balls, no gainsaying *that*. And yet I felt somewhat hindered in my cocky return to the street. The walking unsteady, fettered by a nagging imponderable. Maybe frightened of the far and cryptic consequences...?

Does the writing in the ethereal wall spell an uglier batch of crasser enemies...?

8.25.2005

Irretrievable — yes, yes, yes

Irretrievable — yes, yes, yes.

Yesterday, lost in thought, as I was drifting away from my home — my home, now, become such a trap, at any time liable to get the terrifying revisitation of the mafia monster. Therefore plotting some airy exiting... Fancying the tricked gangster a-coming back, mandrill brains in overdrive, dreaming non-stop all kinds of tortures, worse than already at all times...

—Death a-calling, knock-knock!

—Sucker, I've already shown myself off!

That's my best plan. Either I kill myself or fake my suicide... No third option. Who's the fellow said...? Chickpea! Either you die or go to heaven. Two suing, the third gets the cake. No. A third possibility does not obtain. *Tertium nihil*... But I'm lying to myself, of course. Plenty of imponderables unaccountably messing each purported clean slate.

Ah, the cool of the flat blade of the knife on my eyes!

Sinking then atop a rock on the edge of the way, a border mile-counter. Larded up with silly uncertainties, unrefrigerated, threatening to go rank and rotting the whole ambience...

I drew with a stick on the dust the stick protagonists, the murderer: him, the murdered: me. Infinite outcomes. The knocker-knacker full of spunk trips on a taut wire. Bang. Notorious gangster who with a volley of his piece's silver slugs kills a wayward skeeter, such a dud of a shot, and breaks into his loser's bargain his lousy, arthritic neck... Snotty, the intended victim is seen in a far corner of the cemetery flirting with other cute figures of his unique strategy...

They come in vees, and veerings, and visions of immobility... The fidgeting, to and fro, as I move about the soldiers, as pieces on an absurd chessboard, their aim is always victory.

Or is it...? The losers win by losing. They were aiming to lose from the word start.

Masochists (the obverse, with the other side showing sadist) are also dangerous thus: they give way, way, way, way..., until they don't, and as you were accustomed to their yielding ways, how unawares you are caught, so often, what a murderous shock you are in for!

From shits to shouts, from doldrums to tantrums and back. Ego, really, I don't think they even own one, it all just comes and goes. Now I do this, now I do do that, as I'm told; as I'm told, what a relief; and I am whom I do do, not whom I do in. Whom I do in not even a cipher. Whom I do do, that's who I am at the moment of doing him. Dissembling that he exists.

Here he comes again, loath to loan even a greeting, gagged by a big ball of white gum, big as half his head, which he now spits at my feet, as he pulls his gun, pushes its barrel up my nose...

—"Be through with it," a shy, delicate clamor next to him, smirkingly sitting at the atrium of his very ear, as a fairy live skeeter, purls. He shivers, comforted.

That's the sobering conclusion: a killing shot fulfills his inclination to a tittle; his lot in life included doing away with you; all's well.

I had to beg for his kindheartedness, and shiftily took my leave, affording the earnest elucidation that I was due elsewhere for the nonce, I thought I had acquitted myself beautifully, but later I heard the deafening ring of the aftershot, the scorching lead of the slug perforating my flesh. Ah, I wept bitterly. What a slip-up, compatriot, you had not even served me with a collegial standard ultimatum, where's the old friendship?

The crooked-one, one of the selected nicknames of your erstwhile hero Ulysses, that's whom you'd become. A hero nonetheless; who is not a hero in his own mind; even the loser a hero to himself when he loses, of course.

I was almost ready to give up. Too much philosophizing, said En Tiberi, results in defeat. Consequently I put the foot down. Got up. Started walking again.

I drove a hard bargain with myself. The loser in me, and then the other, recruiting neurons pell-mell, at whom the most. What a collision of egos in the offing! I was already sore from the fighting. All told, I had a scruple about sabotage, not fond of betraying myself. Shit, pull yourself together, look around, or somebody else will get rid of you, even before you encounter your mobby nemesis, your designated killer, the gangster you tricked...

Good advice. I tightened the purse-strings, and took a gander **girientorn** (all around). Hum. A theater outside, on the park... Not so threatening, kind of punch-and-judy, but with humans... Relaxing in sum, innocuous withal.

After having my fill of the rubbish on scene, I went away, strolled farther downhill...

Over the grass, against the Sun, found a nice place to stretch out, took my pocket Waugh out and started reading about jerks in offices, quite hilarious by spells... Soon a harassed-looking little woman came to remark, in feeble tones, hadn't I notice that I was lying on top of part of her wash laid out to dry...? Bloomers, sorry! I apologized profusely. The Sun had played a trick on me, so remorseful I was, wretchedly, and so on.

They were partying a little ways up my ways, another of those shitty marriages where they finish the mortally boring stuff stiffing you, by asking for some money for the well foreseen hardships of the deluded couple ahead. That's why I faded sideways.

The place I had unwittingly veered to that time stank to heaven. Saratoga stinks, I said. Shit spiked with corpse, what a masterpiece of screeching stench. Sweep the cadaver-riddled niche and get a martyr's prize from the mayoralty. Whoever survives here merits the medal to the merit or the order to the honor of deserving a survivalist's survival kit. Serve on a silver platter, with no shit on top. My mind, oozing mud or worse, played the fool. The whiff of putrescence, and of charred flesh, now hung thicker... A curmudgeonly little old fellah jumped in front, his claws trying to frisk me. I told him my opinion was that Saratoga stank. He tried to kick me one on the shins, the crotch. Offended maybe.

"Take your paws off, pa! I'm poorer'n a rat! No sense on fleecing the naked, you know!"

But his crooked fingers, like whelps of a sprocket, ratcheted up and down my body with incredible celerity. Soon most of my clothes were either torn or altogether gone.

He made off with the book (to stoke his sacrificial fire no doubt,) while I felt stupid, left there behind, like an exposed elephant, his dick hanging dead, his pockets out, his ears gigantic and red, the clowns all around laughing and farting and sounding their buccinal contraptions, like goons.

Anyhow, overcome by the stench, overwhelmed by such a sudden nausea, and overtaken by a ferocious diarrhea, I ran off all at once in every direction. Behind a

big rock, I crouched. There I was, retching and evacuating my own guts. And now his surviving grandsons were there, or whoever, pointing their fingers and making fun of the poor broken-down shitter. There was a dead cub-boar rotting away, nearby, at hand. I took it up by its hind legs and chuckled, in a sinister spurning imitation of their own laughs, while by my taut arm the verminous carcass was flung at them. Flints came flying... Marvelous, now I was being stoned to death by little tykes — for their grandfather to cook later — probably — preferring my meat to the boar's — not exactly irrefutable — who the fuck knows.

Again, I needed to reach the hospital. My nocturnal war's veteran alter ego redux. I thought I knew the surroundings. Limping, tattered, rickety... The military hospital must not be too far off.

From the hill atop which the outside theater functioned, you could see its massive tall white building. I had to reach a high point and locate it with my mocking peepers — my soured eyes full of stinging flies. First I ran (a rocket in my asshole) in front of the hurled rocks, while those resentful rhymists, the ventricles of my heart, shrilly disaccorded. Another reason to hie myself to the big house. Climbing a scree, in spite of the falls and scraps, paid nonetheless off. For there it was, by Joe!

The big whitewashed building. Hello, the guard bars my access. No beggars allowed. What? Where do you get off with such clowning manners, you are a servant to the public. The butt of his machine gun meets on unfriendly terms with the pommel of my uglier face.

I knew Ralph Garltxi wanted to explain something hefty and ponderous. He rested again his machine gun against his chest, muzzle downwards. Then his free hand was up and waving hard.

He said: "Ma'am, the fact that I be a corporal in no way interferes with what I'm about to say, namely that whores, squatters, beggars, and the poor in general be murderers in substrated latency, from thence it follows — doesn't it? — that once all of them dead, nobody'll kill again. Nobody'll kill but the doctors in their merciful terminations. Therefore, ma'am, thus I'd propose we proceed: by the killing wholesale of all exhibited poverty — poverty, that vice that won't go away until we ease out of it by all the means justice itself puts in our armed hands. Do the unproductive poor deserve better? I don't think so, and neither, I daresay, ma'am, does the corps."

He must have been thunderously applauded. Though not by me. I surveyed the rest of my class with disgust. So thus think they think, the corporals, whose heads are more like infected urinals. Okay. I certainly don't belong. Next it follows that again I

come up with another glorious desertion.

I retreated meekly to the park behind. Hid behind a bench. Pondered in modest sorrow my fate. Two old men came and sat. Talking about the old wisdoms. This is the fellow I should have been reading. Not Waugh, the know-nothing light-weight dilettante. En No-Ningú, the master, that's who. En No-Ningú, the great Catalonian eighteenth century thinker and writer. Such amazing tenacity on the part of the gentleman. A hundred years old and going at it hard, establishing that only the lonely are really conscious of their inexistence — and for that more to be praised as lay saints — the only kind, lay saints, worth respecting, of course.

Such brutal equanimity. Hooray! Hurl the sinister slouchers into the hellish eternities of nothing doing but roasting or be roasted. Theirs, what an unlimited shit!

In with all the guns of the illustration blazing. Erase, take 'em off, all of those zealot bigot ignorant creepy preachers, always so full of pious swill, take 'em off from inside their tawdry mandorlas and put him in instead, him and his companions in quiet understanding; do, indeed; raze the obscurantist churches of all denominations, transform them into bright libraries of learning only, and, the mandorlas and friezes above, proudly let them exhibit just the fair, well-balanced, universally acknowledged benefactors, the old truthful sages and their unwithering words. Such jewels for the ages. "Oh, and wait...! No; nothing to offer but my insufferable wit."

—"Irretrievable," he said, a lazy longing in his quivering voice, the first geezer, with me being necessarily his counterpart.

—"I've spent the whole century single-mindedly trying to prove that No-Ningú (**Nobody**) had really existed. In research, even more than in other activities, every little word counts, that's how it took so long.

—"His books and mine now occupied several volumes spread on at least twenty shelves.

—"Already old and tired after my life's work, I gave the volumes away, his and mine — the volumes proving his existence, both those that proved it by him signing them, and those I wrote and signed to corroborate such signings.

—"Only that a sense of discretion made me exchange the words written with pencil on the right corner of the front fly leaf, everywhere where the words said *this book belongs to (my name)* I amended it so that they said **this book belongs to**

Nobody.

—“Afterwards, as I’ve already stated, I donated the whole collection to the county library to do with the books as they saw fit or profited them and their patrons all the more; they chose to put them on the ramshackle shelves of the hall, all helter-skelter in a forsaken corner, to sell very cheaply to whoever came first and, after rummaging disinterestedly, maybe chose to acquire one or another of the now forlorn Nobody’s volumes.

—“As I saw an old friend of mine trying to purchase as many as he could, sorting the change in his pocket, evaluating the weight of the weighty volumes and how many could he possibly carry without falling and breaking a hip or the very neck, also still dubitative as to the prize, I stealthily approached the library counter from behind and told the head librarian to make a gift of the lot of them, Nobody’s books, to the superannuated gentleman over there. I proposed to offer a generous charity to the library for all their pains and even managed to secure the collaboration of one of the learning underlings to help in carrying the bulk of books in boxes to the vehicle of the kind learned gentleman.

—“The head librarian went to my friend at the entrance and told him about the anonymous gift, an old admirer of yours, and a friend, desires to make you the present of all the 180 volumes. He was overwhelmed with apparent joy. Thrillingly spying behind some far shelves, I saw him looking around to spot the generous soul. His eyes stopped in recognition on the shape of a humpbacked old lady immersed behind her immense magnifying glass in the vaporous reading of a recent nothing novel.

—“There was no reaction from the old lady. Maybe actually she was more sleeping or already dead than reading. From afar I saw my friend a bit puzzled. Then he shrugged the worries away and accepted gladly, both the books and the help. He even had the nice gesture of offering the entire capital extant in his person as charity to the institution, as token of his recognizance and deep appreciation.

—“A few weeks hence, during a fine afternoon, I happened to fall in with my friend as we were both walking in the neighborhood. Marvelous chance meeting, we both agreed. Later, as he talked about the library incident as the high point of his latest occurrences, I fell in deeper, so interested in the matter, that he expatiated upon it.

—“The strangest thing being, he said, that the books were all empty.

—“Empty?

—“No words in them, all pages blank, the hundred seventy odd volumes virgin soil, never soiled by any word.

—“How bizarre! Not even the first page carrying the name of the past owner or owners?

—“Nothing at all. Not even there, nobody acknowledging the ex-property of any of the tomes.

—“I’m flabbergasted.

—“Nothing, nobody.

—“But at the library, in the process of acquiring...?

—“I thought I read something, yes; intrigued. But then — puff! — one of those great disappearances.

—“How odd!

—“Odd indeed. Nothing whatever. No minuscule marks, the author too vulnerable, stinting on meaning, begrudging his knowledge. No invisible letters either, to be revealed in a miracle of chemistry, you know. Not even a title to go by. The pages never scratched. Uncut, pristine from the factory.

—“Could I see some of the fine volumes...?

—“But certainly. Let’s proceed to my abode...

—“Sure fact, he was right. Both Nobody’s books, and mine proving his existence, had now not a single letter to show for, every single page in them was blank. The words dissolved as if the letters written in blood during his century and mine, written in blood by his efforts and mine, had indeed dissolved in sweat, in piss, in milk, with that last secretion ultimately prevailing, carrying the day.

—“Or as if every previous word... And every little word then so dear and counting for ever so much! Only as if every previously written word, in blood, in sweat, in effusion and elation, and in excruciating pain... Only as if every cherished word had been written in all those bitterly cold nights of the winters of his century and my century, had been written in ice and snow, and this last night of warm, even hot weather before today, just after my dear friend had acquired virtually the whole collection, all the letters had forthwith irretrievably melted away. Wiped clean. Only

the sheen of the moon on every deleted landscape. Darkly renewing itself, as if virginal again.”

Wow, how to answer. Senescence is something hasn’t slowed me yet. Meanwhile, what to do...? To think is to do; to do is to be. I will fix myself in action — think hard. All those roaring mixtures rowing through upset waters; crack navigator, ahoy. I ran toward the fountain.

9.21.2005

The miraculous bucket

The miraculous bucket

Yesterday I was despondently walking from shelter to shelter, when out of nowhere a preposterous human, simian tide, rushing catadromous I couldn’t imagine the fuck where (though in my flickering fancy I was swallowed again by the final murderous swarm in Pep **West**’s magnificent *Day of the Locust*,) the simian tide, I was saying, overcame all my dismal resistances, and so I was taken along for the wild ride among sweaty, swearing bodies until I found myself also inside the changing rooms of a triumphant football team.

After many of the in-rushers had been duly bashed and then dislodged by armed guards, and forthwith the doors had been insolently closed, still I had been left inside among the privileged allowed witnesses, taken mayhap for some kind of sound technician as I had in my arms a huge electronic machine handed to me no doubt by mistake. My essoin established, I got rid of the throbbing, buzzing contraption and melted into the background.

The aged coach had had a long career. Had often been victorious, and yet even now he kept on behaving so humbly nobody could take him all that seriously as a show-off celebrity. Though he was “famous,” he wasn’t up to the megastar condition enjoyed by his players, not by a long shot — and all this, in fact, was very much to his liking, of course. “We can never be so badly thought of as we really deserve, said

the Mountain fellow, and wasn't he right," he replied in a mildly jokey frame during an on-air interview, but few among the lights-bereft sports horde really understood. "What does he mean...? He's a very churchy fellow, is he not? Is he preaching now...? The crowd will go berserk, nobody can with impunity jeer with all that derisive high-brow piffle at the sacrosanct masses, and hope to exit the stadium with any of his skin still on..."

He always acknowledged that his "gift" shone if at all really by reason of being in contact with the rutilant beings — his players. That all his merits came "by lucky association." Thus he could go outside, into the societal world, let's say down into some store, without being importuned, often not even recognized by anybody in the throng, and if at all just slightly, getting maybe a nod, a greeting, a smile, a frown..., nothing searing nor bruising — no big shit from fans run amok — also he needn't strut and swagger as a gorilla after a victory nor keep indoors or in a penitent, hangdog countenance the whole of the perilous trip outdoors in case of a shameful defeat.

Last night, after winning the championship — with each song a chant of battle, each pain a bruise of war — there were plenty of them good guys roughly teasing him. Ignoring the embarrassing pricklings in my groin (after all there were women journalists there trying to pluck the fruitages and some of the giants had also enormous dongs half stiff in their excitement, so that my mouth was sillily watering,) I took in the rest of the proceedings with waffling strivings and baffled eyes.

Who am I in this pond...? In this tight eerie fishbowl of brumes and vapors...? A solipsistic cuttlefish in his inky cardigan dreaming underwater dreams, and calmly smoking his tentacular opium pipes...? Am I a kelpy...? A water spirit looking like a medium sized mule who silently warns you lest you in your ineptitude drown, or else who changes its mind (or did you?) and ferociously helps in the drowning of you...? I couldn't help thinking that I didn't belong. But that was odd: I had the suspicion that the aged coach felt as me, same feeling of strangeness — an overpowering wish to disappear into anonymity, and to be able, unseen, to sidle past all this teeming choking gathering of rotting, rutting conmen. Gone in a blink from trudging in one's own shit to flying unhindered in bliss. From stridency to silence, from outrageous panglossia to blessed aphonia, from the harsh tip of babel to the peaceful nothingness of paradise.

Be it as it may, I noticed a few of the thugs were keeping the aged coach amused while most of the people around him were stealthily deserting his close surroundings, when on a sudden a couple of the still bigger buddies appeared behind the corner of a wall, at the back of the coach, carrying an enormous bucket

abrim with freezing liquid — that disgusting sticky potion athletes bestially guzzle away — and promptly poured it down on the head of the small modest elder gentleman.

He was mightily surprised, but then he realized — thankfully, in an relieved afterthought, for he must have been terribly afraid to catch pneumonia, a deadly strain of which, what with his age, and his aching bones already, could have easily carried him to his grave — he thankfully realized, then, I say, that the bucket had only been filled with fluff and confetti and tiny iridescent bits of sea snail shells...

I was relieved also. What a scare, I said to myself, feeling first soggy and cold, with a body overloaded, starting to feel feverish..., but now almost totally alleviated, with most of the pressures dispelled.

And yet all of the faces of the people around — players, trainers, owners, officials, hangers-on, the press... — showed a blatant perplexity. They were amazed that the aged coach had not even complained of the chill of the water... That he isn't even trying to get dry in a jiffy.

—Shit, all that frozen water...! (Some of them marvel aloud.) And the man not a peep!

Others come with oversized towels, solicitous, ready to envelop his frail frame. But he says: "What water...?"

—What water...? — he repeats, more amazed still, puzzled now, with me in my own mind echoing him.

—That water! — they show it, and it is a fact that there's still plenty left inside the big bucket, with sizeable ice cubes floating about like floes of tarnished geometry on the surface.

—And that water also! — shout some others, pointing at his back, which is completely soaked.

—Would you believe it...! — he wonders, nonplussed. And the elderly coach takes away his trench coat, the back of which one can unequivocally see that is certainly soaked and soggy, of a deep brown color, almost black, looking heavy and stiff.

—What a good trench coat! — he adds — Watertight, ok? None of the liquid managed to filter through. I'm as dry as a dry lentil, baby.

Everybody laughs, but a couple of big guys at his back lift up the bucket again, and again they pour over his head.

Again the same sudden astonishment for the aged coach for whom I feel aplenty. Thankfully, follows for him (and for far disregarded me) the same relief at noticing that what fell from the iced liquid bucket wasn't but supple skeins of tangled excelsior and tiny strings of tow and wisps of flax, and soft colored sand, and just fluff — fluff that flies away with the warm air blown by a one or two weary sighs.

—What about that...? — he says as he grasps that the others are again looking at him in disbelief — That jacket is also waterproof.

And it was a fact that only the jacket was soaked through and through. After he took it away, his body, including his head (from which he shook off a few of the confetti and wisps of flax still sticking to his scant hairs,) his body was as dry as ever, totally spared by the freezing potion.

As there's some stuff still left in the bucket, he intervenes: "Hey, I don't want to be greedy, guys! Let's not forget anybody. Throw also some to the other fellows, what about the defense coordinator, doesn't he deserve it too...? And the rest of the coaches are mighty eager also for a taste!"

Thus spurred, a couple of vast defensive backs get hold of the bucket and everybody scrambles away. The monsters wobble up and down with the sloshing bucket at the fore, chucking away the freezing liquid, sprinkling and bathing everybody, press and company alike. Everybody in the immediate vicinity is shivering now, drenched to the bones.

I saw the aged coach smile benevolently at those routine shenanigans. Then, with a faraway look in his eyes, as if involved some place else already, lithe, immaterial, as if sledding on fog, he slid past me near the wall, opened a narrow disguised side door and slithered outside without a noise. I followed, on padded cat feet.

He walked slowly, leisurely up the darkish slope. At the top of the street, he turned to the right, then he went down the bend toward a lit store. I thought he needed to shop a little, buy something for supper tonight. From the big show windows outside I saw him talking amicably to a couple of cops.

Later, I still went softly after him. What better thing to do?

As always, in the night, extracting the senses, the clues..., trying to scent at last the core truth of things.

Away on the margins, where the lie of appearances flinches, threadbare, frays off, easier to discard, easier to lift up, as if it were the skirt of the goddess, to see the secret cunt inside. And at the same time wishing with all my mystic, nocturnal strength the utter failure of every façade, of all that is shown — for in truth all that shows itself as truthful is scrim, a despicably garish, painted lie; the mendacious, aggressive, brash veil I want to gash to bloody shreds... A shroud of rottenness enveloping a void, a void of imploring need for my newly filling of it...

Except that he was heading toward the dangerous part of the city, skid row was looming ugly and bloated, diseased, gruesome, its sharp slapdash intricacy unfathomable surely for a poor aged gent like the dependable coach. I climbed a wall so that he wouldn't detect my steps and be frightened. And yet behind the ruinous wall he encountered a group of lost souls, a band of gypsies, worse, a congeries of malefic beings, a gang. I became dizzy upon the cresting of the wall. Before the prospect of the fight for which I had no guts. My life on the precarious plate. If no real taste to do anybody away with, still less of anybody doing away with me...? Please, spare the geezer, he's almost "famous," you know!

But they were clinging together. Not in anger, mind you, but in confabulation, in the sly weaving of intrigues... I heard the aged coach whispering: "We must save the boys in blue..."

I thought it couldn't be the cops; absurd, who saves the cops...? And it was not, for he added: "...the fucking cops want them as so-called terrorists; would you believe the wicked, blatant put-on...?"

Could the mention of those boys in blue be then a reference to the frightful thugs he coached...? No, neither, for his "boys" didn't wear blue, they wore an awful mix of yellow and blood. Theirs was a team already bruised (from their very uniform) before hand.

So I followed now the gang led by the aging trainer. Who must be the pure boys in blue, threatened by the crushing terrorist power of the state...? Their hate must be like mine...

Because you are poor you are a suspect every time. There are petty thefts happening all the time anywhere near where you live, of course. And then they come and apprehend you — why...? — because you are a pauper — who else but a pauper would steal...? — except that their mind is corrupted, they are really delinquents — (delinquent means that your lights are really flimsy, stuttering, fading — that you are rather in the dark, that your brain power produces very little in the way of

illumination, ok?) — why can't they understand that the mere fact that you are a pauper shows that you can't be a thief — that the thief is of course the one who owns and possesses, the oligarch, all those cruel Croesus-like, rich bosses for whom the freaking delinquent cops so sedulously and murderously work...?

Having to ladle away to them endless explanations as to why I couldn't have been the thief, or the criminal, or whatever... Just passing. Just trying to lift the veil of the unreliable night... For, of course, everything's yet undone, yet to be properly made... And yet, bosh, no matter. Who gives a fig...? I'm superior to all of them. Mine is an aristocratic mind, towering over the cruel, hurtful, coarse lot of them. Piddling vulgarians. They wouldn't go against Cirus and Ceres, the mafia Grails, no, would they...? Actually they must be pals — Bobby Pins, the homicidal porter one of them, an ex-cop or a cop to be, what else — same disposition to injure the undefended. Bah, authorities of the earth, their power used only to expand the sickly, thick, unhealthy darkness under which mantel to aggress all and sundry, yes, a wrong, injurious power indeed — I shit on all of them.

Ah, they have found the blue boys gang. The boys are young, hardly out of elementary school, provided they ever went to one. Their t-shirts are badly stained with blue ink — some rather thoroughly, others just in adventitious splotches...

They are being warned. "Take away those t-shirts, go and wash under some fountain, and stay away from the coming raid of the fucking cops...", the aged coach instructs. He's heard it all at the store. He remembers his youth as one of them... And later...

...when, due to his odd physiognomy and non-conforming vestments, he used to be, even in his years of mild success as an assistant coach, the prime suspect of some crime or other, as he came back home, late in the night. But he's now the savior. First of the town's children, the boys, the girls. Second, and last, and don't mention it for it is really worthless, the savior of the pride of the city. What a laugh.

I could also be a hero now. I could go to the cops, to their cowardly accomplices in the press, and denounce the aging leader of the city's team.

Or wait, I've devised a stratagem. I'll be thinking as a terrorist cop cheaply leased to the totalitarian state. I'm going to bribe two children, a boy, a girl. I'll have them outside, on the path of the aging coach as he comes out of the store... In the dark. In a few years, months...? After he's retired and he's not "famous" any longer, not even by the very modest standards of yesteryear. He's the dangerous, psychotic old man in the dark blue overcoat now.

As he totteringly approaches, with his frenzied murderer's eyes fixed on the vulnerable children, I tell them what to do, me, their aged coach; I've devised an unfailing means of escape — my, such a new sensational play! — an astonishingly well choreographed move — a simultaneous scramble — a suddenly invented crossroads — a virtual, trifarious, three-pronged shunt valve, each of us flowing swiftly away through one of the out-fluxing virtual valves, the shooter thrombotic, going nowhere fast, baffled, at a loss, shooting his own phantom slough as he whirls around and around, for it is true that the old crazy predator with the dark blue tattered overcoat is armed with one or two pistols, or more, as another fink of a cop...

Now we got him. He's so bloody pissed-off, he shoots the hell off, the whole caboodle, and aiming at once deiseal and widdershins... The shambles, the hullabaloo... All are alerted, including the authorities...

Who has unmasked the old hypocritical crazy creep...?

I did, your peculiarly outlandish, half-starving old poet and translator, the new unknown aged coach...

Well, what do you know, you are now a wholly accepted item — society as a whole grateful to you and so on — the children officially love you. Nobody shall again cast stones to you as you timorously pass, a whiff of shit and suspicion trailing behind. On the contrary, you might even occasionally be invited to have a drink served to you out off every neighbor's door. You'll only have to reach a little. Just a little more. Lucky dog. Declared a lovable eccentric now. And we'll even be receptive to your soccer lore. Now of course we know that, with you, the children are safe and even learning tidbits of something or other...

Hum, unshunned, it would feel so revoltingly bizarre...

So I wasn't thinking any longer about the lay saint, the aged coach. Now I was automatically looking for the untried shelter again... But what the...? As I was lost in stupid cavils, I got nastily surprised by the sudden light. Insane loss of wattage, I said.

—What's the waste of all this light squandered...?

Ah, never mind — puff, again — the Sun's. As always. Useless, imperfect worlds — everything yet undone, yet to be properly made up...

10.18.2005

Pitman's son

Pitman's son

Yesterday, as my countenance cheered by itself, and everybody was greeting me as if I were asking for it, though in fact I was deep in the doldrums, choking, drowning as it were..., I took a fateful turn into an alley. The intent was to purge the bladder, to empty the cremasters, to assuage the too puffed up genitories. I, in classic mode, corrected the prepuce in order that the squirt would right itself against the dark peeling wall...

The piss, notwithstanding, splashed rather than against the forgiving forgetful wall against a tramp who became mighty angry and revengeful at my repainting him with new running colors of shame.

I said sorry twenty times in a row, and in all my dialects and ancient languages, and with my nuts hardened and my member packed into a tiny furry bubble I was taking all my change from my pocket and throwing it to the wet hat on his lap when he responded amazed at one of my sorries in one the obscurest and of course less spoken languages.

—Ah, calm patrician, a compatriot, then! — he also enthused. Another greeting me as if I were his friend. I had to tell him my name, after he told me his — Truplick.

I said yes, well, and sorry again, but he started recounting his life. A story of about a hundred years ago... Then that's what happened, Truplick's dad died and he had to return to Tarrecks to take over his late dad's business as notary public for the dismal locale and surrounding villages.

In the meanwhile, that was her quandary, I mean, Tescket's...

Truplick, her beau, had nonetheless realized the travail that such an extemporaneous moving would impose on her, and proposed to return the word of her promise, for they were promised to marry in the spring, but she refused

outright, saying she wanted to follow him — always true to her word.

It was obvious, though, that her heart ached while saying it. And anyway anyone could see it, she did it so reluctantly, so resigned to her plight that it was a wonder her cheery countenance, as I was saying, resisted such an onslaught of contradictory emotions. For in fact she was secretly in love with somebody else — maybe even to her widowed mother's knightly servant, her late dad's true friend up to the end, the great eminence, master surgeon to the capital's greatest hospital, The Dolors.

It was anybody's guess. Either the old distinguished man, or the young architect, recent husband to her best friend, and even, though much less likely, the poor but so handsome son of the gardener, such a strapping and easy-going fellow, seen up till now only as it were in flying, in a adjacent comic sketch...

Be it as it may, only the second act would reveal who among the bunch was the real object of her longing...

I said which second act, but he never stopped for hecklers.

Or maybe not, wouldn't reveal shit either. Maybe the real object of so much cunt-frothing wouldn't come out even after curtains, and instead it would necessitate the devout ontological shrill interpretations of many critics to ascertain, anyway, for in the meanwhile, of course, she'd developed some ovarian troubles, some feminine distempers, for which the best remedy known to the surgeon friend was the topical appliance of radioactive mud...

Of radioactive mud...? That a good one.

The fumet unfurling from the depth between her thighs, made almost anyone queasy, and sundry were those that from it plainly shrank... No matter, though, for both of them (Truplick and Tesckets, I think, or not, the other couple...? — yes), both of them, strong as flint, the same her mother as her lover, the alluring older surgeon, stood stolidly agee of her...

I said: agee...? In kind of a slant off her, looking from the tangent...? But of course, he wouldn't deign to acknowledge the uncouth interruption...

He said: stolidly agee of her, such as she were a swart squalid umbrella sandwiched between two gaudy parasols...

"Mother," Tesckets asked, "couldn't maybe let me be some more...? Damn, for the both of you feel very much like the two halves of the same coffin lid."

The mother jerked as if slapped. “But...” She uttered, incensed.

“Quit,” barked the surgeon, who knew what it must be best under the circumstances. “Shelve it, mother.”

“Can’t,” she answered, unthwarted. “It’s as perplexing as particle physics. A daughter who thus pinpricks her progenitress! Next she’ll ask, all rabid, for my murderous head beheaded on the end of a poke. Must be (I’ll wager) the envy, the green jealousy of your hickeys on my neck.”

And then she added an ugly word that starts with f.

“Fritillary is just a flower, silly woman,” ironized Tesckets, “I think it grows behind the bleachers by the myriad or so.”

“The bleachers of the stadium,” more than asking the surgeon affirmed, while with the viril of his stick squelched on the floor of the hospital room a wretched cockroach no bigger than a teal seed.

“The bleachers of our school, yeah. When younger, I would climb to the uppermost tier in order rather to paint to myself a more coherent picture of where we were, the wrecked situation, you dig. Only that the tears would further muddle the sad panorama.”

“Wasn’t at the time, what’s his name, Turderick, Turdlick, a mate of yours?”

“He was just another non compos mentis nincompoop prig.”

“Ah.” Whereupon the surgeon got up, took the mother’s hand and, his stick a cutlass, he discretely hewed their way to the door and past it... Offended, maybe. She my far forlorn heroin, of course.

Tesckets dismayedly craved for a presence, not a decoy, the true stuff, for instance the impromptu visit of someone else.

Only that when her young girlfriend Elopessine came to visit without her architect husband, Tesckets exploded. Now one had to guess that she longed especially for him. The first act curtain, though, fell at this pregnant instant.

The last act promised to be momentous, except that as it happens the murky froth she (Tess’ or Tesckets’s) spouts has become corrosive. Oh, well, she’s out of the

picture then.

When Elopesine and Onesimus, her husband architect, come to visit Tess has been dead for hours... She lays under a sheet as if under a body armor. "Point of fact," Onesimus mutters to Elopesine's eager ear, "never could stomach the mutt. Too prim and stinky. Tesspooley, I mean, cesspooley, if you know what I mean."

A mean smile crossed Elopesine's bovine face. Now, the count (count Cossi, of course, Tess's godfather) made his pompous entrance.

"My child, my child!"

The count, sedulous cavalry man, had come a cropper many an instance. His sundry times contusioned brain had the scars to show for it. Also it had diminished to the size of a small compacted flee-or-fight nut, or anyway thereabouts.

It is known that brave men are those endowed with the littlest gray matter, and that the hormones, adrenaline and such, which are the fodder of their bravery, eat also at the mass of gray neurons, so that bye and bye there is less and less of it. It figures.

Anyway, count Cossi, who has a taste for banality, is here to tickle your fancy, ok...?

"Think hard — he says — the hum, the drone, the spasm of the plane are easily thought away: slimy drivel on and off the gaudy outside surface of my bubble, full of I to the eyes, crammed too with being, thinking, gothic in kind, elucidating, convoluting — convoluting, baroque, fine. Exacting crews of fastidious artisans at work."

In tragic succinctness, his pencil tongue draws a horror picture of the two surgeons, the two most obnoxious guys imaginable, hated far and wide, even by the totality of the population. They had also kidnapped both of his sons, taken them to the hospital in order to operate on them. But Cossi could save one, the youngest, bathing in some incorruptible-making solution as would also an odd monstrous fetus...

"He brethed, he breathed..." He shouts, the bum, but I tell him maybe I can read his or some other long-dead-one's feature forever at a sitting, in the sanctity of my own home, only that he has me by the sleeve.

"Your choicest honey distil, baby, through my stare, that we might relish, oh illumined scum, in meaning enhanced, that moment forever..."

“By the way I’m a chaste man, I don’t indulge in chance pairings even when expected and moreover incumbent upon me to surrender to such splendid cum sweet-scented comeliness... Let me absorb instead, and to the driest core what, the estranged text, one better yet: its serifs’ mysteries, its ligatures’ flaming blows of guillotine, its continuous and ubiquitous oracularity: death that talks in blubbery doughy riddles...?”

“Shut up, and listen for my signs of the apocalypse. As the fucking world burns, hear the crickling...?”

“I hear the coffee sizzling in your thermos. Hope it ain’t a thermos-nuclear one, ha-ha.”

“Man, you are right, ‘tis fucking inhuman. War à gogo... *Nu*, my friend... And isn’t that when..., you stick a thermos up the *cul* of a fellow skull-and-bones brethren, I mean, brother, a brother, what a *canular*! The incest of it all, the fun, and how endearingly and quietly he is slurping at some poor old horse’s pizzle, always right-wing, always morally right, always god-backed by the no-wrong military and their never-ending greed for guns... Once the murdered rise in bulks, the piles and piles of the less fortunate corpses, dead once and again for ages and ages, all those embarrassments to business, millions murdered through chemical warfare, millions through blockading wars, and strafing wars, and adventurous wars, and experimental wars, and counting, and counting, at home and elsewhere, through viral wars, and pharmaceutical wars, and wars of universal hatred...”

“I knew somehow you were a veteran...”

“You bet your fucking snot. And when everybody among the poor, among the non-shoppers, have been dealt with, and the rest are left only as mouths for consumption...”

“What a bull’s-eyes-y word!”

“...and pockets for spending on the shit the traders sell everywhere through the poisonous propaganda and the extortion from the ubiquitous presence of guns — for well are the traders those that pay the inhuman greedy dregs called the military — non-stop greedy for worse and worse machines of annihilation — against whom then, if not against their own, will they ultimately turn their murderous weapons — who is there left over, over whom to employ the hellish guns but over their own complicit neighbors...?”

“Forsooth, man, they, the chancrous right-wingers are thus the roots of early earthly

destruction — the very tools of the clamoring apocalypse... No, indeed, there is not a dearth of Sardanapaluses nowadays, not by any means, not by any long stretch of the...”

“That old futz, my dear departed friend Pete Rote Falkvol said the same before he died. He said it, Sardanapaluses, and he died. Burned in a precious pyre of profane love. He went to the foot at the bed of his dying wife, he said sordid words to her, that she was a whore and so on, that she had screwed more with me than him, and didn’t she know that while I was screwing her I would also screw the shapely breadseller at the foot of the stairs to the subterranean train; that she would give me bread, a big bar, for just a screw...? And the poor woman, her name was Alice, she was sick and adipose, and adenoid, diabetic, in a hospital bed, bathed in gore, hankering after a lump of sugar maybe, or maybe better, my cock-robin set taut..., and she said: you belong..., you belong within the Sardapalus’s den, which is the fief of lunacy, where the figues and the exotic plants, and the ostrich feathers and the veils and the perfumes... And in this paradise she died. Pete came to me and said: Alice’s dead. Her ooziest buboes went bust. She ascended to heaven in a float of little angels with their little pricks dangling this way and that way, and by the way, what is a Sardanapalus...? I said, I believe is just a dance where each dancer barks his shins on the diapiric things of the rocks...”

“Now, sir, my father had been a miner, as you well know, and diapiric refers rather to a fold or a hole or a bend in a layer of rock...”

“Whatever, the point is: that’s the place where Sardanapalus and his damnable meiny (retinue) would carry in floats of luxury every new cuckold... All the dastardly, niggardly peripatetic philosophers whose plug tails (the cock) would function but against each other’s butts and never to quell the cony-urges or fecund the bloody wombs of their spouses most dear, whose tussie mussies were at length just potpourris or kaleidoscopes of menses and not of afterbirths and such. Cuckolds be damned, without them the world would have a greater variety as it pertains to the genetic pool, nicht wahr...? While now, without their contribution to the species, we are at the edge of the unspeakable arcade where the end of the world is apathetically being run once and again, until they’ll get it right, I say, and then, and then...”

“What are,” I said, shifting gears, sniffing now at and most elated to the garbage effluvia the breeze carried our way, “those scented odours of aromatic shrubs, those attar-of-roses...? Is your girlfriend, her gorgeous cerements, perchance buried among the bleary merlons and crenels of the oddly arranged, daintly detailed garbage bins, my, isn’t she Isis incarnate, a goddess’s form looming in squirming ectoplasm in the throbbing precinct of a lucrative and conspicuous place as this...?”

“I won’t even strive to whittle down out of heavy fog any costive edgewise denial; why the trouble...? The blessed bakeress, she’s much alive in her den of thieves near the entrance to the metropolitan, Tropical Square Station, where her freakish knockers thaw the dinosaurian scales out of every suicidal attempter, plus a glimpse of her clammy knickers enchant the wounded moochers — the loafers unanimous growl, the pettifoggers punctiliously give her more than a squinting eyeful, no, a few more takes ensue, plenty, and the wives are all in inextricable knots, they don’t know what to do, if proceed to the trains or taste the breads that must be leavened with the strumming jizzms of the best thugs and studs in town. I won’t brag again, but my dick’s a dirk into the heart of darkness of her moist diapiric; as the wattles of her cony or conigry speedily flap, she winces, she frowns, she boastfully proclaims her dough the best kneaded in the environs... And right as a trivet, never are more beautiful her rolls than next morning with the first batch.”

I said: “How to correspond to such poetry of gallimaufries and gallivanting with the maid, poor me, a pitman’s son, who is only versant with heaps of slag, and rusty-dusty shards, and schlocks, and ruderals, and at a pinch with the pungent galipots of pine...?”

Maybe too flattered he jumped up and rapidly but deeply kissed me. Or, if not him, who had done the dastardly punishable deed...? I was retching with revulsion. Who hides behind the machicolated castles of garbage bins...? Is there a hidden congregation of jokesters guffawing while selling my hide...? This side of confusion, the traces of the anonymous buss left as signature by some nauseating gloater magnified itself into an aggravation of sour grapes — to my many worries, that new chore: elicit from that pack or syndrome of hoaxers and intriguers the rusty saboteur; entice him viciously, kill him (or her, the witch!) with fright, then wrench him off and away through the nowhere hole to meet his anti-essence, empty space.

“You sure remember how,” he said, Truplick, as if nothing had happened between us, “through her folds, as hurdles scattered, the splinter of your foolhardy prick shone as a spill trying to explode up the mine of her lapsed womb, the old trapped gas would fire up and her body would shine as the galaxies once shone, forming chaos...”

“Are you composing an excuse to kill me...?” I suspiciously wrote with the tangible cold of my breath.

“Let me enlighten you, horse-pizzle sucker that you are...”

“That’s not me at all...” — I thinly protested, sadly imbued with the smoke of decay

that surrounded us...

Ugly imps lurked there, a simpering coven, dreadful fairies who feared nothing, not even the perennial lack of space among the garbage bins, and who, impatient now, puff- and fluff-ridden, granulated with illnesses too gruesome to show, and still in the process of becoming a child — oh, snarling ashes of guilt — a changeling, atrociously demanding, unutterably hideous, there forever, saying: I am yours, I am yours, Mercy's my name, and when my mother died, I said, Mercy, my mum's dead. And Hugh's my name. And when my mother died, I said, Hugh, my mum's dead... Won't you be our mum...?

"Nobody wants you." I heard the tramp, and I was reassured, it was only a voice, not a congeries of specters nor a chorus of hags. "The noble Hughes Capet de Cognet had lost his wife, not his mother. As the casket was being closed, he had insisted on kissing the woman's closed eyes. Ah, murky eurypterids, very nasty bodacious marine scorpions, bigger than crocodiles...! Their raised lunules, their keratinous mucrones...! Fathom the assorted vileness...! Thou wilt be I think a great one, a divine diviner destined to excel, or listen, on second thought, maybe not... Maybe you are hallucinating... Maybe the pissed-over tramp is you... Maybe you are feverish..."

I riposted with the point of my bleeding tongue: "Enough, let's please wait, and hope for the morn."

5.31.2006

Nothing like dying clears the lumber

Nothing like dying clears the lumber

Yesterday, over the deafening blasts, in my mind, I was bidding: Goodbye, you gooves, I mean, you goofs, goodbye...

There was the airliner, greedy god, giant totem bathing in the shiny pool of its own spunk — edgily milling around, surrounding it (inside the permitted boundaries,) some of us plethorically salivating, others dry-throated, we all intimately worshiped..., entreating, beseeching, begging to be worth to be allowed (mentally

allowed) to have a fulfilling tongueful licking up of it all, the uptodated goodies, the magnetic stool pigeon, the monstrous divinity, its cascades of coruscating sperm... And then, underhanded, clandestine, left and right, the sacrifices... If a man, your sacrificed your cock; if a woman, your clit.

I was so confused. Split between allegiances, you might say. A walking tribulation lost among the runways. One of my grown sons going toward one of the ready planes, wife and baby going toward an opposite one, another plane, in an opposite tarmac, to an opposite destination, bound for an opposite locale altogether...

Damned. Splintered, splattered, dispersed. A jumble inside. I know that you know the whole of my whole... Wallowing in pituitary juice, the little man me splat, I mean, split up, and swam ashore... His double life... Their respective... On both crystal-clear horizons... Over the muddy ramparts... Two beings not too apt to... His lives flashed before me — a splayed, badly spliced phenomenon at the end — telling me maybe that my job was done; the next generation already in command; that it would take exponentially longer than the whole life itself just to try to put a few floods of thoughts into action... This is another paradox, that many of the most critical injections and suggestions in a plane's eyeful head flash through so fast, that clocks collide in battle, it seems. Time we all live by has so little relation to the sort of linear lifetime one spells out to oneself as he runs from platform to platform, trying to adjust, just trying (hard and never quite succeeding) to spell out the contents of even a single fast right word.

Every iteration uttered above the din roused from the frightful grunts of the huge idols and the shitty imprecations of the worshippers seems totally unhinged, out of any regular sequential pattern. We all seem to go around trying to grab the pigtail of a chronological series of feebly understandable gestures that willy-nilly should add up to a nanosecond of sense, but it never does.

Between you and them, and among these and anybody else, paradoxes rise like barriers — the moment you subside, exhausted, they call the roll-call of their lifetimes. It's really like that — the best way I can imagine to cope of with the repetitive quandary, would be never to try — better even to un-try... Everyone happens to use words, but all what really matters goes on without ever being said; you try to convey to those so-called loved-ones what you are thinking, and you find out that they're thinking exactly the same: deep down we all are thinking the same... Unfinishable! What a fucking travesty is it all, and when will it be over!

Move the gods in unison. We are panicking, fast, huge, unhooked, a lack of words in a torrent of words. Barely sketched on the reflections of the surfaces, there are the outlines of most of the sacrificial silent underhanded self-crippers. One tiny little piece of me given to the god, so that he might obsequiously concede me the keeping of the rest — the rest of that body nonetheless incapable of expressing shit — or other than shit. I won't put up much longer with any further part of it. No. At any given instant, my internal head-speed might go into overheating. And whatever my ideas, memories, hatreds and desires might impel me to do even faster, the crash, by the way, would nonetheless be still a sure thing.

Exponentially more and more discombobulated as the shot flying god crumbles to the rough surface of your ominous thoughts, you're dying, meaning your urine is like caustic whitecaps on the shore of the burning brain. I'm thinking piss or bust... Meaning maybe that it's as well if I die or they do... And how fast and, farragiously over meadows, o ruinously over neighborhoods, or stinking wet over the ocean, who cares. The doors to the crapper fly open as my scrawnily screw-taped deliberations and associations can fly through the airport's thunderous sky — uselessly querulous. You can be in the middle of a ravishingly tiny rush, and yet start sliding back, technically, to the years of your infancy, when dying was what was coming next whenever anything at all happened — so that as a fact the chestnut about all your (good) seducers and (nasty) abusers flashing before your mind's eyes (if any) as you're finally reweaving, I mean, relieving and re-living yourself, isn't all that crazy. No.

The cups, plates and platters rattle, as does the lid, as do those trinkets they sell, as does every pane, and it turns out that that's what the worshippers were waiting for — a discrete cheer — usually it only happens once in a lifetime, but today it happened twenty-three times at once. A finite instance of sequential brain-pounding, as though you are being banged about by a bunch of thugs in a filthy ring strewn with rusted cans and dead cats.

The way I think of time while they are alive, plus the way they think of my receding shadow as they create those slow mind-numbing balletic steps out of thick smoke, what an exuberant flirtation of promiscuous misunderstandings...! Who the fuck knows what's really going on. At the most basic level, I suppose is fear all around, masked with yet the same misrepresentations — who can imagine entities larger or more meaningful (or with a mind more powerful) than those, who indeed picture in his infantile fancy something as beautifully hideous as a train or a plane now aware

of those alluring expanses called ocean, desert, firmament which moreover they are bound to realize their destinies never tire to call them over to, as if it were to the final resting place of home, home, home...? Hum-hum-humming home all the way home, my motors, my body. Homing machines, yes. No, but, when one of those dumb divinities is up to something as reasonable as giving up the parasitical ghost that had them in thrall, does it then, finally, realize that, although their whole life..., its whole life had been for all apparent purposes some kind of unity, with a starting point and now that hysterical crash, that in fact there turned out to be somewhere else foggy bigger meanings, bigger terms of reality, and that their lives as my life weren't even close to what words and chronological pitter-patter, really a sequential thing of some sort, where first you are borne in the arms of a creep, and then you're up with enough material to rush through a complaining door on your way to become a drop of piss in the pan of a universal latrine, can for an instant convey with any sense of accuracy...? Not a zillionth of a fraction with not a zillionth of a fraction of...? Your head might just explode in little silences.

For when people are looking over their quietly bleeding stumps and waiting out, to see if there at last happens something more exciting than the intoxication brought by drink or by any other means which would tickle the hormones, always prone and eager to disorder, there you might talk and say as if you know what the fuck you were about to... but deep down... not at all possible to, no.

I was benevolently smiling through both ends of my schizopodous lips, and then, of a sudden — flexing, feeling my muscles, my face settled, no longer in pain, budding, breezy, an odorous flower waiving off — I was outside, alone, somewhat exhilarated, pondering that, indeed, dying clears your mind of so much dross and encumbrance — for a little while at least — till next one — before falling into the pattern, and then again, there you are, thinking, as always, those other obstreperous thoughts — or worse, hey, or worse.

8.25.2006

Short skirts over fishy gaps

Whatever's cooking count me out

I'm such a down on the luck cook - the flour I'm supposed to work with, it just happens that... It just every time happens to be rotten somehow, full of worms and beetles and molds, and whatnot. Not surprising then that I'm never invited to the kitchen.

Yesterday, though, I was at a party of sorts, at an old friend's, and I was just reading, or rather leafing in mild wonder through one of my own books that he happens still to own - he's actually got all of my books tidily arranged over one of the upper shelves - an ancient book of mine - gave it to him myself when it appeared decades ago - and then of course I've lost most of my books, including those I happened to pen myself as I say too long ago - and, with that, one of those stupid heavily perfumed know-nothing girls of twenty or thirty had come and asked me if I really understood the thing [meaning I suppose the (obscure?) language (Catalonian) of the book,] to which silly remark in passing I pretended to be deaf to, and, after a short while, as I was mumblingly imbibing the old honeys of my deliquescent verses, they came from the kitchen to ask for my help - not in the cooking of the cakes or anything of the kind referring to the confection of the foods, mind you, but requesting my help on the intricate question of the lighting of the furnace, it being an old furnace, and me being old, and my old friend being outside entertaining the fellows chatting at the backyard.

I had already (it seemed) messed up the syrup of the greatly enfeebled granddad. He had asked me, while everyone was employed on attending the littlest of the sisters, a girl of about three or four, afflicted with a deadly incurable fast-killer of a nasty cancer, who (the girl) in the meantime had had a dreadful attack of sorts, and the decrepit nonagenarian, as I say, had asked me to prepare him a thimbleful of his own syrup, rightly diluted. "Rightly diluted," I remember perfectly that that is what he told me, or I least that is what I understood from his drowning burble.

His opoponax or panacea, his syrupy stuff, that I retrieved from the fridge, happened to be an ugly angry-red gonorrheal goo, stinking of garlic and of a

blasphemous mixture of those Indian disgusting spices you find in so-called exotic shops, plus tomato paste and powder of cantharides and so on. The geezer himself I was later told would spend the whole of every weekend preparing his weekly dough. Well I diluted a thimbleful of it with some tap water into a tumbler and brought it to him; he swallowed the sickening sap with a couple of noisy, rather what maybe you would call death-rattling, gulps. He felt much better, he said. But then he shrank farther and crumbled at my feet.

“What did you give him?” All those young fucking ugly malodorous women were shouting at me. “Poor grand!”

It seems my sorry dilution of the hideous conglutinate had done the unpardonable trick of almost doing the old fellah in.

What a klutz with the cooking utensils and what a shambles with the sacrosanct endeavor targeted at feeding the families, and what a scarecrow he makes of the know-how required by the proper care of hungry mankind that we ladies know so well how to provide for - the clueless bumpkin, and what an interloper, and how unmasterly with the sundry cibariouly aimed implements - and the crone joking: “No better deterrent than to set their virtual short skirts on fire” - [again the broken jumpy dazzling afterimages of the hateful old woman hissing: “*Faldilletes!*”] - or else, whatever, some other moronic snot-nosed bladder-puffing litany of that sort - the nagging ladies, the cousins, and the sisters, and the aunts, and the female in-laws, and in fine all the smelly-cunt fauna were recriminating me, an outsider suffered here only by the quaint benevolence of my old friend, the master nonetheless of the palatial abode all that pesky small fry stood with their tails wiggling and their mouths sucking in - like those univalves whose only attraction is their hole - but not the hole of their mouth - the one between their legs rather, the one does all the feeding and fucking and shitting, indeed, but says, as indeed it should, zilch...

Everybody was dying on the side, the littlest girl (poisoned by the inner juices gone degenerate,) the oldest of the guys (poisoned by the outer juices gone treacherously diluted by a blundering terrorist-styled foreign stranger,) while the bulk of the party attendees enjoyed themselves as best they could, unaware of all the macabre goings-on, and the sinister slip-ups and the culinary mishaps, and so on.

Once in the kitchen now, I was immediately told by the same stupid cunt had come to fetch me with so much fuss and urgency that my vital cooperations were no longer needed, that I could go fuck myself now if so I wanted with my gallimaufry rigmarole shitty little Mao-forever Johnson-assassin book which nobody on Earth anyway neither cared to understand nor indeed understood.

The fire on the range had been lit by the young lions, who now were bantering about stuff happening in a world they dominated from their enormous and pointy heights while cooking some muck or other on skillets which whizzed and splotched with burning oil.

One of the master chefs said something disparaging about my team, Barça, which was about to be beaten two-to-one in next meeting with a ferocious London team; Barça, though a much better team on paper, was doomed to be overwhelmed, cowered by the fierceness of the hooligan crowd, according to the pasty-faced sage of the poison-wafting smog-subsumed nether-hellish kitchens.

I noticed that the calendar affixed on the wall just above the corner I had collapsed, my ass splashed like an artichoke on the seat of an old kitchen chair, a Catalanian calendar my friend must have retrieved from one of his recent trips to Barcelona - where he's had for ages a bunch of inscrutable businesses churning on - the Catalanian calendar on the wall just above my face had, surmounting the days of the month, a long, long, ascending photo of the steps up to the Montjuïc palace.

These are my people, I said to myself, these are my marvelous people. Those that climb those stately stairs. Those I must return to before I die, those know what's good, what matters, what is all at. Those are my people. My people. Here I must be heading soon, here I'm due, here I belong anew and forever... Before I die. Here's where the Sun and the beautiful-sounding sounds always sound.

There was on the back of my chair a dirty old kitchen rag. I took the cloth like it were the one that erstwhile covered the sacred Catalonian grail, now stolen away by the consuetudinary armed predators, and with it I dabbed at my soft tears of deep emotion for a world gone suddenly obsolete.

“Are you crying, pops?” One of those reeking youngish good-for-nothing whores feigned to ask.

“It’s the fucking smoke,” I said.

10.09.2006

Conyarree and Quintain

A chink chockfull of chunks

[Captain Melchiades Conyarree against general Horace Quintain]

Conyarree was court-martialled,

The wounds in his strata were deep,

The bullets had flown rife as ripe insects,

Malaria had bitten,

His soldiers were dead.

General Quintain *couldn't stomach cowards*

He put as a huge example to follow chief Big Shit

Who had down pat the simple dynamics of haemorrhage;

When in your wooden-Indian mannequin of a body

The carved out wounds fester as mushrooms sundered by thunder

And you hear chirping inside your addled brains

The free-roaming birds of paradise

Tetchily perching on the rich-laden branches

Of the braves' paradise

High time it were to commit suicide.

That's what one does:

One shoulders himself up and crawls down to the creek

Where one with his molds poisons the waters,

So that when the wry snipers try to imbibe their jostling inimical molecules

In scorn their teeth explode.

Ah the opalescent triggers of enhanced neglect!

Ah the scruffy shawls that slither in your mom's longing window!

Ah the sooty tusks and rummaging warts of your hog of a dad of yore!

Ah the shame, ah the moist erasure of your wife, ah, ah, ah,

As she sees in teary reverence

Those that their duty took as a sacred job to implement,

Never to shirk...!

The indictment went on for an hour or two more;

The room rang with high-falutin' rants.

I'd say it went, I'd say it rang,

As clubbed little beetles

Our gonged ears shrunken cowered,

My, and it did, did it, indeed!

Conyarree, though, stood his ground.

A gray barnacle; smoother, clean-shaven:

A gale-beaten limpet obdurate in his destiny,

Enduring that hell and any one else to come.

No, somberly, Conyarree never spoke.

Clammed down as a clam whose claws had no clout.

Throve the bullets in a race to reach his heart.

The wages of halving had to be paid by all and each,

With or without a soul to reckon with,

The laws being universally written someplace beyond the sky.

The god-forsaken haunts, the poverty-stricken slums,

From whence the dead soldiers hied

Were archaic scars in his blue-and-red silks

As with the allure of a twelve-year old sprite

He, nothing timorous, climbed up the clouds.

[...]

[Now appears a surreptitious bishop on a mission to transform something or other]

Saturday

[implements from the drawer: rummaged]

Indecisive death

Wont to be outweighed by circumstances,

Nonetheless the crucible where I'm cooking

Or half-cooking or where my heart cooks

And that I carry on my back, makes me bow
So that I'm smelling the squills above my own
Tomb. Too shrewd to shriek that "All ends
In shit" – adept that I am at scatological eschatology,
Nonetheless I shall tense my thews
Against the forged enmity of what ails,
Hidden from view, as a rat in the pantry
Of my guts. The kitchen knife shall
Be apt enough...? Oh, that an arrow
Not of Cupid but of an Indian behind
A rock suddenly did me in. Perish the
Thought that wracks my selective demon...!

Latch onto the bawdy flesh, nemesis,
And disdain all gross subtleties
So that my engines might blossom.

Let my shimmering woes outshine
The wellsprings of the dilating sponge
That as a toiling gargoyle spews
The bloodless blood webs my heartbreaks.

I've been absorbing lately wonders galore
Plus a wealth of other cosmic simulacra
That foreboded perhaps a change of character.

Saps the anemic juice of my courage
The pectinate claws of death as they start
To scavenge – appetizers on the plate
Of my chest – sipping at the clogged
Little wells in the spare starving hollows
Whose hairy little haggard tentacles
Find themselves besotted with a sense
Of dutiful hospitality. Instead, deep down,
Am all for jumping off the cable, unscathed.

Seeps in, slantwise (the staggered bawdy
Flesh dwindling, half abolished, rigid,
Or suddenly treble-thrilled, abuzz, a-tremble,
Bickering, vindictive, with a zest for healing,)
Seeps in the clammy coldness of her bony
Hands. Oh, heart, no key shooter shot you,

But as cotton wool untangled with
Shivering smooth bony fingers smuggled
Within – stanced sponge, thwarted,
Unable to pump, you wrought havoc
Into the woof, the web, the nervous
Fired mesh of that structure now crumbling.

It's me, the superstitious man, then sounding off?
I would have never believed it! Only that am
Besieged by omens so dire, the kernel riddled with
Worms of certainty so toothy, you'd need
To be a surly, unwieldy, and inborn type of an ingrained
Piece of vermin indeed, a damned fool all told
To ignore the decay of the frayed warp
With at the center that deadly dying spider: you.

Addled honeycomb of my gangrel brain,
All this time you knew all and did jack,
Now you have no scobinate clue about it.

What to do...? If you belonged to Lenin

Or to some other pontiff never loath to
Pontificate, geared by a supreme off the radar
Power for the instant quelling of the wealthiest
Of wrangles over choice (snuffle that dumb
Demon of selectivity!) and ready instead to
Plunder on, as an exploding shell, over
The stressed voracious fortresses
That waged any kind of abiding resistance
To what's to be on, you'd abide no contradiction
You'd hew to the bindweed of your enveloping
Clear thought, and as the raider that
Splinters the gaps, the switch of your thought
Would vex the dowdy, wed cheek by jowl to
What strangles them while they dwell on
And stake their bets on without feeling
Other pang that the pang of losing, of
A sudden, it all.

Monday

field of words – ploughed

field of words - ploughed

they all sing and recite while being fucked

atop a transparent bed

at the bottom of which

the camera works.

serious work indeed -

a heavenly anthology of song and recitation

while the interpreter is thoroughly

fucked - so refined, oblivious, anestrans,

excelling at the *other, more real*, task at hand,

almost far aloft, notwithstanding the grim

circumstances, each of the goddesses

in their artful absorption

impervious to lubricity,

for the flesh perishes,

the flesh indeed, when confronted with art,
by it is bound always to be excruciatingly
vanquished, exhaustively
crushed.

it is a given: the flesh indeed, by art
being always shamefully transcended.

and now in fact a glut: cohorts of singers
and diseases, the best around the world,
Chinese, American, African,
the most famous, the prettiest,
or the fattest, and the thinnest,
ponderous divas and flighty burlesque grisettes,
all prone, and lubricated,
ruthlessly, under martyring attrition,
in earnest performance fucked,
with their tits and mouths
splashing on the diaphanous coverlet
across the slight clear water mattress
under which the camera steadily

artfully unblinkingly rolls,
and with nary a clatter rolls still, until
the recital's finale orgasms through
the cramped layers where the soul
transpires.

art defeating the vulgarity of the act
as the spirit discomfits the mud, the dust,
the carrion of the filthy vessel that
carried such wondrous riches,
the poem, the tune, the song...

I'm so full of it, so pleased
with my crafty work,
the tatters at my back feel
like multicolored wings,
the sweat on my brows
the product of the skies
where ethereal angels slobber and drool
in their enthused paeans
against the dark infinitudes

of the unseen backdrops.

Tuesday

Through the panes, transfixed

Through the panes, transfixed

Frugal love links of the everyday,
I awoke and peered through the panes
At the long acres of cultivated trim,
Those strenuously conceived
Paradoxes of commonplace creativity...

At the critical orchids that often create,
Under the breeze, such brittle melodies.

Ah, yes, simplicity; mine, no doubt
Very much like that of other
Humble gardeners whose orchards,
Above over yonder,
Also drift in waves of curious solitude.

I peered at tilled fields, mathematical
Sequences of aspects hidden
To the reasoning mechanisms.

And saw next, near the rough wall,
The bland covetousness of moderate lizards,
Joyful in their other world.

The beasts' techniques allow the empty,
The empty like me and my empty eyes,
To marvelously relax and dream.

Mixtures of grease the hoe mixes in the creases
Of her ancient goddess skin, earth.

Blasts the volcano its lavas,
Over which the fire fishes
Erstwhile so deftly swam.

Like them, I'm telling myself, put up a fight,
You lousy lazy creep.
Your dough is elastic, and hers more so,
Vow then to rip her lingerie...

Even the thought, brings you enough
Exhilaration as to be able to...(in a jiffy,
Had you only taken yourself outside,)
To saunter over the manifold bird's nests
Of her hairy treasures.

Rewards that shall be yours as the same
Paradoxical library of commonsense wit
Encountered while digging for other
Injurious worms.

Think: Labors a plenty,
Labors so wondrous, reality is tossed around
In mindlessly rational straightforward fashion.

Stay. Bother to listen to the feet of the lizard
As they take purchase over the rural quiet,
And as they steal with ease the ease,
The uncostly ease of earth undone.

Eliminate the acquired knot of enwrapped
Sentences, and maybe freedom is deserved.

Vowed now to unstinting attachment
To fewer places, exploit the wasteful
Clouded less-ness of superabundance.

Suppose the cheapest and the highest findings
Are both equally doomed to extinction.

The cheapest and the highest priced,
Those extravagant sisters who clearly and

Chastely require the tasteless characteristic
Of picking yellow laundry in the hope
That their lizard feet in clarity and vividness
Will follow their stealthy model to the vacuous
Small refuge of the infinite.

As the length increases, and thence the plurality
Of spending, bestow rather a scattering of
Further elegance on the cheerfully unbidden
Juncture of sudden death.

Nothing is codified nor edified.
An agonizing whinny originates
In the healthy chest of a slave
Bought in prospects of gaining
Insight into the clandestine.

A merely elongated leek is the nearest
Thing to the bread of thought.
It requires a vast planting outdoors,
Where the intelligent of yesteryear
Taught the hallowed topics,
Now grown disgustingly sour and stale.

No hindrance to the expansion of its hair,
Its leek-y hair, the subtle emanation
Of all earthbound tears.

A grove pristine in birdie mirth
Shows nonetheless some weaknesses.

Fewer distractions are available
In the far-fetched maximum leisure
Of redundant, mutually assured hostility.

I rose that morning beholding success,
And of course such a surplus,
And yet my oversize aptitude for idleness
Frittered away all those (soi-disant
Worthwhile) hothouse remotes.

Unyielding and specious as any other

Coquettish novice, I shunned the tree
And its poisoned fruits, and removed
Myself to where the lizard had gone,
Or thought it had — the hot naked
Unsteadily dangerous rocks
Of sheer unproductivity,
As the burning rain unwrapped
Its coruscating pyrotechnics.

Tuesday

Who the devil invented death?

Who the devil invented death?

Ok, not me. Eschew preliminaries. My kid brother Opinic, maybe.

Orotund, so full of himself, from birth on, bulging, building himself bigger and bigger. Opinic, my kid brother, the comedian. Always playing to a full house. Working in a vast brick wall establishment, and the crowds pouring in. By association, I'm slightly famous myself. Thanks to my faculty to go past the guards unimpeded. On the contrary, leading through the creepy Cerberuses some celebrity or other, eager to visit with the bright comedic star. I'm to some extent, how do you call it, an introducer...? The one that acts as the heralds of old used to, courtly priggish pedagogues, introducing the lords and ladies to the king. Me just the introducer of them to him. Everybody knows him, but he only knows those I introduce, those I deign to, let's say. Hence my influence. My power...? I say, Opinic, let me introduce... So and so... And he invariably lets me, and I do, and the introduced really grateful for the whole privilege... And me saying to any prospective introducee: if you want to, I'll introduce you to my brother, the comedian, and into the bargain, into the other celebrities there waiting to be introduced also to him...

Wielding so much power and hence responsibility, man, after a while it's tiring. A needed a vacation.

Took the family to the fields. Only that once there, no way I can sleep with a

backdoor that can't be locked tight and securely, know what I mean?

Shit, of course, death, such an insurmountable obscenity. And always lurking around, blowing on your ears, giving you all those unexplained frissons of terror...? Damn, whoever its inventor (even if it really proved to be my kid brother,) sure deserves the worst condemnations imaginable — plus destruction at an accelerated and joyful pitch. Talking metaphysically or such shit, if I could believe in any god who could have conceived of it, gladly I would kill it — in my mind at least, if impossible to get at in actuality — and anyway, no blasphemy would be too tame. Blasphemies — the only words really worth uttering for anybody (any mortal, damn!) doomed (damned) with a conscience.

Time to come back home, for the new comedic season was about to commence, time hence for fresh introductions — the latest stars needing their ritual introductions to the considerable fellow, my hallowed kid brother.

I had to play the trick of the augmented eye of a furious devilish malignant god on the narrow-minded bureaucrat (a tautological phrase this no doubt.) Through a magnifying glass standing on the sill of the bureaucrat's little window, the frightened teller sees the immense stark stern menacing eye of the monster who sees everything, we behind see the deformed incomplete terrified mask of a silly gargoyle about to be smashed to smithereens by the mallet of a serious new architect...

He gave us the tickets I was craving to get. To that special aircraft. A plane from fifty years ago or more, stately, classic-looking, frothy with the aura of the right vintage — that'll be ours, you bet. “—In, family, for the ensuing fun,” I shouted.

Sitting in wait on the tarmac we saw how a much later invented aircraft took off — an aircraft properly of nowadays, so smooth and effective — it looked like the vast half shell of an egg, the round bottom slightly weighted at the bottom, the cut part flat against the ceiling of the besmutting sky, no wings at all, and lambent with an inner luminescence, and going fast, yet so enormous that even after a few seconds of flight it still looked as big as the moon — possessed yet of a yellower and poorer light than the one given off by the earthly satellite, though certainly more eerie through its diaphanous shell. Good to see, amazing, exhilarating, the sky already more festive now...

It's our turn to lift up... We shan't do so nicely, that's for sure — on the contrary, as soon as we try to take off, all smoothness goes to hell, the landing gear flattens, smashed — meanwhile we are already all hooraying and io-paeanning like mad — and the plane careens this side and that, then, hurling helter-skelter sparks and red

hot bits of underbelly machinery, flat on its trampled belly, careers, as a tempestuous wind would, toward the flimsy borders of the airport... As I say, ah the joy inside, though! “Let’s wreck the universe...!”

Our plane now gloriously crashing up the wide steps leading to the cathedral, turning them to rubble one before the next; we’ve already shattered fences, gardens, shacks and houses... And now we are inside the cathedral — we may disembark, we may cut loose: we may witness with immense relish the robotic destruction of all the stupid idols inside. “Our god, our non-god, much more powerful than yours...!” So much fun for the whole family, as promised.

I left them enjoying themselves, jumping, climbing up to the curved roof, to demolish the shitty stone images, still stuck over there, cowering from the fury of our planeload of frenzied no longer petrified idiots — no longer petrified, but still as hard as porphyry, indeed as greenish and polished as it, and coppery and burnished, and steely and rustproof.

Outside at the back, it was peaceful. I took the bunched photos I had not had leisure enough to have seen as yet... They were from this still recently elapsed summer, from the holydays shack whose backdoor wouldn’t lock, and so I couldn’t sleep any night, really, for fear that we would be attacked so secretly through the unlocked backdoor that we wouldn’t have even time to take our guns from under our pillows...

But, listen, where am I...? I’m asking the clammy pack of photographs. Why the angry old fellow, patently a local ignorant churl resenting our presence, wishing our death, half dead himself, a spoiler of animation, a blighted mirror to us a few months hence, premonitory of our old age already, and of our rotting..., and why the photos of the sad no-depth landscapes through the gap at the door that wouldn’t lock, all gray, ancient, blurred, frayed landscapes of death, but nowhere in any of them, even as an afterthought — why? — the fleeting presence of me...?

I shall gripe at somebody or other about this state of affairs, I resolve there and then. Even if I have to go to the biggest instances of power.

Only that next week I am across the halls of city government, with my suspicious parcel in tow, all my earthly possessions inside, including the rank slimy set of photos, and the sitting guards looking askance... Me excusing my worthless presence, nobody known to them or that they would ever care to know, to far gone into the rotten roads of death... “Sorry, just trying to find an exit... Stranded unwittingly into the vast maze of offices... Non sum dignus...” And at last exiting through the first sidedoor I find — relieved, untrapped.

I'm only somebody around my kid brother's world. Comedy or bust.

Well now I was panting, keen to reach the packed warehouse where Opinic was opening tonight. My eyes went for consolation to the stars. There, spinning, unbreakable, the half-eggs, the crafty aircrafts... And me crying in remembrance of my last vacation... The joy at the sparks of the underbelly of the bestial plane as it climbed the stairs to the devil's cathedral. The sparks around the fire on the dirt at the center of the shack, the embers fraught with scintillating gnats... They singing the tacky opera songs: "We are the unignitable gnats of hell...!" I dabbed at the crinkled corners of my lizard eyes. I rebuked myself: "You frassed wuss; alas, but of course, your empathy is too great, identifying always with the dead and dying, the losers craving for an introduction to your devilish kid brother, maybe the inventor of death, for a short, long reprieve maybe...?" All those blatant brazen craven cowards! — I cry for them and for all this trapped humanity — ah, the suffering..., the suffering... — but enough, away!

I brushed aside the tawdry commonplaces deliquescing at the margins where my path to ultimate discovery interwove itself with the stalemated dank poisoned everyday life running to death. I knew a whore once... Her warren not too far from here. Ludmila her trade name. Ludmila, a pecked yellow bird with only nine feathers left, and no fangs...? But packing a .357 Magnum in her garter. I fell in love with her, that lithe older woman, that easy killer, the day she followed her intended victim up to the edge of the open sewer — some hapless body who had dared to aggrrieve her with innuendoes about the too lucrative nature of her feigned thrusts and orgasms...?

Her canny gimlet eyes took aim and the man, shaken thrice by the three rapid-fire impacts, fell over the rocky sands and the turdy sludge, between two rivulets of slow filthy waters, past a little luscious canebrake.

Next the unblinking eye of the slim blue barrel was gaping at my gallows puppet eyes. I fell on my knees, I claimed my admiration. "I'm no vulgar talkative marauder, ma'am, just a generous, grateful past and future patron." I also said: "By unbeatable unavoidable nature, I am bound to be attracted to the secreted smells of each beautiful female's organs of reproduction — immature or too reasty that they might be, little matters."

So she seemed pleased, and the prize was agreeably agreed. At the end of a gun, ok, but so what? Agreeably, I've said.

We went back to her warren, hung with heavy curtains and dusted with polychrome

shammies that were strewn on pillows and silks. As we started sfooting, I realized she shove and throve too hard for me. Rode me so hard almost broke my skeleton in pieces uncountable. I begged for a respite. Wrong move. The handle of her gun clove my cranium. I woke up alongside the sniggering victim of hours before. He was half eaten already, a dead dog near the rotten waters, big maggots and beetles busy with morbid entrails.

I went home to heal. Now I've going to her rangy burrow to heal also. She had told me, while sfooting me to death. "This I love: going up and down. Never stopped traveling. In between both worlds also — the physical, the neuronal — listen, and it is never time to say enough. You can't be dead, for once you are dead you aren't. Ok, you get it? Death always arrives too late..." That was really consoling also, before, over my misguided grumbles, the barrel of her Magnum rived my skull.

But of course this time I got lost. There I was, forlorn, a paltry negligible pawn indifferently poised in the infinite checkerboard of Sun and moon, Sun and moon, for ages, with nobody to ever play on it, with it, with me... Discarded? I was calling for my mama. Tears on my cheeks, and flakes of stout snow. I was hiking up the dangerous frozen ground — with the help of a stick climbing the steps-like upper portions of the slippery slope. Not to her house or mine, or any shelter worth its name. To an abandoned store room. And yet, silly me, somewhat thrilled, expectant, I pushed its heavy rusted doors apart. Inside though a shock and not a treasure. An air of doom, clogged. All were empty oil drums, hoarded pell-mell, sticky dust of ages on top of everything, hidden lairs of scurrying things, thick cobwebs, and behind the big drums, other half empty containers, square, made of metal, and wooden crates, all with infectious substances, radioactive ordure, and such... Big discovery, thanks.

Finally I was there. Too late, too dirty, too ugly, looking too scared to do well my job. So I retired to my green room — a toilet, a washstand, two towels, some paint, a comb. A spare shirt. The applause strident, as always, as my kid brother said goodbye for tonight. I was ready for one of his diabolical ribbings cum chastisements, all at once so cynical and ruthless. A triple whammy of fear and loathing served in plates of the most hurtful jokes just spawn. "You rotter!" But who but him hasn't started rotting...?

Later, black and blue, I went to the empty tables, cleaning away, saving some food for the strays, with whom I feel a degree of parentage, alas, if truth be told. Wrapped with little shrouds we, the turbaned me and my plainer plates of stale food, came into the night. We went to the ultimate dead-ends, I carefully left the unshrouded paper plates of food in the sinister alleys, then I waited for my strange pals, the always uninvited strays, never to be introduced to the great death inventor

so far beyond, forever unreachable in his glory, and so on...

Here they came, cautiously, on eight feet (on four tiny front hands and four long-legged rear feet?) to feed, to absorb the coarse leftovers through the two toothed mouths athwart their abdomens. Two of each sharing an abdomen... An abdomen for two? Or rather an abdomen with mouths belonging to two...? Hmm. Of course, the definition is tough. The strays were all penetration twins, so-called.

They were sort of double human beetles, if you will. Two fellows thus born, the two of them typically stuck in front, shitting double spout, at opposite ends. Every night new specimens arriving. The world being slowly, furtively taken over by them. And better luck to them too — that is my good-will wish.

Their eyes nothing valuable really, much worse than mine even, losing vision fast — they are only good in total darkness, as I myself also I'm becoming so...

Of course, even if twinned, there's no shenanigans, no hanky-panky between them, can't pair sexually — hey, a bit of dignity — they are not as those disgusting wrestlers in a ring.

They are twinned at the trunk, each of their heads absorbed into the abdomen of his reciprocal guy, the one in front. To reproduce they have to sfoot back to back with other strays, as beetles do. And problems aplenty, though. For among them there are sexual varieties as multiple as possible — two males stuck, or two females, or one of each, or two indeterminates — hermaphrodites and what have you — or two opposites to the indeterminates, only homos or half homos — and perverted in whichever sense you chose to imagine, sacrophiliacs, sarcophiliacs, coprophiliacs, necrophiliacs, hero-worshippers, patriots, devotees — the whole gamut, you name 'em.

Anyway, I acknowledged the corn and went back home, to debouch the wife if I still remembered how. Her kind can act most callously, of course, witness the elder whore Ludmila, who has killed plenty of bipeds with big and small dicks, but never a human double beetle with eight feet (four vestigial ones, but four plenty strong, if you ask me) and who knows how many dicks, and how long and thick and short and rudimentary, or how many absences of any... — anyway, how could she, she never knowingly came into contact with one — and maybe she won't until it shall be too late, provided she survives that long, of course. For some day the strays will reign. Or at least that is my hope. Of course, I hoped for so many objectives that never came to pass, and which are impossible to happen in any event. So...

“Come along, I'll introduce you to my brother...”

The old bitch wanted to ask for a stay of execution. A marchioness with millions piled on, lousy ziggurats of ‘em, reaching to the middle and top ridges of heaven — to no avail, of course, for in those desolate indistinct boards there’s no game going on either. After his act (routinely successful,) Opinic was most peaceable. “Ah, hello, granddame.”

She kissed his hand. “Sire...” “At ease..., come on!”

Most abjectly she pleaded. I won’t go on. Eschew inferences, postscripts, endings, conclusions, clotures, catharses; resolutions, apocalypses, messages; morals, what...? Lame epilogues; clastic, noisy send-offs, epileptic guffaws... None. Bad for your health. She died in my arms. I fed her to the twinned strays, of whose conjoined dreams I’m still not sure I get a lot. Scrutinized the welkins. Restorative. In heaven sailed, faintly illumined, new inventions — such a balm for weary eyes.

Saturday

Homage to sex

Homage to sex

Where’s the devil...? Well, let me tell you, the devil lives underneath. You see, the house we bought was nice and everything, but had that particularity, which is that the crapper was just a hole on the floor, with a grille and an iron mantrap, and the thing stank. Well, that happened — see? — that in that septic sink the devil lived.

First it just liked to frighten the children... A gigantic misshapen lead-blue thing of a hand — plus the beginning of a vigorous arm, also with a dead hue of blue, also misshapen — of a sudden would prop up from the lattice, reaching for the unripe fruitage, taking instead their breath away, sending them, half shitted, screaming through the house.

And then the dead children started appearing... — both carefully wrapped in sheets, as neat parcels to be sent someplace — and also unwrapped, half-eaten, and half-

smashed — the dead children started appearing behind closet doors, under beds, on the garden beneath the windows...

Dead children galore. The war.

We were leaving charms and amulets everywhere we could. Mostly lead coins, and other lead pieces shaped as fancy shells of many beasts (scorpions, crabs, snails...) loaded with the thoughts of multifarious symbolisms.

And then, outside, we kept on playing — of course, the vast seashore was at hand, the fine sand interminable, its warm extension a playing field for all kinds of sports under the Sun. We even devised a new basketball trick, you jumped and at the same time bobbed the ball over the heads of the opponents, only you knew where the ball went, so there you went also, and as the ball fell, there you were, aloft again, and dunking the thing. Magnificent. And the running. Exhausting, so much fun.

The problem was the house and the dark lead-blue stinking devil loose in it, exacting its shameful harvest of horror, its gleaning of bodies — almost daily a death in the family or two.

Akin to acorns falling from an oak, the younglings were felled from the shadowy walls of the otherwise happy abode, and were then buried nearby, hurriedly. Until the war finished. Then big machines came, and they stopped and stoppered, with thick chunks of burning tar and other polluting stuff, the hole — the devilish hole where the devil lived, the hole on top of which we all had had for so long to go on shitting... Eating (especially in opened plates of soup) was troublesome during the blocking of the hole (so that the devil would be trapped forever under the house,) eating would be troublesome due to the fact of all the hanging pollution, soots and such, coming from the burning tars and other heavy unctuous things that were piled over the hole — so that once cooled, they would compact as concrete, or worse, resulting in a black, bumpy, gigantic plug, hermetically sealed for ever and ever, with the devil inside, eating itself alive, trying by all means to get away again and terrorize the kids.

During the peacetime, the devil couldn't dare appear, as I say — the plug well maintained and all, and us shitting outside, free from danger from the flaks and shrapnels now, behind a row of canes over the manure heap, or directly between some salad heads, burying the dung afterwards with a trowel..., or even down deep into the sea.

I was a poet then. My mother had had some problem with the law for selling, or rather letting on loan — I should say for pawning then...? — some of his little boys

as sex objects to some of the more sex-eager women and man clients. But she was also nice to us. She would let a pile of my complete works (at least fifty long narrative poems) remain there at a corner of the counter for as long as it took to sell the lot. And in a few months she had sold already three of the sixteen copies I had faithfully copied.

It happened that a dapper guy, big shaven cheeks, nice wavy pitch-black shiny hair, well dressed for his moderate means, with the air of having succeeded in life, albeit in modest, but pretty honest, terms — a fellow very much alike to my uncle, the retired cop, now assistant to the banker in town — bought one of my collection of verses, only that he realized that he had already read them (he'd been one of the three buyers of long ago,) so that he demanded the advertised second volume of my works, and by night my mother, very angry to have disappointed such a notable client, shouted at me that: When the bloody hell would I be done with the bloody writing I had announced as of imminent appearance so many months past already, huh...? So that I had to seat down and produce a new volume, where life as a candle was the main theme. The candle the body, the flame the breath, and so on... While the body is there, there is hope of resurrection. But once the candle burns out, and there's no candle at all left, well, that's it. Only, that I couldn't fit the devil in my vision.

The volume was to be called **Heroes of Today**, in homage to all the daily survivors, the keepers of the flame.

Thurible Properties, the well-groomed fellow that looked so much as my uncle, the ex-cop "banker," came in his tame motorcycle a-calling the day after the first copy of my new collection was exposed on top of the thirteen or so left from the old one.

He bought it instantly (bought, neither borrowed nor rented, those were poems, not children) and wanted even willy-nilly to have it inscribed by the author. My mother made one of the little loanable ones come call me.

Mister Thurible Properties was very affable in asking for the inscription. I was flustered, almost in love. What I wrote made no sense. But he smiled contentedly upon perusing it. Then he thanked me with a kiss on every cheek. His perfume was dizzying.

During the night, tendril-like, my five fingers and my cock — that intercrural little bird who has always been reckoned possessed of magic powers — this they did, almost self-engined: constantly rolled and unrolled, as six crazy sacred scrolls, or as the unstoppable circinate trunk of the golden elephant calf of my sinful adorations. I thought I heard this night the devil pounding on the underneath of the trapping

mount of sealing tar, cement, and melted lead and such heavy material that kept him disarmed.

With shoes of lead I haunted the old crapper hole. And contraripounded, counter-pounded against the pounding of the devil, and as I did I also laughed, in what I suppose could be described as fake guffaws of a sinister and creepy hue.

Later I wondered about my seducer. Will his house harbor the devil too...? Will he own an outhouse outgrown at the outside with frondous acanthuses and inside provided with all the comforts of modernity...? Will later, at some night of tempest and plunder by the bandits..., will the terrors of his dreams, after he has raped me (carried me away, for his love for me and my work makes of him a poor unhelpable kidnapper,) or my mother has loaned me to him, also make him return me home, reasonably unscathed...? The terror of mine (my unembellishable dreams) only make me write new poetry.

“Mister Thurible,” I should have written on my dedicatory entry, “I’m all yours. As thou commandeth I’m bound.” Something like this. With a little drawing of his godly lips swelling the linens of my tiny ship lost at sea. And far in the horizon his discreetly seigniorial house maybe. I could picture it already. A house even with no devil underneath perchance.

At dawn, the sexton knocked on the shop’s door downstairs. He’s an ugly fellow, the sexton, with a single knotty tuz on his pate and the taffeta skin of a sick tuatara. His tusks and skin were at first, if I remember rightly, not unlike those of a putto at the feet of a virgin, but something happened — he got old.

As I got up to peer through the window, I trod on one of my quill-pusher’s quills. The first impression was anguishing in the extreme. I thought that, hidden there, the devil had seized my foot and had bit it from beneath, and that the venom was spreading as he ate the tender flesh under the heal...

“The beautiful warrior screams today a great deal,” commented the sexton as he bought his breads, “probably fighting with who knows the devil, the devil knows who...” For he deemed me a heathenish absurdist.

Not so the proper mister Thurible Properties. He came again that midday, inquiring about my next book, the one would make my name for eternity or longer still. “Fame,” would declaim my burnished cenotaph, “is the rank flame beneath, and for ever more, phosphorescing to the skies of many worlds...” Something so silly as this. “For I’ve arrived at the verse unbeatable: a blank blank blank...” As others shot about with machine guns.

I said: “My next one won’t be ready till past a few phases of the moon and other asters, ok...?”

But my cheeks were burning. I went behind the wall, into the dark kneading mill, and flaring full tilt, I stood, half hidden between two enormous sacks of flour; then, as they spied, I exposed myself, very ashamed at my perceived shortcomings.

“Think nothing of it,” said the honey-voiced mister, while my mother nodded warm approval, “that’s what’s asked (and only that really) of a prick: that it be long standing, then nothing else matters, not even length and width, I’m told, or the outer hues and other intrinsic qualities, for it outlasts itself — and the glory is in the lasting, and nothing else.”

My mother sublimely underlined: “The revirginated old guys sure appreciate, and still more once they’ve gotten over the strangeness of its obdurate outlandish endurance... Here they come, as gods of yore, eager to taste the everlasting bliss between the nates. Jealousy strikes, and the wives, all dripping cunts, as Galatea’s, madly in love with the sea, fucking on the seashore dildo-shaped gigantic rocks, boning cocks, and horses called Bernard, hang their stretched, parched, used-up exuviae from the gilded rafters of our awnings, and run more than naked, flayed, flailing hither and thither their bleeding limbs, scorching bitchy little things.”

How do you respond...? Pursued by their kindly guffaws, I fled toward the tarry hump under which the malformed leaden devil lurked.

Another quaint transformation ensued; by some reciprocal penetration of the senses, as their remote giggles fizzled, his breathing increased into the greased funnels of my ears. Inside my brains, the sharpened echoes of his chaos impinged. As well as my tight scruples, I felt them managing to faintly disturb his abbreviated conscience... True, our corpuscles grew intermixed. I felt occiput and sinciput brusquely busy with intercommunions, bristling with new nipples of atrophied hooky antennae with which the spiritual yoke took place, for in between his elliptical horns he must’ve developed his own wimple-like halo of keen receptors. I also surmised that, across the thick tarry substance that separated us, actually the layers of lead sandwiched in between were proving to be quite connective, porous, as to what concerns osmotic prowess anyway.

I became in my mind a pied quadruped with the face of a badger enamored with himself among the nenuphars of a quiet pond. The ivory streaks on my long snout twitched so cutely, and from my ass wafted such a deliciously foul smell... I couldn’t help it: I was a living relic of powerful efficiency — and amazing successfulness

without doubt. Presently my revolting secretions ruffled the bogus placidity of the dreamy jungle. As the crepuscule's enchanted shimmer faded over the leaden surface where the witchy sabbaths and fun occult simulacra were tremulously imbedded, and instead the pizzle of the jackass thereby appeared, as a wraithlike and yet solid growth of obscene dimensions, I took pause, and with the eyes of a randy buck, I eyed and appraised.

I said, with a new paucity in my bleating voice: "Uncle...?"

"'Tis the law," he, lowing, lied. And laughed, pretending to show his badge but instead showing, as I say, his eager manhood.

Over the flour sacks, on a rusty rack for hanging rags with which to wipe the planks where the kneaded breads were left to be lifted by the yeasts, they tied me. "Dial a bard," he joked, teasingly rimming my asshole with his twelve o'clock gnomon. And my mother lectured the littlest ones. "Naked boys with quivering loins are most profitable. And if specialized so much the better. What a joy to own a few of each from every type. Suckers for choice lust will pay anything. And (quoting the ancient wise ones here) one must differentiate, among the blessed lot, as champions of the trade, firstly the frizzly *paratiltric ones* — those were the children entrusted with the cleansing, tongue-wise, of all the orifices of the body, the ears, anuses, nostrils, navels, wounds, urethras, and so on — plus the spit-raising, alluring *jatraliptic others* — pretty tykes who wiped the bather, especially where most boosted and engorged and duly risen, with swans down and disinfected monkey merkins — and adding here for good measure the regular brigades of rubbers, perfumers, epilators, and puny shitters on top of thirsty faces of badgers with teeth so sharp — all were sure a divine bonus to possess, as much as they are now, again in-between wars, thank goodness, for a mother of scant means and an army of snotty children to feed."

Anyhow, thus it went. Thanks to a single book found already in a partial state on the manure pile, handy for the wiping of the asses, and which I had stolen, I had learned also about the *jatraliptic ones*, otherwise translated as the physicians of the unguents and magic opodeldocs, so-called, the knowers of the oils for the hale and the sick, the apothecaries or pharmacists of today... By which degenerate mechanism you transform the noble appellation so that it also applies to poor exploited children...? Skulking away like a defeated skunk to my preferred hiding place behind the devil's mound, my mind was waking to the forbidden fruit of intelligence.

Next day I was carrying, concealed under my armpit, a long knife, fashioned out of one of the cutting ears of some broken trimming scissors discarded on the scrap

pile.

Where to hide, I wondered, once you've committed murder...? I decided the best place was the harbor. There, with the sanatorium for rich smooth idlers nearby, and the fashionable people's nautical clubs, plus the restored old Middle Ages subterranean factories for war boats, now equipped as an intimate shipyard museum, dainty as a small chapel, plus the zoo at a stone's throw, and the vivacious competitions taking place at all times, with new sailing ships and the proud exhibition of the new animals (borers, bison, cutey boobs) just conceived or discovered also taking their place in the races, mixing then with the milling crowds, wondering about the last-invented insects, eating discreetly from what everyone casts away, dressing with found pieces of clothing, going to the luxurious bathrooms tagging along as belonging to some fat family, and so on..., one could last, undetected as the devil, for a lifetime or more.

So the disrespectfully bold do violence, expressly when the night is thicker and the embrace tighter. Damn the bold, for they pollute the peace.

Beneath the friendly hummock beats, hollow, the devil's heart. And mine beats in unison. Fancying and plotting the murders. For my lovers are the ordure and the carrion that, once I've drunk and eaten, plumb insistently the abyss of my bowels no longer innocent.

I pound nights on the unswept linoleums, I retch over the cradles and berths of my brothers kept home in-between temporary sales, I linger vaguely on the mildewed caves where the lost are buried, long slugs of black vomit whorl from my mouth and write their assumed names on their tiny anonymous graves. Turds and vomit were the first letters conceived and will be also the last.

"From here on, it's all downhill," for this was only the first installment of my education as his ooze container, I'm told, with a warm buss on my temple, as I'm left lying on my gurney, and the flatfoot escapes, yanking from the clothes hanger the dark blue jacket of his uniform, putting back on his belt the shrill shackles he doesn't have any use any longer now for impairing me farther.

Sweet doddering spitball who mommy-whimpers as he fondles my belly and shoots his load. And prays to the lord, conceited apostate, in vociferous vituperation. And as I scream in scurrilous jest for "Next!" then he splurges frantically, for he imagines his bosses sneaking plungers into his cesspool.

He's so conflicted (very much the maggoty ex-cop now, his bigoted guilt making him scour after all the assumed messes,) he's of so many minds, being the scourge

of sinners outside, shattering with big fists the scantily boned harlots, assaulting the cadaverous inmates of the bawdy smokeries where he splits crania at his heart's content, and then skipping into the mill, behind the front shop with its four breads and my two anthologies exposed, happily flaunting his daily robberies which my mother stubbornly cashes (ask for credit and she takes the damned word as a unpardonable slur,) and bee-lining it, and keenly erect, to my tottering gurney behind the pile of charcoal for the oven.

No use balking at his advances, or flouting his attempts at police procedure, ridiculously hampered by his trousers at his ankles and his cock at attention, or act detached and counterfeited, like I'm lost in the smog of this interregnum epoch where the buzz of war is not only the field of the erudite but of every shitlessly terrorized fucker alive. I've got to play my devilish part as if I mean it. What else if you want to survive only to see how everything develops, irksome curiosity that I've also been cursed with. Love the waiting, though.

I called on my friend, the horrid leaden devil haunting the fundamentals of our house, Lickdomus. Lickdomus, help me as I'll help you. Lickdomus wanted to be free again, you bet, as who wouldn't. "Tell me," I whispered on the black yielding surface of his embryonic hump, "not the lies one loves to hear, but the naked unavoidable truth." And he straight-forwardly erupted, bursting with indignation. Bits of tar and lead stabbed my eyes. I saw lava run, burning red, and ran.

Lickdomus burned our house to the ground. For the truth is too awful even for himself. And now he is an angel in heaven, I hope.

A free agent, I sold myself amongst the harbor rich. Another dispensable little devil never making the grade.

Said the good book (of sex): "But you are giving the wrong impression when you fake to like it in brassy, squanderous excess — that devalues your services. Same as the contrary — stinting them, like a bigoted galumph. Sex is in the *sehnsucht*; at its mellowest is in the longing of the peeling of the exquisite, precious possibilities..."

That's why bye and bye I bought the more refined *negligées*. And I never reneged on the exalted teachings of Lickdomus, my muse.

Once, after the next war was all again already over, and the survival had been easier than suspected, the old dapper rapist, master Thurible Properties, came back into the prosperous prospects of my life. Down the pharaonic avenue, we met. Gear-eagles greeted themselves in the elegant sky, above the canopies of the rare, exotic, extraordinarily limbed trees, artistically contorted as the snakes of paradise.

“Hi, sylphid,” he said, with his wide cheeks having no trouble (room to spare for miles) holding the leisurely hammock of his smile.

And I knew instinctively that he meant well, that he had always meant well, that cruelty went together with the charming parcel, and so we paired again. His wife was a delicious woman, not so different from my mom at her prime. Their children knew that I was a devil, so they were extra-nice to me. And all went dinky-dory, until...

“There is a letter for you,” she said.

Alas, it was Lickdomus’s, in dire need of ransom. He had fallen in love, poor devil; he had been bewitched. All kind of rubbishy concoctions thrown his way, and he’d swelled swallowing them, his gullet raw with burnings, and now he was raving mad in love with a bat out of hell dressed in a tan cacky shroud — a vain bumptious soldier. That was the tenor of the ashen missive.

How was one supposed to behave...? Would I have to enlist also if I wanted a bigger slice of the cake...? But did I...? I did not. On the other hand, a dear friend needed rescuing. Would the dictatorial militiaman swap for a few of Thurible’s children thrown into the bargain...? I could kidnap thirty or forty and nobody the wiser, of course.

“Hey, where the shambolic shrine of Khrrr... you think you are going...?” the lookout screamed.

I flashed the overstretched badge of my toothless asshole. “Ah, pass,” he muttered — mum, when good and appropriate, being word enough to the wise.

Inside the subterranean headquarters it was really cold, or hot. That’s how your skin feels a moment before cramping into oblivion, I thought, and pictured all those millions upon millions of infants, their all-knowing flesh cringing by itself just a second before being thoroughly enucleated in its way to instant absolute annihilation — “How fun,” a gusty voice, Messalina’s, said over my shoulder, as she was crossing toward greener pastures, disguised as a flying cockroach. “Well, hello,” I said, with the ingratiating smile of a mandrill (goes perfectly with my baboonish ass,) but she had already buzzed away.

I love so much those whom fame hath made eternal! Can’t help but stare, and with it grow fonder and fonder at the idol. At any rate, shook myself and, with brazen steps, down the ramp I went. Canny disembodied eyes, and oaken shapely

disemboweled chymes, by ancient ptomaine poisonings fired into rage, mercilessly hovered, by turdy sausage-link extensions measuring my advances into the depths of the unworld.

“Hey, hey, hey, if it isn’t the great *enculé!*” Lickdomus greeted. As from one of the famed Kilkenny cats, only his tail remained unhurt; the rest of him had gone. So there it was: another sausage I had to deal with — only, a leaden one this time.

“Well, look,” I said, “as that fellow Orpheus with the flute and the fife and the pipe, and the lyre and the harp, I forget which (but I’m pretty sure it wasn’t a rommelpot which in my case would’ve been more appropriate,) that fellow, from hell anyhow, I’ve come thee to reclaim. So get ready, and like any obedient automaton worth his salt follow me without ever even looking back.”

“Have a raw quince from hell,” he answered, proffering the fruit, which floated in the brumes, “they aren’t sour at all.”

“How strange, a fruit ripened in hell.”

“And by the Helicon stream, baby, irrigated and cleansed.”

“How about that!” Plus plenty of small chat...

“That’s my uncle,” I said to master Thurible and wife, “he’s back from a foreign remote country. He’ll stay with me from now on if there’s no objection.”

“Fine,” he said, “we only need to sell away a few of the frailer, more wanting tykes to make room, and it’s a cinch.”

Lickdomus, the leaden sausage, or rather the approximately anthropomorphized leaden sewer pipe, made himself at home, under the customary tumular cairn at the center of my room, surrounded by the copper plaques with the names of so many dead saints as himself — alas, all those babies gone, sacrificed to the lechery and lust of the church and the state fathers and so on.

“How’s your popliteal nerve after all those sessions of dim heroism, man, aspersed daily, I’m told, by the black thuribles of the whole powerful masons’ club Properties belongs to...?”

“Plenty of kneeling I have to do to survive, you are only too right, but, thank the furies, though the number of times I’ve leapt at the afterwards spoils is pretty innumerable, still I never fell so badly as falling really sick.”

“Which is a fucking blessing all right, man,” Lickdomus timidly applauded, in the privacy of our tiny room.

I had saved and brought to port the few things he had left behind. Now he could feel homely, nicely in his element. His old writing machine was still leaning on the window, only that now was encrusted with dirt and overgrown with weeds.

He said, with raw emotion: “My cousin Frederick kept on watering the containers on the window sill while I wasn’t there...?”

While he wasn’t there indeed, poor devil. Rotting instead in hell. Though valiant, the chap, one must acknowledge, what...? Not homaging a single one of the fallen inmates — not really being mean — but kept to himself the whole time, aloof, unbrotherly, and thus feared. Only at the end needed help. Couldn’t totally wing it. Getting nostalgic for the dwindling family so remotely grounded. Reopening the wounds, so far from the kingdom, in hazardous voyage...

Now, returned home — swans, cinders, crows, grapes... Relearning. Haphazardly, the getting reacquainted with the everyday healing power of the things untainted by the almost all encompassing malice of this doomed planet.

Algebra was his forte again, and with his gigantic calculations (which my poems tried to translate into images,) he was another Polybotes, who fought against the murderous gods and remains buried in the foundations of this building where mathematical genius makes do.

Master Thurible Properties knocked and entered.

“I was tending (or let’s say attending to the business of) my uncle’s grave,” I said, a bit guiltily, for in my mind he was my uncle too. “Swimming in rags across the Acheron, lamenting a lost friend, eager to embrace him again.”

“Not fed up yet with men’s embraces, you goat!” He was slapping me so deliciously.

The wife entered also. Molly, the lunatic, with a posy of asphodels in a jar with diamonds incrusting, which she posed, precariously balanced, on the crown or the crater of the tumulus.

“The fuck you doing here,” Properties in ire jumped out of himself, “—you don’t want me to break your other leg so you don’t impinge unannounced, do you? How finicky and balanced indeed (and of awful symmetry) would then your appallingly

scarified hips look in your bikinied frail frame at the very exclusive pool of the masons.”

So sternwards labored Molly, getting the hell out again. For it is founded on a well-authenticated fact that though women have legs for escaping, as almost any other animal not so slothful and full of sopor would, they use them but seldom, very infrequently.

“The woman seemed afraid, not true...?” Joked the man, as he started pumping behind me. “And yet who knows how whorishly she behaves when one’s not all there, earning his bread in businesses without respite. One wonders also how many of the bastards she shits cunt-wise are really fathered by him. None, probably, accounting above all that he’s never really touched her, not in this touchy intersection of friable bones, but once or twice at the very (deluded, alas) beginning.”

“Sluggard,” he said, “where are the hippy calypsoid movements you’ve always pretended to have had the exclusivity or patent of...? A bit more of vivacity, ok, pronto...?” As from the asphodels wafted the slow poison of the remembrance of so many, so many, so many children dead.

Twined together were our fates, and while the twining lasted so did the blessing, but with the untwining came, as always, the emptiness, the quasi-regret for a misspent moment. The crater on the tumulus inside which my devil was buried bubbled ominously. I had to placate it, I guessed, with words poetic. Which I did, reciting something new most inspiredly.

I said: “Remember the glory days of youth, when we walked up and down the quays, mixing inconspicuously with those so heartlessly contented with the everyday, and how we even dared approach, at least from the hard-soiled above, with eyes well peeled, with our free spirits flying as near the foamy water, even going as far as leaning over the hardly permissible balustrades, and how we rejoiced in the races of the rich folks’ vessels flying the colors of their utterly exclusive clubs, and remember their beasts peacefully rummaging and wallowing and splattering in their private beaches...? Those gigantic buffaloes that were kept as pets, and whose salivous secretions were gathered on the sly by us, the unlearned, for their assiduous healing powers...?”

“Remember how even there the bestial, most decorated homos annoyed us, and how the babies of the rubber-necking rabble cried at the rhythm of the open-air opera songs — same trills, same staccatos — as they reached our infidel ears. And how the opera would sometimes never finish, would linger into the night, and we,

echo-chasing outsiders, were all enthralled, all as one in a bunch of waiters, just waiting, just waiting, as pooped clowns for the worthless intermezzo...? No women available for us, not even the ugliest, always co-opted by the same martial fathers of the fatherland, also so eager to navigate our assholes when shadow time came, and the castrati shrieked the highest. And every daughter had been hurt, as she had been pit marked, quincunxes and such on her nates and thighs and scarified little-buddy breasts, as if lucky die made of wood, and were serving the drinks and the drugs. Never beset with doubts, always pressing the right buttons, the assfuckers, weren't they...?"

After my exhortations he always felt much better, grew calmer. And lately the jokes at the expenses of the great Properties, now getting along, too long in the tooth, with less panache and operatic blimp poise than erstwhile, of course, almost always clinched the amusing matter. The portentous trepidation of tars and leads veering toward the sheer bubbling of good fun...

"—His towering erections now dancing the tarantella... Their wimpy whimpering collapse very close at hand — watch him, how discouraged he looks at times — the match-stick cathedrals of his many accomplishments turned to paltry kindling with the next rough footfall. It puts a crimp on the banns of the life of the spirit, opera or no opera; he worries in his dotage about which lying eulogy will besmirch his epitaph, and if the oils of the last unction will abrade his asshole, as if the hirsute fingers of the egregiously repulsive priest were bound to effect such an offensive, slipshod work as it was nonetheless retributively necessitated. For he somehow believes in something, shackled by the shackles of those other uniformed assfuckers of the spirit, the priests.

"—Without thinking, he lends himself to raking bouts of rage, bouts which foster further distressing of the soul, yes, he's adrift in ferocious tribulations, in gripping, griping situations, trapped by the barbed wires of his booby-trapped mind, barbed with misdirectional pricks and kicks suddenly risen from the nowhere of his unthinking; up his rectum is hoisted his own petard of unpreparedness; he's distraught, you bet, in the claws of distractions too speedy to reckon with. How to grasp at any loose thread in the elusive fabric of being, when as any other baronial city-dweller the summit of his pantheism was reached when he realized all assholes had malleable, though most labile, sphincters...? What an affront when they got used-up, as the gods of old also realized, and for their indubitable fecklessness self-condemned to obliteration; what an affront when he drummed himself up and rose to the catafalque where his most pleasurable and vicious strangulation had to take place, and the whole operation stalled and tanked, for the slipknot was too floppy, and he had to invent a new body. He had to waste his hours, misspend all his wits in the new devising, he had to eschew the mild feeble fellow and reconstruct a hardy

crueler one, with no foibles, a gorilla with a short leash, unshanghaible but by himself, a slave kept in a dark room where the bodies of all his failed predecessors lay buried on the same floor atop which he calmly slept, after reciting his intricate poesy, after chanting his deep-voiced oms...”

But by then tears of recognition and softness and appeasement were flowing down my always youthful cheeks. “You don’t know a body until you know its quirks — accept somebody’s quirks and, what do you know, you love him already, alas.”

And that was it. We loved our jailer, we loved our poor, poor, poor butcher now by upright scythed death himself imperatively assigned for forthcoming slaughter. How deliciously sad we were as we smeared with sweet tears our scented pillows. And how rewarded we felt in our quiet sleep, so safe inside the umbrous vault.

Unbind us and condemn us to the thorns of barrenness where the dry beasts prey. Oh lord, don’t ever die. You’ll continue living in our dreams, but as a shade that thirsts in the black salt among the dry misshapen failures cast by the dry sea. Left behind as wreaths of thorns for the rickety mummified unborn. As wreaths of thorns that wake up and walk over the dry disasters shitted away by the barren woman body of the dead dry sea...

Here was the morning again. Clear-eyed as few had been during those last years of mostly murkiness. Differentially avuncular whilom the humping queen now requested help, for it had snowed outside and his vehicle needed the lane delivered and unstuck... With my shovel in tow I strode to the stairbottom as emphatic as a healthy fifteen year old returned just from some mock war or bellicose exercise. Despite my age, I was climbing the stairs with such oomph and vim I was the envy of my valetudinary guide. Up to the last floor, much ahead of the guide to whom I felt as giving just a very tiny handsel, only that my pajamas had no pockets.

I had been suffocating in a sinkhole, and lo, my mojo no longer in hock, I strutted deep-breathingly, as would maybe any unhobbled just liberated prisoner of war. The oddly pronged gizmo on my hands felt also as a ciborium I was carrying up to the sources, from where the inspiration to live on crops up... I remember passing the kitchen. “His bread,” said a box, “*and hers*,” said another, less richly decorated on the unvarnished outside. I thought the wife must be sleeping by herself, she must have had some kind of crude animadversion against the asshole stole her husband every night. She’s still pink and sculptural, I remarked. She looked unavailable, like she wasn’t even there, as if uninterested, not one of those eager-sexed maniacal cunt-itching bitches my mother pawned pawns to. Pawns the size of huge dildoes, together with the breads.

I was pitching snow, but my mind went back to earlier days, before my abduction no doubt, when I was also an ancestral peasant boy, one, alas, of most awkward pulchritude, and thus his removal from the country, his transportation to the city, thereby to be prostituted, as it was only too reasonable, a necessity. Back to happier times, when under a narrow crinkling branch of the Marcian aqueduct, we gathered now the wheat, now the medlars, now the lumps of coal, and once, most irritatingly engraved in my mind, I found myself (single-handedly, I believe) gathering green beans by the shovelful; the thick faba beans still in their sheaths had spilled from some damaged and tumbled cart all over the street, but I had to gather also a yellow stinking mass of shit — the dog or whichever the animal who had produced it must have been huge as an elephant, but a dirty meateater on top of it — a human giant maybe, worst of all. I couldn't use the shovel, wouldn't want to pollute the beans... As I was removing the big soft hillock of shit with a large burry tussock with sward still attached underneath, a tussock I had wrestled with my tiny claws from the side of the way where it had stuck, several carping voices scoffed at my efforts. The heap of idiots afflicted with lathyrism couldn't be inhibitories. I went on with my task, as a bee would with its faveolate honey heap. The bunch of odious cripples, Antiphilus, Meleager, Strato, Nicias, all nice know-nothing snob nancies, were spitting their sing-song threnody about how Melissa's father would lam a bigger shit than the one I was dealing with out of my kicked-through bowels — plus all took turns warning my puny bee not to sting the girl to pregnancy. Argentarius became slightly funnier. His Melissa would give me her honey firstly on the cheap, as she wouldn't be a whore, but at the end greedily would sting me all the harder, demanding yet a greater fee, for those that pretend not to make you pay are those more eager to skin you alive. Lucian recounted another trick to con suitors, inflicting burning jealousy on the intended john. As Melissa had done. But then with what mirth I saw her coming to my rescue. And I forgot at once all the ramming Cassandras' inane jostles and carpings. She, one of the girls, my friend of friends, came raving, ravenous, ravishing, such an enchantress, virginal, in faint blues and whites, suddenly appeared out of the brambles, miraculously unscathed, virtuous priestess of my tomb to be, and she made sign to follow her, smiling in promises of lasting fireworks; as I swiftly did (and the cripples had been left behind,) I was seized from behind, behind some thorny bushes, knocked on the head and stuck in a sack. My adopter, the bakeress, spank me upon arrival. Melissa I supposed had been stabbed or rewarded with something maybe worse, a medal of sorts.

The snow, all in heaps near the running board of the lane, reflected the blankness of my reawakened memories of fifty years ago or more. The green of the tender beans stood projected as permanent phantasmal stains on the blank dream screen of the snow. The whole while I was musing, while getting my breath back. As the greenish phantom shadows of the imagined heaped beans stained the snow, so the very real verdigris tainting the bronze plates in faint remembrance of all my little brothers

killed... Tried to slur their names and numbers but, in my slow maturation alone, mostly, more than anything else, I had been forgetting... Now, as so many lonely days in umbrous dankness, waiting eagerly for the companionable night, driven past bearing, I broke into sobs like a doll. What would be the use, I said, to appeal to persons of firm judgment...? They are fake judges, with no influence whatsoever on matters of weight and destiny. What can they do against what's decreed by the gods...? They don their severe disguises, the harsh judge black robes, but next they only deal in trifles... They do nothing but *try*, and the word says it all, they just choose in stultiloquence between two frivolities, two contemptible options, the little pebbles from the seeds before the cooking of the lentils, or who of the two plutocrats gets to get a bigger share of the profits... Never saved from suffering and death any of my little brothers, whose verdigrised plates I promised, out of brotherly love, someday to wipe clean... Maybe, if I remembered...

Left the rickety implement leaning on a white banked side of the re-enfranchised lane, as I had been looking around for my master Thurible Properties to impound it back, to confiscate it as a perilous weapon, but couldn't find him anywhere in the blinding dazzling light. Actually, I didn't know which way to turn in order to regain my fondly longed-for prison cell...

I was hankering after a pleasant word from the wife maybe, with the placating offering of some hot chocolate, some tea of reanimating herbs, attenuating the pulsation, praising the successful outing — almost as if of a promising junket gone terribly wrong, and then heroically resolved had been the case — taking the cue from the epical heroes of yore, climbing the disastrous zone, disengaging the train buried in the sudden snow, the landscape painted over with pouring masses of coagulating concrete, but us determined, driven by the spirit, not to be gainsaid, with hand fiercely welded hand-shoveling the indecorous heaven-sent shit seeking to stifle all the passengers with the callous cruelty so familiar to divinities — we, the proud antifascists, annulling again the pain of disappointed animus, loving all families, even our in-laws, twinned by attraction, every human in trouble another I — and dreaming indifferently of the sweet appreciations that lay in store...

I was shuffling over the ice inch by inch, maybe escaping without even wanting to. The hours seemed to elapse. The frumpy froe of his wife wasn't there, this I understood, but him...? Molly the shrew had caught him with his boys, not only with me — his favorite, the one she hated the most, I always thought... But for the new ones the thing with the two baggy twats had scolded like a termagant, and protested too loudly that she had an asshole too... The neighbors had taken her side, and master Thurible Properties, well, he had behaved more and more the older he got, remaining most true and faithful to myself, who had heard all his fears and wiped with scented kerchiefs all his heart-softening bawlings...

Greek love, the staple of modern tragedy, is recognized all over the planets and the centuries as the only love that really ever mattered. Only that, before, the fuss was certainly less... That a man should lay down his wife for his friend to walk over seemed so unstrange as to universally be taken for a vulgar numbskull whoever dared question the sound morality of it all... Naiads and other imps would reveal to the bees, as they alighted on their springtide way, that as they tended their own hives so dear to themselves, so every master the faveolate assholes of his pupils set in pyramids and other fun geometrical shapes — bees in every man's bonnet, sweet maggots of every brain — ah, then (where a soft nostalgic spot still twinkles in our archetypical consciences,) when the learning was mostly laughs, of course!

But nowadays we mourn the pastoral. The lush dells and valleys where we don't dwell anymore have indeed lost a lot of yesterday's civilizing progresses... Don't we, the scholarly bent in particular, sorely mourn the passing of the whilom neighborly healthy lifestyle practices of nancy-boy swapping, for example...? Indeed we do, most painfully. Such a window of discovery to the worlds we find now missing!

All this encroaches, even, I fear, upon the category of domestic animals. Also for them to suffer the cruelties that us born famulists are already regularly entitled to by the uncalled-for loathing of the uppity matrons... Their honey (the matron's, alas, second rate as it is,) I trow, nonetheless, would be much more appreciated if — as when Achilles deposed some (honey) on Patroclus' pyre, the act probably jibing with the belief that bees, as they appeared descended from heaven, were immortal and thus a symbol of immortality — they (the cunt-bearers) would quietly depose it also on the famulists themselves when the master has taken his vehicle and gone to the office to garner the moneys...

I said *the office*, but who knows where are they vanished in such a sudden sort of sortie, whileas we remain happily stranded in a barren isle of our own. Why couldn't I be Patroclus, the dandy with the artichoke flower on his boutonniere, and they, the well-intended wives — and chiefly she, the eagle-eye one with the hungry blonde cunt — not come prey upon poor me, transformed also into the yellow-haired godly stallion...? Ah, life would've been such a doozy. Upon a lazy bed the livelong day, breaking idle winds and throwing pell-mell scurrilous jests, my ruinous butt now pomaded and embrocated, and gossiping about all the greedy whoresons and lowly curs appearing on screens and magazines and who-fucks-whos in the news, as the absent vandals are shown killing and slaving, always stupidly slaving for gain...

I, as the elder, would keep watch over her brood, so as to guide their inexperience, and what a happily family all in all... I was dreaming while shuffling on the icy surface... Hot within after the unaccustomed effort.

Going on a fruitless errand, apparently, for I was bumping again and again against the banked snow, every passing minute more blinded by the unusual fulgidity. The sleeves, the knotted threads from the raw-edges of the woven cloth, from my silken wet sleeves and skirts, was unraveling as the immaterial skein of my unhinged mind, my gnarled thought... Beggar-woman, when will thou ask; neat laundress, for when a rinsing of my soul; beautiful Molly, help me drag his body around our newly discovered tomb, where we are two statues linked forever in stony embrace, let's not leave him at length stretched in the snow..., for I had verily stumbled over our man's corpse, felled surely by a heart attack.

With her naïve penchant for coining under her breath ruthless truisms for those that displeased her, I was afraid she might start chortling very disagreeably (and the neighbors all ears, awoken by the sirens of cops and morticians,) when meeting his shade or remains, commenting things like "From applegate to the gates of hell," or "Doth he scale indeed the heavens now with his horned head from whose vitiated brow the shining lamp of pointless inflammation racks the wrong way the short hairs of Peter's arrears" or "For know that none of the aft oft sold and resold tykes I've spawned over the yonder beyond of all the yesteryears belonged really to thee, you worm," with the pallor of a maggot of the night getting bye and bye vindictively pink...

—Girl, no sarcasm on his carcass, please —I would caution her, caressing her hand already, contacting the beryl ring upon her finger.

Ah, Molly, mistress of the hapless Thurible, alas and alack. When after his funeral pyre, his ghost shall appear in private unto us, let's then grossly shame it with our uncouth refocillations.

But she neither was anywhere to be found. Now I was afraid for my life, the insidious hurtful rumors already at the windows mayhap, me reclining over the inert body of the master (yes, no heartbeat.) How suspicious, wow. Woe is the star-crossed pair. Most dreadful fixture for a garden ornament. So then... Let's perchance fuck off, sfoot it off indeed... If only we knew which way is the exit to the never again, ok...?

My sibylline foot found the curbstone — blessed be him, and the other too. I heard somebody walking toward us. How to broach the subject now. Had my wracked heart in the mouth. "Those funeral trousers are not too grand for the occasion, are they," the voice joked. I remembered then hitching them up — pajamas trousers tend to slip down most sibyllinely too. "This gun has a silencer," deadly serious, the voice said, its owner perhaps just thrusting one index finger into my rear ribs.

“I’ll obey,” I said, never intending to.

And now she laughed in a burst of bogus merriment. For it was she, Molly — them be praised! — Molly Properties... The maggoty maid loved so much to gnaw at the big hanging cheese that betimes haunted the night sky, as in bed we (the freshly defunct and I) leisurely, postcoitally laid and her hoofing and bewailing rather diverted us... Now her crystalline crowing made my skin crawl. Ah, for a hawk hawking around in the dazzling resounding sky!

“Will,” I asked, as composed as I could, “the whole neighborhood contribute wood to the pyre, do you think; will afterwards the charred logs be kept and strategically spread on the fields, for good luck, of course, on Walpurgis morn, the sacred first of May, when we all, ass workers, celebrate the impaling of our wretched saint, saint Durable... Saint Durable Thurible, who managed to reconcile the pains in his unapproachable rectum — after rats had been bombastically nibbling at it, searching for an exit to somewheres, as the chronicler chronicles — with the unstinting love for his tormentors, whom, browbeaten on top of it, distraught at being bested by the flimsy catamite, decided to impale him as a lesson to all his grateful (as well as courageous, we all hope) descendents...?”

—Shut up! We do at all only for the quick, we don’t care shit for the dead.

I knew she was tough, but that asseveration was heavenly music to my very sensitive ears. I knew that it spelt safety. For I was the alive one left standing, wasn’t I?

Back in our abode, the barking of the dogs deadened to a fading after-cough, then to inaudibility — as even them beasts must have tired of barking at the passing of the frozen sneaky fellow: death — we embraced for mutual consolation, and as our arms wrapped themselves around the other’s body, they were like twine that bounded together the stolen logs for his denied pyre and all at once made a raft with which to escape into the Southern Seas isle of our deliverance.

Sails spread on purple hurricanes, as the ambulances took the stiff away, we sfooted, great manitou, desperately... Our quietly boisterous, passionate demons enjoying the warm balmy-aired exotic tryst too. A lot.

To the venal, mercenary cops she told a torpid, unfelt long list of fake regrets. And that all her family were on their way — never forgetting the hardy harlot Ludmila, her sister, well known by all and each as a pliable double or triple or quadruple sheath that sheathed all of their diverse proboscises — coming en masse (the family)

to sympathize. Which was also a lie, of course. As they eloped with their little tip tintinnabulating in their pockets, Molly gave them the surreptitious finger with which whilom she had poked my ribs and later rimmed and rammed my highly sensitive backdoor sphincter, never one for too long to be neglected, naturally.

“I’m so happy Molly,” I said, or something to that effect, “back to my first infancy of tassels, toys, farm implements, and girls and laughter — almost forgotten now the nightmare of the manly war machinery they trapped me in — what a constant vomit it was, it is, it always will be...”

Told her about life behind the palisade, rotting my life away, a scarlet detritus drenched in mire. Another formolized abductee detoured toward the trying camp in the middle of such wilderness that no hieratic hermit afflicted with kyphosis like a dwarf from the woods would have dared entertain the thought of remaining for longer than it took to find the exit door... I saw him pensive in his shroud, musing about his well-titled chronology and its point of vantage, its panoptic rising above the snail’s snot’s marks of his passing and repassing through the floor cage of this earthly prison: living. A kind of neck elongation, monstrous and incommensurate, surveying his whole stay and somehow at last giving sense to it all — everything redeemed by his dignity in dying... And yet, how to keep any dignity afloat in such forefending morass...? No he, the saintly hermit, would sfoot it off faster than a fledged umpire when he saw that the sky was about to empty itself of all its arsenal of lightning bolts... *How embarrassing...!* — he jives in many rasping degrees of complaint. The wizened wisdom-soaked umpire wouldn’t even blush, would tranquilly find an excuse or other to get out of the fated field, he would take a couple of missteps, then his hands would quiver, his heart would be so volatile, and his head would muddle, and he would talk to the doctor and the doctor would send him immediately inside... Thus the stranded hermit, he’d also kneel down and pray to the anal Isis of his mind, and to her vestal, tiny Miss Ant, a turtledove, a virgin, and both would acquiesce: the place was such a shit to live in, pitiful, worse than any fabled voyage into the end of night — the humidity, the snakes, the insects, the feral shrieks, the coughs, the handcuffs, the stink of formalin, the cruelty of being taught outright how to languish with one’s asshole shrewdly exposed, the symbolic dances around the ossified ithyphallic urns where the taciturn cinders of the dead children were eschewed, the sheer hopeless gall of the whole enterprise...

She shushed me, so consolingly it was a delight to be sadden as I was by real and fake memories of past disasters.

Now came the best: pennies, dimes, rubles — the moneys kept pouring into our outstretched palms — insurance was paying, the bells of rejoicing were tolling...

“Since indentured,” I said, “had never the journeying been upon such lavished, lush meadows... No cobbles too pointy or slippery with vile sludge now, no ghouls swiveling, half bodied, half disembodied, at every shambolic corner of my way through the inarticulate night, where every glimmer meant maybe the knife of the foe and the fiend.”

With claws of putty she whittled at the ross of my nascent cock. There were, at its tip, clams weaving on the froth, so orotundly glittered the roused spermatozoa. “Blind eye of prick,” I said, “sees soft depths as the eyes of the head guide the tongue when kissing... Engines of telepathy, full tilt. And what a religious experience — sfooting as the canon of nature ordered — it is!”

We were inhabiting the tower now. Blessed stowaways cozy behind the cheerful smokescreens. High in the clouds, where the air was rarest and thinner and smelled sweeter. At dusk I noticed... The colorful banner high on the corner was illumined by a few rays of the dying Sun — there were horses there, horses ahead, horses wild, running, white, under the colorful painted banners above their heads... She was so grateful to me, I had sfooted her with all my heart, keeping nothing for myself, and I had changed the positions of all the furniture exactly to her wishes — it seemed it was decades she was dying to get them straightened that way. The enormous chests and armoires were nothing for me to move. Only that later the straining showed, the nerve a bit a-warped...

Yikes, the seams of my body (the seams where previously sewn, after they had to saw to size the overgrown bones, so that I would always stay a child,) with the mighty efforts, had started sweating blood... She saw me suffering, so fretful, so disgusting, bleeding from the seams, with the seams spoiling to split, but she first, still grateful, took hold of some geriatric grease and tried with it to smother the steady osmotic bloody dripping flow from the seams... The subtle substance turned into gristle as soon as in contact with the blood. The chemistry had done its doing by sealing the cracks, but now I knew I had to emigrate, I wouldn't last long — a monster — under the eyes of the kindest of judges from the tower. Soon I wouldn't be worthy of a second look... My presence alone would rile up the esthetic throbbings of the most listless and meek of on-lookers — I'd be as one of those paintings so loathsome one has to ban it from the tower itself, to bury it in the subterranean vaults, where the devil itself abides... Whiffs of another valiant Dorian Gray I smelt...

She was apathetic now (as who wouldn't seeing my untoward figure,) even toward the formerly perfect allure of my spiced tusk. She quit volunteering to openly mind for it at all, wouldn't any longer lend herself to the sacred solicitous act of feeling and squeezing it up, like she used to use to, too used for the task — she, it — an

erstwhile brisk bailiff in a reconnoitering spree going stale — he, it — same same, seen it, the repetition, the fatigue, the one too much, and the effort plus the anxiety that equal the stroke...

No, she had also given up. Now she had become very much as the upset apostle to whose idolized messiah he now felt it would be more advantageous to humanity if it would play the turn of betraying him to the guards, if only for reasons of public health, seeing that his body (the dildoesque idol's) was so infectious...

Coyly I'd retreat before her presence... Still, the servants would tussle among themselves, oftener than not with me the reason of their quarrels, with some of them (the most) clearly opting for betrayal, and the others (the fewer) for fealty to the lady patroness... As the latter were soon convinced by the former that what better way to protect the patroness than by helping her get rid of such a fount of pestiferous obloquy to the household, as soon did I realize that it was time for me to disappear...

"The ten nights in your company," I wrote in my parting shot upon her private fridge, "were as if spent in birdless hell, where all the beautiful women of glorious antiquity to your bird only sedulously attend... I'll dream of them for the rest of my ephemeral eternity... Thanks and anal Isis bless."

As for us, the devil and my shade, from sweet Avernus kicked out, what else, we sought refuge amongst the silly derelict. We dove into their odors and all their arabian puffery. In their choosy poverty, they went about practically naked, the lot of them, and the lot (who would have guessed?) were given to lust.

Disinterred maggot again wriggling and writhing in the Sun, I was praying for a hungry precise beak aloft pounding from on high, commiserative of my plight.

"But the joke is overlong, it tries my patience," he said, and I agreed. The noose was already around my neck. I thought about Molly, with plenty of suitors taking their jolly turn at her bed... She never must have looked so excellent, such pure form, now liberated from my downing damning presence. All was ok now. I said: "I'm ready."

Men, nasty masters all. They use you as a soon out of fashion garment, they snuggle into it before jilting it for the coming fairer weather... Your ass is their pomegranate, their palms a-brim with your twin grains that they savor as sour giants grapes when thirstier, only to kick you in the balls when sated. Their hot infernal ripples nibble at my nipples before, drunk, they quit all amiability, and now it is time for the eclipse or the hellish curse, if they wake with a club, or a knife, or a gun on their hands, and you are still there like a dirty smelly rag...

“Wheels of goodbye are rolling along,” you say, once and again, as only your whiff is left, and they retching already at it... And insulting your filthy memory: the gall! You are being bought for cheaper and cheaper nothings... Until not even for free your services avail.

Avast and avale, back to the fields where the plague repasses; even the poorest farmers, lying weary among their ergotized wheats, find you despicable... So, pull at the noose upon my goose’s neck, that the discarded wreaths that enveloped the wounds of the plague-pegged, now enragedly deceased, be cast upon my ashes, fair devil — and thanks most heartily to you too... Thanks, and avaunt, my pet.

10.7.07

3 departures

Three clownish departures

Funky guy Fred

He tries so hard, he carries on trying... The agitator, wielding his monkey wrench. Cernuous, headstrong, corpulent, burning like lit punk, choking with rage. To harm, by word or deed, as many people as he possibly is capable of laying his drawn talons on. The vixen and the jackal, his mother and dad, unworthy, cursing the failed cornucopia from where the firebrand sprang, shocked, went up in a plume: they had gassed themselves in their kitchen which forthwith exploded anyway.

The earthenware pipkins therein, you got quaint fragments of them up the roof of the church’s pinnacle, and some humbler bits of their skulls stood on raining over the village, scantily enough (now a sliver, now

another,) for months on end. Or that was the pious belief, at any rate.

Blurry science, oratorical fiffing, plus philosophical and moral expositions and discourses — sermons mostly — expounded for years, after expanding on the plight of the perjured parents, the rude-rife theories about the generation of a monster such as this. Engendered, it was said, by retrocopulants, one of which with a prehensile phallus, and so on, products of nystagmatic frenzy, dreams of rutting stoats and retting stinkers and rotting cunts. Where the contorted arms of a swastika turned into two persons of the same sex going at it like damned acrobatic stick devils.

He looked almost always sullen and quite severe, even a little bit frightening, though at home he often loosened up indeed. He'd mix suet and creosote, and stripping down to nothing, on the buff, he'd skinny-dip and flip and slide on the unbreathable fatty rills on the floor. He, inherited from his mom, who had still a denser tuft, sported (always vilely smeared) at the end of his spine (guarding his beguiling asshole, plugged by the prehensile doodad of his genitor, it was rumored afterwards,) a tuft of thick hairs where his tail had been meant to be. He had such a tantalizing address sliding on the fetid agar-agar on the floor of the living room, as to seem a golliwog basking on the brake.

Parsimoniously, for the scents were dear, the poor engenderers spread, through a spraying receptacle of which they had one each at hand, attar and other flowery oils — for, as it was notorious all over the neighborhood, the infant (and then the youngling and later still the youth) stank, in perfect mimicry of the skunk who basks in his own shit or the hoopoe who on a manure pyramid ass-wise nudges her fledglings to the least chafing areas of dung.

He's eaten plenty of pungent rubbish for the oblique length of his

existence. A succession of infectious highly pyretic outbreaks was his lot as he grew up — he should have been a runt, but he thrived on filth and became a giant. Terrible corruptions of his innards ensued after his basking on the shits. His teeth and bowels rotted away. Now he is aware of the reaction (the flanges of the vents on everybody's noses cannot help but flail in disconcerting agony) on the part of his supporters every time he unwittingly vents the worse of his guffaws, and therefore avoids to show, for as long as he is able, any kind of merriment or public enjoyment.

Funky guy Fred and his conceivers for a while had a pact, how d'you call it, an understanding. He had to bring some kind of funds for his keep — that's to say, if he wanted to crash and grub in their nest, he had to make some kind of coin clink into the kitty, ok? So he haunted the subterranean metro stations. He'd hide behind the piles of slag with which the engines were fed, and he would suddenly appear, very aggressive, maybe with a female companion or two, also malodorous, also ugly, also criminally bent, and they would raze the platform, they would stick their hands into the pockets of the bewildered patrons. Shameless, obnoxious, repugnant beggars, they would claw at the insides of every pocket while the people so attacked couldn't react in time, too befuddled by the stinks and the aspects and the ferocity of the raiding party. Plus each of the assaulters carried old umbrellas, with very pointy, honed, rusted tips, very akin to spears to spear people through with. And with those coins he lived for years comfily at home, in fact until he was thirty plus or so.

Then, as that bogus fellow Christ, he went it alone. Alone with his disciples, of course.

First, most of his pleasures he had to savor in private — alone, poor little old liar — for his parents would literally smell any single one of his putrid pals, and forthwith kick her (or rather him, another of those bloody pogrom-prone catamites most likely,) out with awful remonstrances. Then, one day, as his dad stumbled, by some inadvertency, upon one of those rare girls, who was, at the moment,

oddly bathing, and as the dad saw the grime of the erst haggard nymph now thawing out and he grew consequently fonder of the spectral apparition by the second, and as his prehensile phallus was up to tricks and the girl faked to be up to playing with the repulsive snaky staff of the oldish fellow, he (Fred) played instead the appalled, enraged, upright citizen up for the defense of a maiden in distress at a solitary crossroads where on the sly an ogre was preying on a rape-suitable patsy, and voilà, he gave his dad such a correction that the unfortunate cripple never could engage his prehensile handle again around any of the sticks that held the panels of coruscating signs offering directions to all vaginal travelers.

Since then the vixen, Fred's mother, never felt again the jackal's snake rummage up her siphon in search of awkward or secluded spots, for unknown coves and unreachable beaches. Her womb, now become an antechamber of frozen cadavers, withered. Naked to their worst incompetences — their skins ragged ravaged canvasses through which peeped crossbones — Fred's parents despaired. "*Our bones walk us,*" they moaned, shufflingly stalking one another, down the encumbered boulevards their house was now plagued with — for the disciples had come in droves and all their plunder was discharged pell-mell – Babylonian piles – at the first empty or semi-empty location they happened to stagger upon. They were there (destructive anarchists) to acquire new curlicuing decorations from the dangerous acid of spit plus other goos inaugurated from the mouth (and spouts) of the gifted haranguer.

In the fateful kitchen, ah, the winter steamy gas of pyrotechnics! Bomb building a must. All was there for them alone. "*Buildings apocalyptically fuck the fields,*" they were told. And they didn't want the erstwhile pristine fields any longer fucked. Those buildings had to jump. And jump spasmodically indeed.

The doomed conceivers in the meanwhile found themselves marooned among mountainous scraggs of revealing, reverberating moraines. The advancing glacier of the squatters' appurtenances would soon have

swallowed them whole. *“To our great detriment, every crag of our countenances had become a screaming denunciation,”* they would’ve written had they found with what (other than a infirm turd and a mirror).

Fred sent his disciples (females or female-impersonators all as it happened) on sticky missions. She (the terrorist girl) is careful in arranging herself to the quiet surroundings so that nobody can catch her red-handed in the beautifully spectacular mischief. She does this either by going there under the cloak of darkness or by providing herself with some ironclad excuse as to why she could be found precisely that second at precisely that spot so mournfully walking by herself, brimming moreover with all kinds of unwarrantedly guilty self-exonerations. Then, this instant when she is absolutely sure no animal alive is able to watch or even surprise her while she is mired in the thick of the felony — in other words, when she is confident nobody will witness how she is committing her marvelously cowardly action — then is when she rapidly juggles the writing on the walls.

This she wrote:

“My peruked ambition

Guarding.

But what. Guarding something big, walled. On the thickest side.

Guarding a castle, a palace, a museum. Old stuff, not too alluring.

A far unimportant wall with nary an opening.

I'm taking long pisses, I'm always retiring, past the corner,

To the dark. I'm reading long novels on the sly. I'm

Strolling leisurely, watching the birds, the leaves,

The snowflakes, the petals, the butterflies...

I'm dozing with a shoulder leaning on the unflinching wall

The remaining of my allotted... Passing the time in peaceful

Useless anonymity."

A subversive poem the merchants can't stomach. Who could, such a horrendously unpalatable... Such a counterindicative pill of maleficent unpoisoning. And what a frontal attack to their values of non-reticence as pertains to spending for the sake of such. The tenets of what they hold most sacred mocked. It disparages acquisitiveness and ceaseless consumption of worthless, maliciously created necessities that choke the gristles and deaden the living tissues of the mortified bodies that would free themselves from the strangling vice of acquiring for no other purpose save the fact that they were cunningly instructed to, bunch of dickshit zombies. "*Worst crime committable,*" they wring their long-nailed hands, and pull their hairs in agony, "*is an anti-advert of consequences most devastating; imagine in terror the pains of withdrawal a naïve youth would incur if heaven forbid should follow the diabolical injunctions and quit shopping for garbage. Schooled (since his first breath somewhat drawn) in the addictive, drug-fiendish frenzy for purchasing.*"

The clandestine versifier will be tortured, and forthwith shall die a most a propos death. Impaled atop de lit beating pictograms. For all her misleading indications, and garbling of clues, for all her unhealthy

infection of minds up till now so contented, she...

“Burn, barn, burn!” — they puerilely chant, the businessmen killers, anapestic, getting rid of the antimercantile pest, *“burn, barn, buuuurrrnnn!”* And that’s what they do, they burn the old barn (and later they’ll impute the feat to the terrorists,) with the slowly impaled poetesses inside, and all those by her so much loved animals, only the too exhausted, for a fact, though, of course, the too exploited, the burned out — can’t extract a single stunted egg more from them, so now they are tortured once again yet, sacrificed in the worshipping temple of greed — only god the hucksters acknowledge, though hypocritically they (with their prehensile dinguses of a tongue each, each couple coupling in the swastika position indeed) pay homage to the cruel self-righteous gods of lying priests, their accomplices in the selling of nothing — nothing, and yet so dearly paid by us — we clowns thus claim — with our warped from infancy, messed forever lives.

If you find a vandalized panel full of coarse pleasantries, you will only ignore it and follow your way, but if an arrow in a panel has been deceptively turned around on its wrong end, or a warning has been removed, or a single letter has been put upside down, and a word that faced left now faces right, so that *“no way,”* has been distorted into *“on you may,”* or better: *“one may...”* and you follow it to your death down some abyss, you’ve been had again by one of those brilliant ubiquitous ads.

How were the executioners to strike the hearts’ jaded chords with proper wit and humor, supposing any (stab at humor) was left untapped in a world without secrets, brimming instead only with awful verities everyone was manifestly eager to flee from...? Hum, here was the sparkling rub, indeed. What to sell furthermore with the images of the barns burning. The sheer swelling, the continuous flammulation of the blaze inspiring maybe the last tumescences left between some moribund’s flaking thighs... Again the acceptable parliamentary harmony that convinces the mob the most far-fetched imbecilities are what is imprescribably desired... Where to find, both serendipitous and

dogheaded, the oomph needed to operatively elevate the highly transmogrifying verb of the flames, yeah? That spume of elegies which very iridescence spelled such passionate self-assurance, oh, talisman of credibility that one day had enhanced, soul by soul, the whole ascending chamber of listeners...? How... How to repeat the irrepressibly irreplaceable...?

This they were plotting, while Fred there he kept, ensconced, by himself, in a narrow land of hopelessness that was fast becoming storm-eroded. A flick of metasome flew away, as flint percussed. His bed of reduced linen and muslin smelled of recent cinders now. "*The boss is also burning,*" he heard the concerned voices at his withering ear. He felt himself being felt up, as if he were just a beginner, a young professional, craving for preferment.

His liquefying pool was peopled by creatures still propelled by pointless conspiracies, by paltry collusions of pedantic prides, a dreadful cocktail of sundry enemy twins wallowing in boiling water. "*The small boss went up to her rip and roamed along the caves, wherein he neatened nothing, just browsed, as lamas and moa love to do; hand it to her, she never gave out a chirp, but now, that almost thirty years have gone by, and the small boss is retiring, will she be so craven as to recriminate upon him for what he did...?*" The parties of politesse colossal, of conceit limitless, the flowing nankeen robes so auspicious for the perfidious feel, the confident contemporaneous set listening to the demeaning hymns, rumbaing to them with miens ecstatic.

And Fred, his burned lungs splintering, his splintering ulna up his rectum, an enema of sorts, the splinters of bone razing the lining – huge groans heard – wanly latched on to them with ears withered, while the partying set is jamming underneath, senile devils, their elderly parents with them, the pointy elbows whacking around for room, the aromas something else, perfumes of agony – in order to own some of our most spoiling gizmos the set must monkey the clients, do as the clients do, singed lungs and all, insane shrieks and all, trade names that are sky cries of rallying of the faithful, less..., adjust the gears, the gauges, less, I

want to hear less... I want out of the jolly reunion. And yet why am still I
howling for morphine...?

Second departure

Whisper it truculently as if the gleam of a pearl has been usurped

That the apocalyptic prospect of a protruding tumescence

That randomly splinters into corneas, retinas, and spasms of
sneering

Tangential philanthropy, while you are ceremonially brained

Is the intimate consistence of complete silence

That notwithstanding all our tacit ovarian longing

The previously seen eagle was but a slice of tomato flying askew

That the subsumption of the symptomatic is akin to

The insidious cud never even met, and yet sworn as

Graphics to the blind clue.

Doomed to prurient pretense, to pretend indeed at competitive
bids

Thrown at greedy, misrewarded counterparts of a somewhat
opposite

Sex, let's say, for the idea's sake, a dreadless half-dozen

Of vapid nymphomaniacs whose survival depends on a few

High-strung platitudes, everyone of them another banal ally
Eager to give a shit, rolling her sleeves up, each with vast cinctures
Of resourceful bliss; nothing debunks such a mood
If they are up to the job, and you fondle and ride them
At appointed trysts.

All this preempts easier encomia
Only the brittle loci of envy and jealousy now to climb out of.

Insofar as this calculated comportment evokes also the evolving
Redemptive moltings of the reptile, all disapprovals dissolve
Into what's "natural," "normal," "current," "vital," "organic,"
In a word "female."

You've saved yourself an awful series of sessions where
You were reviled to irrecoverable lengths, plus were exposed
To quite an array of pernicious beliefs enacted by toughs that now
Really got sinister, as those patrols of the skies that rain death
On you all, another population terrorized by the fucking virtuous
Before you've reached the cumulative grueling ontological
temptations

Of sweet senescence.

Sweet senescence, indeed, and its unsexy temptations

The engines of metastasis.

All the sardonic haggling, with “*honeysuckle that,*” and
“*don’t be*

Such a tease, and do your sheer gorgeous routine this,” and “*be
petty and rough*

When trampling on my archaic turgidity, please,” abandoned as
the

Tormented moths of love.

The rusting nails of unscrambled rapport

The moldering craven levity of two hearts of molten cheap tin

Drowning in the wells of frustration.

You do relinquish all congruence and approve instead

Of almost anything, any old crap that now enthralls you

The weave of a nastily pubescent felt hat

A prestigious non-verbal dexterity to turn clichés

Into impish idling wit, the proof being in the constructing

Of now mental aridities: “*Look at the weave*

Look at the weave, the waft and web, the woof,

The grain, the nap...”

Turned yourself into a regular fetishist indeed

“Of that nastily pubescent felt hat...”

A clownish fetishist who struts hilariously insipid

Down the aisles of

The aisles of

The aisles of bone hidden in the cancer epigrams.

What’s that? A tinge of hideous hisses at the end

As you grieve and simultaneously

And simultaneously

And simultaneously vigorously root

For the mean tricky virtues to finally

To finally

To finally screw up the totality, screw it up

And here comes the whole crew

Shout once

Shout once again

Again

They haven’t heard

Obey all, you all

Mincing choir of wincing grubs

Obey

Obey all.

Third departure

Stochastic, fragmented steps towards the exit. To the moldy stacks of books where disappearance is sweet. Ah, being leafed by the odd virgins' clean thin fingers. My life slowly burning in the thrilling Lenin kilns. Relics of exotic languages skipping over the gray waters of my cooling back. Every book a livid beige of dried pulp. Moths in abundance, or flakes.

Ah, the bliss of going under – then, underneath, ha! – flummoxed by the humorous gait adopted by the clusters of offal – somehow militarized into battalions – leaves pulverized underfoot – the proceeds from the circus in my deadened carcass – raucous laughter – the payment in excess of what one certainly expected – far from the sobbing conflagrations vomited by fools – all that gruel oozing now from the rickety counterpane, by clonic spasms grieved – my sore talons sorting among the crumbles – drawing arguing petroglyphs on the rubble – with sharpened nails...

This time I'll go deep and I'll fetch the cold slimy heart that aches at the end of my lost traffic under the wet heavy counterpane – this time the cinders shall take shape, and the slug of my soul shall emerge clenched

by my crippled claw. An invading criminal flock of grasping clutching cranny-pecking birds – that’s the last item I shall feel merging with the burning moths of my closing blindness.

Despondent structure of the nightmare – forlornly spinning as I rode astride the spluttering worm whose heels trip on the wavy ropes of yawning limbos – and falls, splattered, and falls, scruffy, bedridden, bathed in snowflakes of curdling incense turned fetid – the macabre quilt tinged with shriveled fickle phlegms that figure ominous armies subsumed in the dusk behind the cliffs, where the embers linger, ravens and banshees lurking at the threshold of the ravines – the bamboos fluttering fringes, mangy tassels, inky grisly silks worn by ugly revengeful strumpets whose dreamvoices upbraid the abject botanist, a thief sleek as a sloe who roams the ditch and steals the choicest books, the tenderest flowers, the herbs miraculous, the hypnotic weeds that once taken, you sank into oneiric crack-climaxes that brought rapt metamorphoses – the gruesome aesthetics of the dream patching like glistening flak the cuirass of your peeling skin.

Long-leafed laurels overhead – while scanning their headlines – “*postcoital colliders, particle chitchats*” – the blundering rings on my skeletal fingers start to reciprocate – with which irksome acuity their energy fields impeccably battle – the capsized funnels of my late sanity inaugurate the bromidic eidola which my catatonic self blithely sows – worse: vomits – sons of bitches, I am a regiment of nystagmatic clowns – damn “funny” weaklings who peddle their Levantine crap gambreled as tattered empty puppets from a clothes hanger, insisting their debts to society are both “slight and speedy” and that their is “no compensation available in the dismaying void of our disrepute.”

With the fast ebbing stamina of a cripple whose effort at mending the unrepairable helm ends in a sprained core of disease, it is my ultimate folly to rebuff the crutches and...

Crash.

10.6.07

Agape with the boss

Conversations with the machinist

Well, of course, though he had not a penny in his pocket, he went inside the house. “The lot must go. All as marked. Furniture and wieldy items priced individually.” It was already the last hour, so the throng had thinned. Any thing at all worth anything must have been snatched long ago. “Downstairs, everything in the drawers goes for a dollar.” “Middle level, everything in the drawers goes for a dime.” “Upstairs, everything in the drawers, a penny.” He climbed to the last floor. The drawers were practically empty; still he rummaged where everyone had rummaged before. He was tempted by a keyholder in a corner of a bottom drawer. Not to buy it, mind you; just to stealthily slip it into a pocket. But what for...? He had no key to attach to any keyholder – it would have been just more dead weight. He took off as light as he’d come in. Three Polish ladies, though, had come out rather loaded with stuff. One of them smiled to him. “Are you also going to the bus stop?” She asked of him, with a heavy accent. He lied: “I certainly do.” “You wouldn’t mind helping me with this two little parcels, would you? A strong young fellow like you.” He, of course, agreed; acquiesced, so willingly, adding a few little reverences with his head. The lady gave him two big packages. A chocolate cake, a box with just-worn-once shoes inside. Traudlclitza her name was, the blond plump white fortyish lady. Over the bridge Traudlclitza noticed her two friends, that had kept on walking as she was negotiating with him the carrying of the big parcels, noticed them down by the river, with their skirts up, cooling their legs and thighs, their parcels on the shore, at hand. “Oh, let’s!” said his lady. And he had to carry all of the parcels, lest she should slip and fall, as they were

carefully trundling down the bank. "He'll watch all the packages," Traudlclitza arranged. And so the three ladies could go inside the middle of the river, where the water was deeper, without fear of having their goods stolen by any slithery thief. None of the three wore any panties. Their skirts they held with one hand above the navel. Her three cunts talked marvels about the miracles of nature, and their white plump asses shone like three beautiful moons. His cock was shooting for the moon. They were going to miss the bus, though, crazy broads. They put back their shoes, they were, they said, thoroughly refreshed. Now they walked fast, he loaded more than ever. Traudlclitza carried not an item. The other two, somewhat miffed that he couldn't carry any of their parcels, kept apart, all of a sudden lagging behind. He wouldn't hear the spikes of their shoes resounding behind him any more, he stopped, and gyrated – yes, they had gone, through a sidestreet no doubt. Traudlclitza said: "Never mind the bitches. We'll go to the station, to catch the train, too late for the bus." At the station, she pays for her ticket. He accompanies her to the car. She installs all her parcels on the rack above her seat; the chocolate cake, starting to melt, he wraps an antimacassar he swipes from another seat around it, tells her to discard the wrappings under the seat once she arrives at the station and her husband picks her up. Now he kisses her cheek. "See you, Trau" he says, "I'll try to reach your point of destination, I'll see you there again if I manage." He has no money to buy a ticket himself, but the woman likes to flirt, perhaps he'll get lucky, once he knows where she lives, say tomorrow, when the husband leaves for work, and he knocks at her door... He climbs to the tender, he lies down among the chips – it's a wood-burning locomotive still. He tries to doze off but two thieves climb to the tender also, pursued by the police. One of the thieves tries to become him, while he must become the thief. And the police shooting helter-skelter already. He refused to become a victim, paying for someone else's crimes. He slips off the tender through the other side, and runs. He runs fast, he carries nothing in his pockets, no ballast, no dead weight. He walks along the rails. If he walks fast enough maybe he can arrive with the train or a little bit before? A rampart grows suddenly on the sides of the track. It's a parapet or a wall that starts small but becomes so high he is afraid. For he's started walking on top of the parapet but now he's afraid of falling into the chasm where the tracks run. He decides to climb down and walk along the side of the tracks, inside the wall, that now is more than six feet high. Either they had repaired the parapet recently or they had even built it anew: the cement at the foot of the parapet is still wet. It's becomes more and more difficult to advance. The feet sink into the mass. He wants to go back

then, but now the train is coming. He's trapped, he's bound to get crushed by the side of the sweeping train. He watches the wall for traces of gratings and scrapings from the excess metals at the sides of the cars of the train. His feet are sinking. He's a statue that could nonetheless lay that side or that, where the scrapings on the wall are less obvious. He knows he's dead. The locomotive's showing its ferocious lights. He waves, he flounders, his arms white semaphores. The machinist guiding the fuming locomotive seems to have seen him. The machine noticeably slows. It stops at hardly the distance of a span from his naked chicken of a body. "What's the idea, bum?" asks the steam engine driver.

Well, you see, and he starts rhapsodizing about a hidden treasure and he on a quest... Counting his steps, losing count, losing notion of place and time, too enthused with the mystical, stony, philosophical hounding... Socrates, the engine master, says: "Spare us the shit, get your ass out of here fast; I'm on a schedule don't you know."

He's feet are stuck, he's sunk up to his knees almost, already. "Give us a hand," he pleads. "What's in it for us?" the driver wants to know. "Haven't got a sou," he answers.

"Well, I'm fond of eyelets."

"Eyelets? You don't mean the malodorous ones thereabouts where the bodily sewage taints the underpants...?"

"Flawless reasoning thine, mate," said Socrates.

He was rescued minus the shoes. His feet stuck now on the platform, he

was irrumated while the train uncoiled. The starveling scalawag was given afterwards a slice of rough spelt bread, while the appeased machinists ate the Polish lady's chocolate cake. Their tongues forgot thus the bum's bum's taste.

He had sucked instead some water (otherwise destined to become noble steam) from the spout near the gauges, while they, Socrates and his discolored pal, had strong wine from tanned pouches that they squeezed like teats of Polish plump ladies.

Something he said, too gravely probably, about the strange complexion of Socrates' pal, made him the laughing stock for the nonce. Then he mistakenly enquired, too jocosely probably, about the ambiguity of their vice. He got rebuked and execrated, then almost asphyxiated, and was told about: "What about his own vice for being poor...?", before he was finally kicked out, as the train slowed going up and there wasn't any parapet now, just meadows in the dark. The fire had departed straightway. He was alone, though his eyelet was well cleaned at least, rimmed, double-rimmed clean, cleaner probably than the Polish lady's, even if she'd had that erotic bath with her two friends in the old river. Mocking cries of night beasts couldn't then discourage him from masturbating. He wouldn't want to remember the coarse tongues of the machinists, no, not those infamous tongues that... But he came remembering the tongues. Next morning his desiccated milk was smelling bad; he quickly found some aromatic herbs to erase the marks, he said: "Lest a pack of lubricious hounds hasten towards me... I wouldn't want to be eaten raw and seasoned only with the aromatic herbs that wiped my desiccated milk that the tongues of the drivers elicited all because I followed the dream of the Polish grace whose clandestine chocolate cake didn't manage to pass muster – much like my sorry trip."

Barefoot, he then walked. Morning had broken. He spied roundabout, peering at the several horizons, in search surely of habitation. He had to make up his mind, again.

23.2.07

brittle orphan

further manifestations of what's gone: unstoppable after a while

'tis true enough, the brittle orphan came snooping
through the door, trailing the daft dog, sorry mutt
often enough returning with garbage and roadkill
hanging from the remaining of his stinking teeth.

the orphan, it'd been crawling through the thistles
and its fair tender skin bled in sundry undreamt-of areas.

the sky was blatantly rumbling from thunder
the haze, that had been lurking for hours, now lurched
daringly forward; the blossoms all faded, the blades uncombed
the air erst sheer and diaphanous become sleazy and yucky.

the orphan opened its mouth, a depth of distress
but the puritanical bitch still begrudged it

the bloody dumpling, wouldn't release the fucking morsel
for a prayer, wouldn't accommodate the bastard
for nothing in this world, crazy idolatrous slob.

i got up, disgusted; i lit a spliff and puffed away
the smoke making me frown upon the vision.

i'm not a builder but i bet any structure that sustains
such steely pounding from the wind must be
okay, nothing to find fault with, at least as i said structurally
-wise, a roof that withholds such onslaught without
needing afterwards not even a spare tile, shit, i want me one.

the prairie had become rougher, missiles wheezed past by
whirlwinds of a deepening strength now dwelt on
certain locales, as where the graves had stood frozen
for centuries – how often indeed i'd been over there
in a stupor, lost in necrophiliac reveries, or leering
up the skirts of the stone angels that guarded the dead.

now i heard the shackles around the ankles of the phantoms

awake – the hurricane surely had weaken the hold
of the stones covering the tombs, or even had broken
‘em it two or three o many pieces, smithereens, so-called.

uninhibited the limbs must have been peeping up
and what else had the wind dredged up?
a crowd of chummy cadavers, ugly mummies forsooth...
my memories harkened back to those blessed nights
of my necrophiliac reveries: allies, i said, with the fake
voice of a staid citizen, a general, a preacher, a barber maybe.

allies, stream on down and save the manikin
who now is starving under the roof of the puritanical bitch.

i fumbled inside my pocket, searching for the tresses
i had stolen from my first corpse – a young lady of about
twelve – i devised on the spot the devilish trick
of planting the blond tresses on the lousy illicit little hungry ape.

i thought surely the puritanical bitch now shall mistake

the tiny bastard for a neighboring peasant little girl
and feed her with the dumplings and the fat of our late
claustrophobic pig – he who languished in existentialist
angst for most of his... but hey!

i saw upon the chaotic prairie the blurred spread
of bodies alive – those bottom-feeders called worms
and other clever names that now escape me
clove to the bodies, so that the bodies looked aesthetically
speaking a failure. i strangled with the mucus of my own
brain melting from shock; the mellower of my teeth
became hard; i declared a halt upon the marching
army of the dead. i spurred them to stop – can't get
along with you creeps, i'm really sorry i called you forth.

fuck the pitiful orphan and his sodding frothy hunger
i peremptorily forthwith cut off your renewed
live lines – let's say it was all a despicable error
of clerical proportions, only your aspect already
exacts an awful toll on my nerves, i'm getting back
inside, i hope the puritanical bitch hasn't cooked

the pretty guiltless orphan tike...

i'll toss it back with you folks, okay, and forgive

and forget my silly haranguing, i'm not really much

of a general, or a merchant, or even a staid citizen

just a poor fucker lives with another puritanical bitch

and now and then, ah, ewiges, ewiges...

ewige schicksal weibliche wiederkunft

dreams about the most terrifying freedoms

on the churning grounds of those isolated

graveyards where the angels show some thigh

up their skirts, and necrophiliac reveries veer toward

the piquant with dames all livid from centuries under

the turf where the rabbit fucks.

and now i hope the storm wanes and in its waning

at its wake you follow and disappear back from whence

you came – all those impromptu götzendämmerungen give me

the willies, and the little orphan, please, keep from now

on an eye on those awkward wastrel frothy kids, will you?

thanks.

22.8.06

Gargoyle gazing down

Gaze till they to madness run

I'm the omnipotent investigative reporter

Who uncovers the totality of your life

The paltriest of your secret dark caves

Is invaded by my steady all-seeing step.

I've got every detail down pat on my pad

To the salient facts I'm adding the deepest buried ones

Painstakingly I'm adding and adding down,

Nothing escapes me, the joys and the sorrows

The extreme disappointments above all

The strange silences, the odd lulls where you

Or is it even you

But the crumbling shell of your waning gargoyle shadow?

Walk on a void.

Got them all, the smacks of fate
The leaks of unbeing
The deadening jolts every time
That you realize you amount exactly to zilch
Or rather to even less than zilch, and you doubt
Do you even exist in any kind of measurable
Level of exist... *Hey, silly boy! I'm telling you...*

Hide this, ok?
Unless you want to zap me to hell
Cover - and fast - your murderously radiating insignia.
I can't abide the shine on my too sensitive eyes.

Little shitty fellow
I can express you like a piss-vessel
As a bladder, yes, or as a pig
A piglet squeezed out in my gigantic Jovian hands
All the wine, and food, and thoughts
You ever had...

Come pouring down from the old

Holes and the spanking new ones.

No sweat.

Not a ripple the prowess of my prowling prow

Draws over the scum of this old blood

To which the few stale drops of your miserly

Worthless nothing of a body, empty

Bag of fluff, scantest of hefts,

Fleeting nugacity, bring but a

Remote never-noticed shading

On the faint shivering

Of a non-descript stain.

21.7.06

Gifted and talented Clint

Pharmacist Clint Riverol, so affectionate and gentle, such quaintly fine, riddle-unraveling hands too.

The pharmacist Clint

He deals cleanly with everyone;

He's got on the front of his counter

A set of five push-off battering rams;

They are of obimbricate tapering levels of springy ratcheted steel

That, extended full length, can reach up to more than three yards

All said and told.

The heads of those battering rams are protected

By a cushiony sort of robot foot smoothly incurved.

The nervous patient, demanding, in his peremptory heat,

The insistent relief of the drug,

Is thus kept at a reasonable distance, out of harm's way.

But when there's a pregnant lady

Who enters the perfumed shop,

The hard steel five-headed Cerberus, in his avatar of five

Battering rams, keeps quiet,

Or rather even purring, each of the animals or heads,

In their cages,

And, instead, beautifully soft,

Nicely colored,

Pillows appear...

Appear in order to...

To envelope the frail swollen body

Of the delicate lady,

The delicate amorous lady

With the big belly

And the hairy moist cunt.

The pregnant ladies all come willingly

And expectantly

To the ministrations of pharmacist Clint.

What's more, pharmacist Clint can't go anywhere,

A bar, a restaurant...

Without being immediately identified by some pregnant lady

Or other

As the true place to repair to,

The very point of peace and pleasure.

Like sodden tibs they gather around him,

For they know his hands are magical,

His face so gentlemanly reassuring,

And they, the tumid ladies,
Are so envious of each other,
He has to attend them in private,
Retiredly, one by one;
He promises to each that he'll be present,
Without failure
At the point of delivery,
In time to spare,
And that all procedures will run their delicious way, silkily,
I'm telling you I'll be there, never you worry, my pet.

His presence at the critical moment
When the tumorous infant exits
Insures always a proper delivery.
He's so delightful to have at one's side.

Meanwhile the ladies all crave his attention...

He says to each at her clammy ear:
I'll be waiting for you,
Come at my surgery office at five,
Or at four,

Or at three...

He's almost fully employed with pregnant ladies.

Behind the doors of his well-defended counter,

There is the little pasha room

Where he administers his cares.

His clean curative hands work wonders indeed,

And never stray to the naughty points

Unless guided by the hands

Of the eager pregnant lady herself,

Who then experiences

Forthwith bye and bye

The chained melodious orgasms of her life.

Never before or after, the lady shall experience

Pleasures so huge.

Her cunt comes alive,

The fetus itself exults,

The soggy body hovers like a weightless balloon...

Once even,

Pharmacist Clint

Took his own arm and shoved it down his own throat,
He reached his stomach with his clean marvelous hand,
He took firm hold of a cancerous tumor
That was growing there unannounced,
What's more, and worst: unwelcome,
And tore at it,
And dislodged it
And took it off and out, and threw it into the bassinet
And then he emptied the bassinet
Into the bowl of the commode
And then...
And then he flushed the ugly toothed screaming tumor
Down the drain to fucking hell.

So, he knows what he's doing,
And every pregnant lady intuits it,
And knows, and wants him
For a partner for the more precious
Instant
Of her life.

11.7.06

Song of Doubt, by J.V. Foix

J.V. Foix's Song of Doubt – (1948)

True it is and not true – the heart's aflame

With burning hopes, but the hostel's alone

In a background of noise of dance; to one

And all I'm asking what, only I'm too tame.

Outside I defy the blizzard all the same,

And with wild gladness in nights of white stone,

While running after whom of me complains, the groan

Of the wind soothes me, unseen, with no aim.

True my love; true also, oh, god, the untruth.

I'm foot and asphalt; evil's my climbing stool

Upon which the good I sing, angry and uncouth!

All's so hard – please help; I bathe in the pool

Of beauty – at it you are banned, and I'm in ruth.

I see gloom shine bright; gold's my hunch of the fool!

27.6.06

Carles Reig's **A heavenscape where the skirts are the flowers**

[Reig's "*Al rerefons del cel, cada vol de faldilles una flor que s'afegeix al paisatge*" (1985)]

A heavenscape where the skirts are the flowers

As fearless as birds in flight, the skirts

Freshen the numb chambers of memoryscape.

"The mind gets into action," life alerts.

Immemorial women, daredevil birds,

Their aces' dances come grace the skyscape.

As fearless as birds in flight, the skirts

Take over the telluric floor; by spurts

Gets etched the silver plate of the seascape.

"The mind gets into action," life alerts.

Such enduring snapshots, no need for words;

What lay latent awakens in shipshape.

As fearless as birds in flight, the skirts,

Glorious wings dive-bombing the conscience blurred's

Gnarls of impressionable youth, leached windscape.

"The mind gets into action," life alerts.

Such cocksure acuity when beauty asserts

Its emotions - perennials of the earthscape.

As fearless as birds in flight, the skirts.

"The mind gets into action," life alerts.

2.4.06

Book of Life

Book of Life (one chapter)

My mother, my father,

my daughter, my wife,
they were all talking
and marveling
at the big monument.

I said: Excuse me...

And so fast, and almost
unacknowledged,
I was gone.

I went directly opposite
their way,
traversing streets and roads
chockfull with people and cars.

I had to go steal a book...
Couldn't let pass
the opportunity.

When I came back...,
they all were dead,

my father, my mother,
my wife, my daughter.

Now I'm trying still
to read the momentous book
I stole on that occasion.

While I wonder
was it all really worth...?

Book of Life (another chapter)

Borrowing and substituting
is my way of being.

My way of being, meaning
how I exist on this selfsame earth
the reader is supposed to exist.

I'm borrowing the combs of others
to see if with their special,

toney, tawny, wide-tined combs
my bald spots don't populate again.

I'm borrowing also the sauces —
Often I feed on sauces alone;
other times I only need to add
a bit of bread...,
borrowed,
or found someplace,
or even bought somehow.

Substituting is the second endeavor,
as important as the first.

When my friend Bledso
went to town to steal a book,
and it was Halloween time,
I asked him to substitute whatever
book he was going to steal
for this one...

I said: Bledso, please...

And I gave him (taking it from
my pocket with a flourish,
for I was sure it was a very surprising
book,) I gave him a book
enveloped tightly with the mask
of a goofy Dracula.

I said: Bledso, please...

Would you slip this on the window
of the bookshop, prominently,
you know, on the window
of the bookshop where thou happenest
to go for to steal a book...?

He made a moue but took
the unfrightening book
to inconspicuously put it
conspicuously under
the eyes of the amused passers-by.

I remember (I was at the time involved
in the fond process of supping by
dipping some sops in the sauce
on the counter) when he came back.

Alles in Ordnung...?, I also joked.

Bledso answered: Yeah.

I said: Show us then which book thou hath
for thee for the nonce appropriated,
knightly Bledso, chivalric chivalrous
chevalier of mine, please, huh...?

He said, nonchalantly showing
indeed the scant volume:

Just “A Small Tract...”

(or “Treaty” or “Treatise,”

now I don’t rightly recall;

let me rephrase it...,) he saying: Just

“A Small Treatise About Ovarian Cancer.”

I said: Sounds interesting.

As he forewent the opportunity
to reply, I thought I needed to add
to the praises of his choice.

Promises to be a wad of fun,
I echo-chambered
in the empty cage of my trunk
trying, though benightedly enough,
to guffaw. And then I said:
Would you please, Bledso,
lend it to me sometime...?

He was rummaging about
in some deep drawers
where previously I had rummaged,
but I believed then as
I do do believe now he kindly

nodded his assent...;
awfully nice chap, Bledso,
if swallowed whole and
unseasoned, as they say.

21.2.06

Who'll cull the dead dog now...?

Who'll cull the dead dog now...?

Who'll cull the dead dog...? Well, that's a no-brainer
In so far as it concerns us — and it doesn't a bit, that's plain,
Believe us. So, who'll cull the rotting beast, you say...?
None of us, we hope, pillars of good standing.

We don't love the weakening of the standards;
On the contrary, actually we are
For the strengthening of the disentanglements.

Maintain us please torn apart, thus we prefer
By much. And we demand that nobody tamper
With the hints we've afforded so far to all and sundry.

And now temper you bile, be not so somber.
The story is too easy to comprehend, easier still
To recount. The guest's afghan growled,
And barked and whined too loudly by half
The whole damned day. Made us almost insane,
And uncherishable — quite the contrary from the product
Of our disposition in any state of normalcy.
And we became aglow with the insistence
Of such harsh irritation, we swear, pardi.

Believe us, all told, we are reasonably sad.
For where is instead the pithy thrill now
Of hearing the wretched fatling rot
At the bottom of the abandoned well...?

It plummeted into the void,
Into the hairy abyss of the relinquished pit — its lip, its lid,
It tried on a whim to sniff at and probably urinate on.

Unaided, we swear, it must have slipped over the rim.
It alighted with such a sickening thud,
As the saying goes. Such disappearances,
We acknowledge, are heartrending, and so on,
But we are not culling the damned carcass, no sir,
No way, nor we; we have standings, we have
Standards, we've turned into a virtue the habit
Of cool disentanglement, you see...?

20.2.06

You enter gratis into the train of death

You enter gratis into the train of death

You say, then, I'm going back home,
Leaving at last behind
The whole affairs of the packed,
Alluring, dangerous, city of life.

You enter gratis into the train of death.

It will go as fast as need be.
It'll be full of people.
And you will need to stay outside,

Hanging for dear existence
On some sort or other of stretcher or footstep,
Making love, with any luck,
To a gracious hostess
Who shall bring you a blanket
And show plenty of concern.

She'll ask about your destination,
And shall give you a very wet kiss
In the middle of your explanation.

True it is that you enter gratis
Into the train of death.

There are two orgasms inside.
The orgasm of love and chance.
The orgasm of fate and death.

19.2.06

The magician above

The magician above

The magician lives on the highest perch of rock.
He invokes and commands the furious forces that be.
He escapes the raging fire through the cold water.
He escapes the waters through the exits subterranean.
He doesn't die, he vanishes.

He leans of a powerful alpenstock.

The cloak he cloaks himself in is light and long.

His hat has stars.

He's a healer.

A knower.

The magician, he's a joker.

"Sir, is it cancer...?" — the anxious fallen one asks.

The magician above answers:

"Never, you clot; 'tis an easy tiredness

Of the fibers of the body.

Rest will do you good."

It's only what you see that's true.

Cauldrons of fire have isolated cores of icy water.

At the bottom of these cores there is an opening

Where the water serpent of your body

Can wiggle through into the safe dry galleries...

Action now, then, my son.

31.1.06

[*More J.V. Foix*]

J.V. Foix's "Bru i descofat, i descalç..."

(Fictions) (1936)

Barefoot, hatless, tanned, in aimless pursuit

Along the empty shores of a day overcast,

Walking alone, and imagining sharp casts

Unnamable, sheenless, drawn in mud and soot...

I happened to see a row of odd galoots

With heads split, facing their tombs, standing aghast,

Mycelia of blood crossing their shadows fast,

Brute idols cut against a sky destitute.

My mind I questioned, sighing, mystified...

Did I see right? The awful representations

Arose off me, or from the stormy outside...?

Even now I'm pestered by those ruminations.

Do fictions — and they are my life! — roughshod ride

The mind, or lift it to the heavenly stations...?

16.10.05

Hands hewn against the plastering rough

Hands hewn against the plastering rough

Hewn against nightfall's pallor, my traipsing hands...

One of the puppets around the cooler
(only that outside the thick reflecting glass,
a dying swallow under the eaves,
sadly getting steadily drenched)
is a Chinese coolie, of course —
in his phthisic rasp he says, wisely,
for he is on the know in reference to
all the secrets of the trade, everything made
obscure by the self-advertising tricksters
he sees it as overt and simple enough
as given fruits of his proven virtue,
he says: "For me certainly
to be hewn against the whiteness of sunset
boy is also such a luxury...!"

Well, what, I mean who wouldn't be...?

With a hard kersine nail he distractedly carves
a few fleeting lines into the cold glass...
With every line he recovers some of his youth...

But then my attention got sidetracked...
Horried I had heard them blaspheme, raw,
and thus I knew I had to write it down,
it, and the awful lies, and whatever else oozed through...

For what excruciating insinuations
were those faint guys muttering
behind the boss's back intimating now...?

Random brittle albino phalluses...
I see them on a row, chewing hard...
Feeding on jerky, cornered in the dark,
as their heretical little mouths kept on chewing,
madly chewing, mad chewers chewing their
blistering cud of mingled heteroclite heresies...

Hewn as black iron sheet marionettes
against the jerky distant whirlwind dusk...

A background sky burned
by their unsteady opacity, as ivory tainted
by cinders from the blasphemous volcanoes
of their cigaretted and bad-mouthing lips...

Premonitory, I see them beckoning from afar.
Braided grotesquely, as ears of wheat dancing
to the scarecrow's hurricane flute...

Maudlin satellites pumping about,
as peripheral trinkets lost, zooming around
the consolidated nubs,
where the alliances of the powerful petrify...

Tinkling bells tickling his balls from afar,
made in order for his ire to burst forth...
Pistons, cylinders, ivory phalluses...,
burned marionettes bad-mouthing the boss...

He erases, the coughing flaying coolie
everything he wrote... "The huger the ad
the shittier the product," he postulates,
or I assume he does, now wobbly and sobbing
under the squalls brought in (a last key touch,
a clinchingly touching addition) by the twilight...

And I took notes, and as I was busy taking
it all down..., the visitors were back, hewn
against the backdrop where palsied I roamed...

My eyes were on the fuzz, couldn't believe
the incidence, the coolie kicked out,
he's done for, unwanted by the new residents,
a wart, a wen on the landscape, it is obvious
they are getting rid of the ancient delvers,
the irrecoverable heroes of old...
High time now for all to tremble and agonize.

The house reverted, replevined,
won or bought back... Under the slate
the drizzle now changing into worse,
it is continuously prospering as drivel,
tacky new self-promotions galore
for the newly ignorant,
tons of screwy talk as I cower
with my vicious traits aswarm with
sneers... "Instead of which, everybody would have
spared a self-respecting prowess-promoting
murderer," I thought I heard the coolie
calmly observe as he faded into the dusky
whirlwind, maybe coughing his last.

The clique of ofay phalluses disperses
with ferocious intent...
All hands on deck...!
Everybody look like he belongs,
and he is maybe irreplaceable...?

But not including yours truly,
count me out, unthinkable...?

From behind the ratty curtains if I ever manage
to overcome my paralysis
and then slink away unseen...
But where to...? For hear boy the fanfare,
for here boy are the righteous visitors again...,
and leaving no stone unturned,
every nook and cranny exposed
to the caustic elements...?

Twenty years after their absence
they irrupted — ah, the portentous opacity
of their presence! The doors flew...
Almost off the hinges, I mean.
I was frightened unto death...

“But man it stinks over there...
It reeks of stale wine, as an old dirty sour tavern,
musty magazines..., wet spayed powder...,
broken stilts, shivering quicksilver...,
it reeks of a hospital gone to weed..., by the epidemic
rendered ineffectual, even detrimental...?
Nobody the survivor, neither from among
the already sick nor from among the once hale
that foolishly oversaw them...?”

I was going to be discovered in my less
than heroic stance, suspiciously crouching
over the dumped toilet bowl...

But how glad they feigned to be with their
new images of themselves as presented
by our always hard at work advertising offices...?
The mirrors more flattering, the portraits
brighter and enticingly smiley...?

Just a faint retouching here and there
and what a marvel indeed...

“Don’t we look about the same...?
Only blonder, with more emerald-y eyes...?”

I heard them nearer and nearer calling out

how amazed were they that almost everything
else stood as they had left it, twenty years thence,
I mean since..., from thence until today hardly
a breeze disrupting a dust mote, hardly a mite
gnawing at a antimacassar, nor a vagrant thrip
an armchair's leg... Wistfully, the same smells
of the cool cave (where the vegetables had been
regularly rotting for ages) anew wafting up...
Such pleasures of achieved infancy...!

“It all comes back, we are here...! That's home
at last...” “Ah, for a look inside the forbidden
little toy boxes again...!”

“Ah, the puppy dreams of the di-di patrol!
You remember...! Each bone of the backbone
had a function...! The fingers, the digits,
were the di-di patrol... They did the roaming
up and down the spine...,
touch a bone and, as magic, it happened,
it immediately and unfailingly happened...!

“Touch the pooppy bone, and see us run,
mommy, mommy, got to go potty...!
But touch the puppy bone
and how we slacken, soft and happy!
And touch the dream bone
and it is as well as if I've started to beam and snore...”

Simpering jerks, hallucinating...
Such added hooey poured, as they poked
with their noses right and left,
the whole soured by the old whiff
emanating from the crock of sewage
whereupon I numbly stood, twisted caryatid
tired by the lifelong dripping
of the stinking leaks, moth-eaten chrysalis
of the unwarranted birth forever delayed,
frayed, green goo of a rotten pomegranate
supplying the floor...

The delver soon

a slit squiggle
melting in filth...

And them at it behind the door,
still enthusing: and this, and that,
everything, everything as they had left it..., except...

Except that I knew they were also in for
a mighty surprise as they would sooner
rather later now encounter the parasitical
hippopotamus prize of the unwelcome inhabitant
still possessing the background, still messing the whole,
and the wholesomeness, of the supposedly
untouched, or hardly so, just for a tiny
noticeable improvement, theater of their
former and future lives of luxurious happiness.

Behind the rear condemned doors all appears
upside-down, unfinished, provisional,
preposterous, just for the short term,
for who would've thought...?
Such an intempestive coming.

Too soon their visit, unannounced, unsuspected,
too sudden, so hurtful, frightening,
tying us in knots of anguish and...?

Now trying desperately
to redress some of it, the whole mess,
willy-nilly, signing none,
but in such a precarious stance... To no avail,
I know, I know, again too late...

"And now would we dare see the attic...?
Abode of monsters, it was.
Probably as undone, unmade, as ever!
Unless a miracle has been borne during our absence...?
Never happened in the history of the species,
and who knows of any other succeeding at the task...?"

"Boo...! Inside each umbrous ambry a delver scurrying,
on the swift hoof, lamming it out...,

or in! — deeper still — struggling to jump at you
and hide all at once, a spider of many spans...,
a primeval alchemist, louse of the dust dunes,
Abdullah the explorer, dwindling like scruples
of critically catalytic non-entity,
or looming..., big, ominous, scary...,
as a suspended razor-sharp pontoon straight
to his hellish paradise...,
and we dumbfounded at the threshold...
His monumental weapon at us, at us...!

“Daddy, fast! Di-di patrol my spine!
Slam my scarcity bone, please,
my invisibility bone..., bug-a-boos indeed,
and remember the sempiternal frights...!”

You would have thought
that after being as good as dead
for so long one would have been
utterly forgotten, left to his own resources,
to his own blessed inexistence, while
at the same time forlornly
spying on the two-timers
in order only to report to the boss,
meekly, the ringing hour come,
only when so specifically required...?

Meanwhile, instead, what a tableau.
Ugly. All an utterly unaccountable mistake.
There in the darkening corner,
the scathing known tenant still chewing away,
untiring, and derisively descanting on the boss...

As the living obscene many topsy-turvy
inscriptions I was inscribing
on the banned toilet walls with hard pointy implements,
awls, and prongs, and horns and such...,
at it, busy, sedulous, frantic, faithful,
were about to be disentangled...

The ads of truth higgledy-piggledy spelled
for all to finally interpret...

Still helplessly obliged, honor bound,
for boy hadn't I, who wouldn't, worth his saltpeter,
I had, had to bear witness, had to write it all down,
untiring, truthful, all ears,
whatever it be, at least of course whichever
the ooze that oozed in, up until where
I shamelessly crouched, my traipsing hands
superfluously braiding away, hewn
dark against the pallor of the dying day...

And about to be discovered now,
what a waste, by the former crowd, the owners of old,
the ubiquitous consumers, again present indeed,
tangible, at reach, smelly, contumacious, concrete...

About to irrupt and get the mammoth surprise,
Abdullah, the old shitter, still there, on the nod,
his shorn weapon upright, wasting the day, lazy bones,
alchemist of the fleeting stench...

A surprise big as the rest of their much diminished
lives... I hear their shrieks, drums of my ears
pierced, plus the drumming of their feet,
and their punchings, blind...

Until I am dethroned, felled moreover
by the foul airs of the ire of the boss,
such a cursed twit, such a puff, such a fart,
such a sorry misled misinformed
undeserving tatty twitty twat...

2.9.05

eclogue item — approximative eclosion

eclogue item — approximative eclosion

I saw a nil fucking a niggler.

I saw an eel fucking an eagle,
the act was rather untoward, unskilled,
an arthritic exploit, awkward, unseemly,
and yet she, or he, or it, the eel,
upon withdrawing, not with languors,
nor stupors, but fast as a soaring evil
devil of a weevil across the tympani
of my stunned ears, screeching like hell
it fled — the awe I felt, also the woe,
as the eagle tiptoed up to the brink
of the sudden lake, envisaging maybe
the fleeing vermin to tear asunder
under its beak, suffered not my needled,
nettled scrutiny, I stoned the proud,
winged, ungrateful, direly wanting beast...,
sic semper tyrannus, indeed did I hope.

18.8.05

Purchase a neurosis and attain a state of bliss

[Purchase a neurosis and attain a state of bliss (from a 1970 book of tales by Josep Albanell - Compréu-vos una neurosi i sigueu feliç -)]

Purchase a neurosis and attain a state of bliss

There was under one of the cantilevered tiles on the high wall of the terrace a nest of wasps. The tyke Imma was afraid of the wasps fluttering over our heads. I was no less afraid, but nothing would make me acknowledge such fear, for I was a man. Also, actually I was more cowed by the dazzling and cruel sun that tossed in pitiless exactitude the shade under which we took shelter. The noon was unraveling, strained among the roofs, as we, bathed in sweat, heard the noises, deafened,

remote, from the street below. She, Imma, was saying: “Me I wanna, me I wanna play to dads and moms...!” that while she’d bring near her cheeks the rubber baby she’d recently gotten for her saint day. I would have preferred saying to her that the game for us to play was now hunting down the wasps, catch us some, carefully remove their sting, trying hard not to take their tummies with the yanking, and then tame ’em with a needle and a twig. But the heat was too shattering. The sun was corralling the shade against the wall and we had even to draw back our legs in order to remain inside the dark zone.

Fresh in my memory the high act of self-murder perpetrated by the warrior-writer-Japanese-samurai, I had told Fela: “Listen, we also have to devise some type of grandiose, magnificent and showy act of suicide so that we can bring it to fruition.” She had let go of my hand and had looked at me with mocking eyes. From the twisted crease of her lips I had been expecting her to say something like: “Come on, don’t be so daft!” But she just laughed a little, as if with half her mouth only.

She said: “I’m going.” I’m going, she says. And then I’ve heard the last bang of the door echoing from wall to wall. The bed was unmade, with a sheet hanging down to the floor, the whole layout offering the typical image that messed beds with their sheets dangling offer of desolation and abandonment. With a dress thrown about in a ball, the music on the transistor, the noise from the cars on the street below...

Be it as it may, I agreed to her game. With her you couldn’t argue: contradict her and she’d start complaining, whining and pouting. Maybe the dad could be a big game hunter, bagging tigers or dinosaurs, which afterwards we’d eat in neat cold cuts, sitting in the shade. “Ok, but let’s not frighten baby, for you know that he’s afraid of wasps, even with their sting removed.” And then, come Sunday, what about going to see the bullfighters? “Ok, but baby won’t look, for he dislikes bullfighting, and feels great sorrow for the suffering of the poor crickets.” The wasps kept buzzing, even the sun itself seemed to whirr. I took out the matchbox to see if the cricket was still alive. Inside a hole on the wall, I kept the stinging onion, with the needles-pikes-swords stuck on it so that “they would gain in rage.”

—First the bullfight.

—Ok, but I’m not looking.

—You have to. If you don’t look, where’s the sport?

—No way.

—If you don’t look, that’s it, I’m not playing to dads and moms.

—Ok, I’m looking.

And she would shut her eyes, while I would yank away the jumping legs of the bull-cricket so that it wouldn’t abscond.

—You are not being serious.

—Listen, Fela, I’m serious, ok?

—Oh, come on!

And then a lull while inside the park the night was starting to let itself be felt. “I’m not talking garbage. I mean it.” And Fela laughing without really looking at me. Her eyes would glide, skid above my shoulders to rest someplace far away. Nobody has a right now to doubt my suffering then, going after her eyes, intent on fixing her gaze, and burrowing deep, trying to wake up her admiration. However, what rankled still more was the fact that not even the idea about the grandiose suicide had been my own. She’d provoke me: “No way you’d dare...” And I knew I wouldn’t, and yet here I was, saying: “No? Try me.” Obdurately maintaining the course. While searching for her hand, for I had to be the best option available, of course.

I get up from the chair and walk along the apartment, deserted, abandoned, useless now that it has quit existing per se. The same mess that before used to be so welcoming now increases the empty desolation of the abode: books, clothes, glasses, a puzzle half spelled out, the cigarettes, some fruit, my shoes shed this morning, tossed incuriously, fall where they may... “She’s gone, she’s gone...” I’m saying with each of my treads. Perplexed, robbed of all intent, with nothing to do next. I’m trying to veer my mind toward that new book I should purchase, the new job I should look for, how to ask for my salary to be boosted... I’m talking to the walls: “Why don’t we go to the movies, a western maybe?” And there’s that actor, Joho Colt, so tall, so blond, with his steely blue gaze, sardonically smiling at the bathroom mirror while with the tips of his fingers he fondles his pistol-toothpaste. From the bottom of the commode filthy presages lazily float off to envelope the tense saloon.

The sounds of the trumpets were caroming back from the sun. Cornered, the cricket wouldn’t move. The baby wasn’t looking. That would mar it all. The whole thing had to gain in movement. The animal had to be tersely and dexterously spiked while on the move, gliding and escaping, dodging an unknown danger. From each of the tips of the pins dangled a cloudy drop of onion juice. Even without looking, while rocking her doll, Imma would reveal to me that the cricket had ceased on its

obstinacy, wasn't keeping still any longer. So I would jump on my bum, as if riding a horse, as in the movies of Robin Hood, with an exciting orchestra coming from my humming mouth playing on the background, *bang, boom, tar-ah...*, with my arm straightened out, with its murderous spike raised, and then it sliding from the elytra and breaking on the floor and its end jabbing my thumb: blood. Now one had to be courageous, make believe that one could endure, that one could swallow his rage, and his pain and his fear, and his itch to cry; give no importance to the wound, and even look askance at the girl as she would state: "You are bleeding," for now the second spike would cleanly puncture the beast, would transfix it, wouldn't stop until crashing on the floor. And yet the bull was strong and would still flee away to the four corners of the cardboard box, even with his back spiked with needles, and his head unsteady from the black-tipped pin stuck on his neck, and the thorn between the antennae...

You'd say Fela was implying that she had plenty to choose from; guys galore. In the meantime, me clinging to the notion that the samurai-like suicide was as it were the icing on the cake, nothing in life to top it, indeed, it had to be, top of my life... (Stuck on it, in this idiotic fight, since that day when the guy Gier had come to my street to visit and I had met him outside. His beard, his long hairs, were now gone. He was dressed as any other fellow would. Just drawing along the sidewalk a pertinacious mania. "Already out of the asylum?" I asked. He didn't smile, maybe a smidgeon of a grimace. He had something critical for my ears only. On the grooves of his forehead there it was, as if stenciled, the outline of the sword of the samurai with which the warrior-writer had stained with blood the walls of one of the military enclosures in the island of the sun. "We've got to contrive some type of magnificent, impressive, majestic suicide with the express aim of putting it into practice." Taken aback, looking at him sideways, I tried to veer the conversation away toward new issues. But he persisted. We've got all to commit suicide, no other way to reclaim what has been taken from us. Let's shout to the deaf ears of everyone that the first thing we demand — demand — is the return of what rightfully belongs to us: a land of our own, where we can act at will, sitting down and begging, gazing at the sky, spitting at the ants. We've got to devise a new and surprising way, one as yet untried way to die by our own hand... "But that's absurd," I would counter then with a careful voice, in a tone that was smooth and agreeable enough, once inside my home, deep in an armchair, seeping leisurely a huge goblet of cognac. Gier had said: "No, I don't drink," and forthwith he'd placidly assent to each of my words... "Idealism, impotence, neurasthenia, repression; crazy, warlock..." Powerless, meanwhile, he was trying to make up some bizarre poem of his...

"...ca... caaat... (*come on!*) allll....

"allo..., lllooonnnn (*now!*)

“catal.... catalllll

“llll... l... l... l... l... l...

“s

“s

“s ssssss... ssss... *can’t*”

How empty resounds now the apartment after each of my strides! At your back shadows of phantoms that elude you, there’s Joho-Colt-Man-Gum, his boots wallowing of the spoor of toothpaste along the corridor, a puddle compressed and soft, chlorophyll, deadly wounded, as though a packed embodiment of human brains. “You are drunk again.” “Drunkard.” “Druuunkaaard...” “Crazy creep.” The words turned into bullets, whistling, going after your hide, and shattering the crystals in the saloon, and the bottles, and burrowing inside the wood of the bar, and destroying the piano, while the flying doors swung pushed by the smoke inside and the dust outside. Hidden behind the doors, the bullet-words are watching you, they after your hide, magically doubling their trajectories never to miss you. “Drink again and I’m ready to cheat on you.” How resounding the treads on the apartment, empty, hostile, useless, a farce, now that it has died despite the number of items of furniture it holds, and the smells that linger, and the spoors, the footsteps...

“Play to dads and moms, play to dads and moms,” would now demand Imma, not caring a whit about the whirr of the sun that’d crash above the tiles, screeching as a nail on a blackboard, and deafening the eyes. “This instant!” While tightly embracing against her breast the rubber baby. “Ok, but first I’ve got to go hunt...” A pause. “Otherwise, what would we eat afterwards?” The baby was edgy, his patience worn out, fed up with bugs and fights, preparing to burst into a rage, cruel as the sun, as the heat, the sweat that soured the armpits... “Well...” “Now.” “Ok.” I would get up, ready to bag me a wasp or two; doubting a bit before daring to cross the yellow line of the dangerous frontier, in the dangerous terrace, almost above the roofs. Imma and the baby now erupting, spited, giving full vent to their fury, kicking every which way, as if battling some foe. The shouts that would frighten even the sun. “Ok, I’m staying.” “Liar, you rotten liar!”

Guys galore, she must’ve thought, Fela, while at my side, her gaze remote, and relishing her words — her memories — plenty of guys, with me totally abstracted from her thoughts. Guys aplenty, all against me. As if I’m the last in line. Or the one but last, which is still much worse, without deserving a glance from Fela, at the park, while sitting so close together, too close... Me being so gray-toned, so little in prominence, so lacking in preponderance, in prepotency, in visibility, appraisal, admiration, valuation... Who’s going to take a second look at me, who’s going to waste a double take, another glance? Not she, not Fela, surely? No way, Fela, no way you’d waste another thought on me, a fellow so infinitesimal, such a no-account?

Now, look here, I'd tell her, the grandiose suicide, that, that'd be like... Like what? What? What?

Listen you, Joho-Colt-Shit, "Things happen, ok? Happen or fail to happen, and that's what," another Henry Miller, diarrheic, steering a crooked path between franticness and silliness, taming worms, fleeing down a vast vaginal tunnel up to the brink of craziness or else to the edge of paradise, saying that they either happen or fail to happen, and that that's all there is to it. And then suddenly you fall, the bottom collapses, some day, with sweat filling your mouth with nausea, and the corners of your lips with disgusting stickiness, I say, you're down and falling, as I was saying, falling into a deep unquiet uneasiness. Happen or fail to happen. But how to name, how don't you try, you shitty lousy creep, how do you call now that dejection, the intense rage, such bewilderment, such choking anxieties as take hold of you unannounced, suddenly, some day, just like that, no reason, no other reason but because things happen or fail to happen and that's that? Everything bathed in absurdity or not, still you should lift the forefinger of your right hand and angrily show me the cause and motivation of all your decadence and thus justify your lassitude. You are feeling something very akin to treachery. A pain inside that comes not from fighting but from having already been defeated, nothing to do at all with your thinking, or from the worms you are trying to imprison on paper and on your fantasies and obsessions; there's that pain at the side; or maybe that pain of the one one keeps at the sides, never at the center of the fight, even the fight that concerns you: the efforts undertaken in order to resuscitate your worms that died, and to find the culmination of your voice, to bring to victory precisely those worms that present to us a more dangerous menace. That rage you are feeling, that purple pain, that diaphanous, cold, massive, wounding disquiet, that's the adventure. The adventure to hurt, to draw blood. To play at bleeding. Even if it only shines at the side, at the reverse of the page wriggling with worms. In spite of having been contrived by other men, cold and damned, lodged in your heart. Listen up, Joho-Colt-Repugnant.

"But that's not playing at dads and moms. We have to have a son. And baby counts for naught. He's already here, hasn't come from us. Our son must be born of his mother, that's me, and you are the dad. Mothers get sick and so they take them to hospital and the doctors see to it that they are healed. Once healed, then the baby can be born, for the fact is that mother and son were together, and he was as it were the disease, though not a so terrible disease as all that, not one of your bad diseases, but a good one, with a son to it. So we must make the baby be born, for he hasn't been born yet, and he can't be a son unless he's born first. Therefore, come on, that's the play, I'm the mom with the son disease, and now you aren't the dad but the son doctor... Ok, both, the dad and the doctor, and the big game hunter and the bullfighter both too... Therefore, you are coming to heal me, and afterwards, bing-bang, there you are, we've got a son." But how? Bing-bang? That can't be it, so

simple. It's gotta be longer, but how...? "How what? Don't be silly! How you want it to be? It can only be by being, that's how."

Tear out her handbag, with a jerk, as she makes believe she is off guard. Tear out her handbag and rummage inside. She was acting kind of harebrained just to make me jealous: just so I could see the little billet-doux with Johnny's poem, and the blue and green plastic-string knotting, Pocky's gift; and Flap's key-holder in the shape of a heart, Lippy's postcard from Paris, Enric's signed photo, and who's whosis, and whosis' who, and this, and that and... She was acting kind of harebrained, on the park's bench, while I was feverishly rummaging inside her purse, until I found her wallet, the sancta-sanctorum, the holy ark of secrets, and what should I do? I'm peering in. Give back...! Let go...! Give back, I say...! And I relinquish, give it up, she pretending to be offended, in high dudgeon, and yet my fingers have closed upon a tiny object and she's unawares that the relic's mine. I've got something that belongs to you, Fela, now I can really jinx you. I'm holding tight to the object while you are idly talking, talking about nothing just to bridge that emptiness that my silence has raised only because I've decided thus to protect the purloined article.

She was ready to cheat on me, she had said, and yet she had not acted upon her promise because the chance had not cropped up, she said. Little you must have been looking for it. That's what you don't know, she said, how hard I've been at it. For the moment you've already missed an opportunity. Plenty of opportunities blowing my way, boyo, don't you fret about me. Your opportunities, phantoms. Joho Colt, infallible cowboy, bad, tough guy, head hunter, tall, blond, nicely soothed by the small clicks of his pistol's holster over his thigh, plus his checkered shirt, his boots treading firmly, his wide and powerful chest... Here's where the hero is mirrored, his portrait, his hard and bitter moue... His mysterious face hermetically keeping hidden some deep, inexpugnable secret, a drama that intimately gnaws at him. And yet he (everybody better look at him on the mirror,) his implacable eyes, his proud countenance, imbued in sobriety, he don't budge a smidge, hard as rock. Only that now a cynical spark lights his otherwise extinguished eyes. And everybody's shaking. Something's bound to give. On his lips a bitter smile slightly flickers. His eyelids come close together, his eyes have become a pair of slick slits. His face's muscles tighten up. There's an unnerving slowness in Lonesome Cuckold Joho Colt's moves. That man's in a tormented fix. His sorrow makes him cruel, very cruel, terribly so. His body's tense, about to unstring itself, ready to attack, ferocious. The moviegoers retain their collective breath. I'll cheat on you. The apartment so empty. I've already cheated on you. And next I've skedaddled, gone. The bullets haunting, hunting me, and again the raging impotence screaming from my most inner innards. Lonesome. The fist shooting out, fiercely, violently. The patrons in the saloon raising hell, as the image shatters, replicates in the fragments

of the mirror. Crack. Oh! And again that pitiable rage, that impotence that comes from afar, from the emptiness, the street, the music in the transistor radio, purchase, why don't you, purchase that, I mean, that, and also and so, and purchase, purchase, and enter into a state of happiness and bliss...

Just buy this, come on, and be happy, ok? Shortly ago, I was telling her, one day without sun, we shall be happy. "We'll be happy, we'll marry and we'll purchase a car." Just by dint of being, that's what. You were hiding the doll under your skirt, and then you were flat on your back, and me, the doctor, I'm peering from above, guessing the shape of the baby's body under the dress. "Ma'am, your case isn't at all a grave one; it ain't cancer, you know? On the contrary, you'll be so happy. You are having a son." Imma'd answer, her back flat on the floor, her eyes coy: "Yes." A rubber leg showing under the hem of her skirt. "Now comes the birth." "But how?" "Just hold tight of the leg and pull." Imma with both her hands taking hold of the doll's body atop her tummy while me I was pulling it by the foot. "It's gotta be difficult." "Don't let go while I'm pulling, then." "You are pulling too strong!" "But we must, the stronger the better, the boy has to come out strong, as strong as possible." And so the doll was out up to its neck.

I was a strong fellow, a wasp hunter no less, and there are tough things that you gotta deal with toughly, and the suffering, and the insufferably dazzling sun crashing over the tiles of the terrace, I was pulling the foot as strongly as I could. spurts on the mirror. spurts of blood. Riding comes again the rage across those little unstructured spaces fragmented on the floor. Fela was telling: they shall buy me that stuff which I so much desire, what a thrill. She was happy while me I was slowly unfastening my fist to discover Fela's felicity: a little folding knife, shining, with a nice tempting razor blade. She, Fela, was saying: that they shall buy for her something so lovely, something she is so much in need of, a lot, but a true lot, I was carefully unfolding the little knife, and with a finger making certain that it was sharp indeed, really cutting. Just as a try I brought the blade near to the wrist as Fela was talking about such a happy novel, a romance depicted in contrived photos, with the hero the boss of a huge concern and the woman character a secretary, but they were so happy, so blissfully so, that, just as a try, it really ain't such a great, magnificent way to die. Fela was talking, it's difficult, but if you try, the coldness of the blade on my skin, just as in the novels with a happy end, you just press, press hard, with Imma crying, about to cry: pull, and me pulling, pulling the leg and pressing, pressing hard, slicing with the razor and I'm feeling a sharp smart on the aggravated skin; at last the pain, a tiny one, a huge one, but it's hard, with the skin being so thick...

Mirror spurts. Fela shutting up, with nobody listening. And me bent in two over my wrist, pressing the razor over a ludicrously small wound which hardly manages to

bleed at all, painful, a suicidal act. spurts of blood. Here's the rage, Joho Colt riding back. Cuckolded. Tough and hardy man from the West. Kind of Fire Stone. That's you, getting up, the inexistent mirror unable to mirror back the tears on your eyes as you are solemnly kicking the commode whose lid jumps, and your toes smart while the lid, crashing, breaks. Crack, another crack. The baby's leg was stuck, wouldn't yield, pull as much you will, while Imma, her body half bathed in sun, laid out, persevered, still intent on defending her son.

Purchasing stuff. What's to buy, Fela, for Imma wants to be happy too? With your fist in a tight ball you turn and run into the shelves: shaving razor, bottle of cologne, toothbrush, glass, deodorant, shaving cream, shaving brush, lipstick, powder box, everything splattered on the floor. What are you doing? What's that? Her voice on edge, excited, afraid, curious, interested, horrified... Imma in tears, howling. Sobbing: What, what are you doing? Until the leg gave and the body flew up toward the wasps. Both of us running now to reach the mutilated doll; even if she was there first, I pushed her away and took the baby's head and forcefully yanked. Imma at my hairs, pulling hard, and scratching me all over, but the baby's head was about to cease in holding tight to its dear attachment, Joho Colt, feeling such rage, she crying, they shall buy me something so nice, such a thrill for me, look, it'll be..., sky blue, thus, like this, now, ah, yeah, such happiness... Especially now that one of my fingers had managed to pierce one of its eyes and I had a better hold of the whole hog...

In the dining-room the books, pushed too hard, finally collapse, fall away, down, like dominoes. The little knife's blade had broken through the crease and through it droplets of blood showed up. The other arm instead had been really easy to yank. A jar burst to smithereens and making such an awful racket, crack indeed, much as the blood forming a bloody rivulet along my hand and Imma still at it, scratching my face. I was biting hard a rubber leg, my hand high in the air, with Fela running away, the canvas of a picture caving in at the tip of my shoe's behest, the fingers digging past the glass eyes, she scratching me, me so afraid of the blood, death lurking, treading hard, crack, crick, crock, the teeth gnashing in rage, screams of rage, the fear, with me running behind, splash, splash, splash, the bottle of gin, the showing window, the breaking glass, gnash, ding, the cups, ah, dig into the glass, the wound, must cover it somehow, the fixture, hanging, swinging from the electric fixture, Fela, Imma, watch out, get away, the ceiling tumbling, a wasp, and you shouting: oh, ah, a virgin, blood, why did you do it, you did it, I did it, the wasp about, me not wanting to, nobody to blame, the sun whirring, its whirr, its whirr, taking him by the hand, with the shout of the wasp, and coming agroof, to crash, ah, the wound, as murder, Fela, I think, by god, three days, and, one, two, freedom for Catalo..., free... dom, the baby, what, what are, what you..., no, lone, more, and... &*\$HY^%%G%\$53\$\$.

22.7.05

A skittish twain

Gyrations on a limited landscape

Here came the awe-striking doll.

The sleazy putz her husband reeking of naphthalene—

He's a pompous flatfoot who rummages on the footpaths
Looking for abject clues among the pieces of carrion
Covered with filthy fungi—

At dawn the other day, while the hub smoldered on the horizon,
I had had my heyday.

While he was after the loathsome velvets of corruption
I had been spying, withy and lithe, above, on the roof of his mansion.

Now I had also some insight as to the goings-on of the mundane
Birds of prey. Something coming to my mind also about the world
Being a book from which you could take lessons.

I was a phony gardener, a stutterer, with lousy teeth,
Taking care of the velvety lawn as her lover took care of
Her velvety skin.

From the skylight she, my foible, my icon, naked and thwarting
The keen advances of the young adjunct to her husband now trying
To ram her from behind, even if skewed and foreshortened,
Appeared as an apparition does, a goddess of yore jokingly
Interspersing a wicker rocking-chair between her dainty asshole
And his (the randy buck's) pouty pointy thing.

And then behold, murkily behold, she then just quit.

She then just quit joking and gyrating without further aim and,
Instead, eagerly gave in.

In her strenuous discomfiture, in her topsy-turvy deformation,
She was my much worship-worthy virgin nonetheless—

I was neither a vile carrion-sorter nor any silly stickler of a gardener
To pay heed to negligible blemishes.

On the contrary, the doll shone brighter than than the raising
Hovering hub reflected on the glass of the skylight.

Now I saw nothing within.

Later the garden-party just commenced, the doll came out in,
In shining colors, and most of the guests, and I the highest,
Oh-ed and ah-ed at her regal coruscating presence.

She had had to try that hard — poor girl — for who wants a husband
That could mistake you on a bad day for a moldy rank piece
Of evidence or even worse: of a sudden for a too gamy corpse...?

For who wants...? Dare I, lovely lady, ask for the pleasure
And favor of a dance...?

Totally improved above the throng

Saw the hardon on the dead man's body
Asked my mother: what was it...?
A boner, son, and it's delicious to watch,
And from what it pours to wash...

Plus the handles and all protuberances,
Then even the faucet became a boner,
Pods with longing itches, and the bathtub

A bathtub with semens brimming
Where my learning goes full speed on.

Growing faint over the coverlet, each
Man a burning edifice, the old women
I charitably date in their vast wisdom
Inform me of every quaint item either
Worthy or unworthy to be acquainted with.

19.7.05

Fun while it lasted, you know

Fun while it lasted, you know

I was thanking them effusively.

I said, publicly, thanks for electing me—
Almost the least likely vile body in the pond.

Now, worry not, I'll subvert the regime all right.

Guffawing, I said, above the cheers: Indeed,
I'm banning away, as far as the devil'll take them,
All the awfully big shots of before.

Incredible celebrations followed.

Everybody was so happy, both per se,
And as per the sweetie fact that the thugs of yore
Were being sent off, yeah, you bet, old muck!

Then we couldn't decide if up their legs,
In their balmy entwined vinery, the "figs"
Women are supposed to keep, smugly ensconced,
You know, in there, lurking, encroached,
Resembled more your proper figs themselves
Or rather shelled and split mussels, huh...?

So everything came undone, the two camps
Opposed being of analogous weight and intransigence...

In consequence, almost unanimously,
New secret elections were called for...

Coolly I donned the regalia off, took moreover
The disguise of my shell off — I wasn't even a snail,
I was a slug, a nice dandy slug keen of climbing
Entwined vineries and slurping amid the slippery fronds
The mussel-ly figgy juices thereof.

Then slowly quietly I also went away, as if banned for life.

14.6.05

[It all comes from yonder thorns]

Tiberi, the Illicitan.

(I'm at a loss, boss.)

—This time you did it, Didier Diderot!

—What did I do?

—As if you did not know! "Hanging the last priest with the bowels of the last Bourbon?" Now grimly bend to your fate. Suffer another bottomy lobotomy!

—No! Stay! I never wrote nothing, I can't even write, as you plain know, master!

—Did you forget I am a priest and that tipping bourbon is my sole delight?

—Wait, wait, aye! It must've been another of uncle Denis's dastardly deeds, ok? He speaks louder now that's he's been buried for all those centuries. As he knew he would!

Down the fresh slope, lost among the friendly narcissi and cowslips, with my ass on the loam, no longer crying, answer me, what do you see? Just another humble varlet after he's been anew ferociously humiliated, once more thoroughly thrashed by a priest so buffoonishly fascist.

Doing what — extending the thenar to activate the switchblade in your pocket — doing what, tiny speck of a silly boy with a bee at your ear? A bee whose buzz keeps on recalling the many peripheral experiences of thy daedalian posterior in order to keep it in a properly unassailable condition — all those monkey wrenches drowned in pedophilia's dreamland.

Damned race of priests, their carnal covetous leers, their loathful rapacious advances, obsequious in their profligacy, noxious webs of evil in our gentle throats as we cripplingly kneel and they keep on spurring our flanks.

Me? Plotting. A sly glance at the angry sky labored barking — trying to mask with the noise the onslaught of merited obloquy; terrible pangs of conscience on several of its antrums?

Indeed, plotting perchance such farfetched revenges as belong to such a quite limited mind as mine.

Here I am, inured to pain, with by now just three quarters left of a dick (*and yet unaccountably still it drips*). So many decades perfecting the all-hallowed practice of delaying orgasm, and with it, of course, delaying also the ultimate orgasm — *death*.

Array the ranks! Avast with the rank surfeit! Afloat and away, action! Avaunt, my braves! A motley trot through the sacrilegious arithmetic of that weird fictitious world, and the landscape of fear has been fled. Along for the ride, the blunt needles of my unerring eyes.

Goaded by the promise of immediate horizons, the paving laid, he (my heroic projection) unlays it, unearths the sickly scum of the lot of too serious slave monologues — the charade of their self-destruction discounted for what it is — banter. Pretentiously fighting meteorology, Persephone, exasperated nymph, dethroned from the acropolis, in her maddening frustration, treacherously means to be disastrous for all bachelors. A storm.

A salvageable modicum of synteresis leads to the cloven anastomosis where his ivory all-clean appendix links eyebrows with a successive senseless new array of zealous nerve-endings. His underbelly feels as if a whole graveyard of winter butterflies stubbornly press at the ancient gates of his emuntory tubes. His sleeves ache to hug anew the honey of oxygen.

Scruples not worth a finif he disowns, never defeated. He unstintingly toils without letdown even hamstrung. Courage is his on the imminent approach of nevermore.

He tells himself: "The hunch, the secluded unalloyed premonition, came to the unrehabilitated tawdry distraught one, that, once upon a starry night, in the depth of its doldrums, a reinvigorating spark of intrepidity indeed would yet wake up the sandyx seeds of a last revolt; and so, thus allayed his discomfiture, his hope

beaming anew across the worlds, he forges ahead.”

And then what? The killer kills and moves on.

Baleful, elsewhere, the approaching gardener, made wiser by the power of the thorns (*ah flowers, always such underrated females!*), now, in wise imitation of those nice critters, mice, formerly for him such a subterranean delicacy, and presently elatedly become their kin, with his silent scythe reaches the dormant beau.

On the dreamer’s bed, trackless crickets at his elbows, and soon the babel of his bowels. Tearily trying to revertebrate the nefarious coordinates of his guts, wakes up shitting himself.

A scythe at his neck? What the...?

—*Sorry, mate, didn’t know you were about; masturbating, what?*

—*Never!*

—*Many wet wives? A surfeit of semens swiftly swelling the wombs?*

—*I am a white cat whose shadow is black.*

—*What a coincidence! Me a gray mouse with a scythe!*

I watch the deadly weapon, lest it may prove already to be ominously swaying, and creep abjectly away, as another wreck of a defeated tailless lizard down the stinking gutter.

Succumbing to the low ceiling of the vault, the brittle turgid fulcrum of my horny Prussian helmet wavers, and alas booming falls. The hero naked, his dreams no longer inexhaustible, but divided and conquered, soon all useless and expunged.

In the thick opacity of the insalubrious deeps, he muses. With a churlish acerbic wit, he then lauded the fetters of melancholy. He establishes that the aim of all journey is yet more boredom.

And ignoring to his imperilment the lures of abstinence, a chunk of gnarled testicle, under his succinct phallus, he wholeheartedly dandles. Thus his dire distress is blessedly attenuated.

And now let’s forget the rest, a clever sacrifice of one’s memory. His bumptious carcass, sorrowfully inflected by the long absence, during which the deadweight brain in the ludicrous skull strode forth in order to soothe the outraged bottom, throbs and rises from its spidery abode, its cocooned condition. Welcome, my tender pullet, to the still limping decaying cosmos lingering at a leisurely pace down its own oblivious sanguinary chasm, the same precisely that erstwhile did you too

insouciantly rebuke. Be anew the fatuous foreigner who, no longer asleep, lousily scowls at the pernicious climate in the dustbin.

A plethora of ancestors by their worthless transgressions split and beheaded in swinish punishment. I say, join the pantheon, here I come. Frenzied torrents of agony stem from this gladiatorial wrestling with oblivescence, man, bear with me.

As I trod along, the inaudible shout of the snails talked about the day of reckoning, seen clearly ahead, full of glaring distinctive colors, when the wealthy and their gardeners once again became homogenized, both of them, I mean, the lot, now amalgamated in a single eye — an eye which, as tits skeeters, is deluded into catching dæmons — fictitious images reflected from each other, victims all of the same recurrent mirage (all irresistible compulsions plainly being deceitfully sequential), and yet, ruminate, and bump unawares into perhaps the exception to the appalling frequency of insignificant speech, and therefore, friend, be fiercely alarmed that this proposition really runs the imminent threat of being understood by thinking.

Furthermore, voilà, a leech staring at my graphed nails, also she flatteringly listening, with her tilted cute head, to the argument and its import once properly read and deciphered. Not so much of course to its genocidal intent, poor virginal worm, she. For her their fate too abhorrent to contemplate, presently wisely preferring rather instead just nicely attending to the carried prosody itself. She is verily methinks that attentive leech everybody loves, coyly wallowing in her placid brook, such a happy-go-lucky one. Also, no doubt, an accomplished underhanded scholar too, for obviously she rightly understands that my nails are the tombal stones, epitaphs included, for the whole of their doomed dreamy people, a criminal hand from such a pitiless lord, where, with the same blank murdering rock, in grievous shame in fine I've crushed, with their entire painstakingly built little town, together, pell-mell, cathedrals and burial-grounds, and all those very same miserable hate-laden nails, mean bloody harbingers of apocalyptic hell.

Bleeding hand, with the accustomed skill of a self-flagellant, venting away the fiery velvet of his many pathological conditions, I'm ricocheting downhill (a field of scurrilous rubble) to where the idyllic rivulet of the vehemently bungling coots taking flight shall lave the blessed blunderous blow.

Bleak haemorrhaging mixed with, hither and yon, the dire riotous laughs of flawed malevolent shrill imps, impecunious contrivances hostile to self-satisfaction, whose esoteric glimpses I'm crazy with pain to actually believe I'm catching around.

With the fresh more or less clean water the hurting gnawed-on flesh rebounds, and weaker, implausibly weaker, come the sounds that at the threshold of perpetuation laid siege to my scant sanity.

Tragedy and catastrophe loom over the unresolved juxtapositions of quite elided memories. Insidiously they replicate themselves, but in which decrepit shapes and on the throes of how many utterly wasted landscapes of solitude and condemnation.

In boisterous retrojection, they glory, gleefully aroused, while bullied by monsters, in ruinous hellholes, where the shrieks of pain rain on my wounds like spit from paradise.

Gape reverently at the moon, her thin penciled lips (in the round full visage of a facetious and horny female, remarkably intelligent, her straightforward facial expressions an encouragement for us all, nymphomaniacs in embryo) urging peremptorily, for it is indeed the appropriate time, the flashy use of scourges, swords, poniards, all type of treacherous nocturnal weapons.

Or who's hungry for another good scorching lashing, baby?

Nocturne sanglant au seuil cristallin du lugubre reflet de ta vie, my boy.

For indeed all those useless retaliatory machinations better be tossed aside. Now confess. Own, admit, your ineluctable propulsive dear drives. By now old enough to dare to see reality as the naked punisher she is. Sadly therefore it were all beside the point, empty fantasies of a misspent youth.

But, hurrah nonetheless for the fallen hero, for how could he then have known, stupid inexperienced child, that the love of priests for his cute callipygous ass would be the best and last love that he would ever possess?

A sweet masochistic love for which alas I deliciously pine even nowadays during many a lonely night. A doddering prosperous patriarch, reclusive slug selfishly bathing in the overflowing warmth of his own intimate moldings and mildews, ludicrously orphaned after the progressive extinction (deletion? abolition?) of all his garish family, loathsome little fart who rose from humble beginnings, now showing his impotent contempt toward the deleterious cloud of enemy fates skirting the narrowing horizon, each of the composite strangers corrosively exhaling, as it couldn't be otherwise, death-rays of tragedy.

Wait. But wasn't I dying daily at the war? Shot on sight. Freely thrown at us all those pieces of ordnance the loafing oafs in front were quick to utilize? Wasn't I even wounded like idiot Philoctetes? Where? The stinking realm of the guts? Feeble machine.

And wasn't there the slight matter with that tiny tyke of her's, a naked flesh puppet allegedly kidnapped and killed by the mute moron of the swamps, caught with the lifeless naked flesh puppet itself at the end of his arm? Incapable to denounce the lame gift-giving rich man who allowed (spurred) him to take the just-dead toy? And why this sour essence of an impending threat, this phantom of a poignant retrospective shadow of a flickering recollection, every time loaded with a rapidly fainting trace of regret? And this great occult weight sieving down in stinging thick drops to the quick of my conscience, whatever is left of it?

For wasn't I also married once? Hyperbolic bitch laughing at my shrivelled little dick, calls me "dickless wonder"? Unexpectedly stirred by bizarre orgasms?

Phantom lovers first? And then the incarnate ones, plentiful. Her steamy bathrooms, her turkish baths. The eruptions and rattles of a bordello, while probably being worked over by the stolen beaus, the lickerish whore afterward smiling with remembered pleasure.

Long life more or less lived. Wasn't it me to whom all those pesky inconveniences were pitched against? The persistence of annoyance. The strangeness of a journey where during a storm I had to swallow the bottom of a roof. The fortuitousness of (apparently) solid matter (in fact, in the long run, as perishable as the non solid). Something passing that willy-nilly, while you are still around, collides into the object that is your sentient body.

—*Oh, hello, Tiberi. What's a-matter?*

My language is always extremely poetic. Tiberi is one of my imaginary lackeys (imaginary, but "real" enough, it would seem, in his own existential sphere).

—*Well, sir, we are closing shop.*

—*Close, close. Don't mind me.*

For, as every night, there she was: another night on hand.

—*Well enough, sir, but bear in mind that tonight is the night of the exterminators.*

—*The exterminators? You do well to tell me, my boy. Not being a lithe little bug with a lot of legs with which to run away, how would I manage to extricate myself from the sudden nightmare of their mephitic if not deadly aspersions? Reminds me of the night I was sleeping in one of the bedrooms upstairs, and I heard the door downstairs, and I heard their voices, my wife's and a man's, back from the concert, so elegant both, so civilized, and she, Locusta, telling him, not that I heard more than a couple murmurations, but the tenor of which was easy to grasp, "oh, fuck my husband... oh, fuck the service" (that's you, my boy), "no fear, come on up with me." And wouldn't you know it? How many bedrooms do we have upstairs? Why did they choose my bed? There they flop, just at my side. And now? I'm sweating diamonds, I'm panicking, Am I going to be found out? Tell me. How would you escape?*

The inconclusive rhythms of globes and vessels shattering in the wreckage. For... What? Think about it. The idling custodians of those secular pantheons of the cosmos, namely the constellations, are in fact just a few weakling physics professors, whose rate of suicide, by intromission of raging ferrets into their own assholes, raises each time the relieved scorn of the semperidentically humiliated rabble. But all is true. Arrived the hour of remittance, the long argued riddle of the ceaseless palimpsest remains unsolved. Usque ad finem, the cataclysmic outrage of the enigma, all that dreamt background of mythological phantasmagoria, has been left unblemished, unscathed. Brilliant fulfillment of universal knowledge.

Irrelevant riffraff, though, shattering majority, always busy trying to avoid the coming overdue reprisals. Gruesome perverse populace, creepy crawlies squirming and prowling, watching in awe the sacred Acts of the Seducers, while implacable fractured corroded spasms are weaving their unparalleled ways up their credulous spines, the whole shenanigans that follow reminiscent of the naked pirouettes of that stammering touchstone, the penis, a burgeoning snake striving for the deadly aplomb of an unworthy temptress.

I was scanning the blue wastes, casting a chaste eye upon the ocean, vast indeed. Lost in the middle of it, the temptress. "Islette ahoy!"

She began moaning about all types of symptoms, the minx marooned (surely for an excess of infamies female), her wormy antennae incandescent in the scant desertscape, just finishing to haul the gear onto the makeshift dock. She had always wanted to belong, never had the social skills though. In the throes of rekindling earlier porcine horrors, she remembered once again her irrevocable hostility toward the thug she once was joined to. Her insignia were a hindrance now that glowed swinishly afloat in the lousy lucre of that last dawn in this deracinated tiny speck of barren land, so often pelted by glib meteors.

Our operatic aircraft carrier gallantly to the rescue; the chaplain marrying us. Me, in a frightening erysipelatoid breakdown, dying without an heir in the world. Fevered, hallucinating.

Elsewhere they were torturing other detainees. A prodigious amount of abrupt measures, a mess of miscellaneous complexities thrust upon the victims. The inquisition sublimized. Dietary manipulations, sleep deprivations; hittings, partial flayings; water-dousings, box confinements, water-boardings; every impulse of passion or feeling thwarted straight down.

Those prisoners in one's charge in the meantime were unfolding the niggling little just-born insects of false confidence.

I was introduced into the box of ordeals, a cleaner dungeon, as a perfectly unbearable mental case. With impunity I had circumvented all sorts of dispossessions by the timely infliction into others of severe sufferings. One develops a certain forndness for alien spasms. The judges who authorized my brutalities made a mockery of my fake pains of conscience. My uniform was often physically injured but the damage to my psyche never showed shit. Is preferable to be destroyed outwardly than afterward, by the contagion of silly regrets and other delusional thoughts — inwardly, I mean, the which I were never. By rules and tactics formulated in minute detail by our dapper chiefs, we torturers knew that presence of free women enhanced our consent. I slept subjected to no torment. I find no degradation in the humiliation of silence. Working I never talk. Talk is tantamount to wasting. Ancestral hatreds bother me none. I'm always wrong and keep invoking this wrongness as another crooked useless little god. I love ridding the culture off of the outright lies that we can both choose and decide not to adopt. No; we obey only to the court decisions of the myth of a backbone with flesh around

— our body is self-operated, it refuses all auras of respect, is only a robotic derivative doing whatever had been envisioned by a far greater strength than just a nebulous individual mind. I do what I'm told as my body does what it is told. There's no distinct responsibilities, no convictions, no balances nor checks — just lies, just lies. I came out of the chamber beaming, breathing deeply, immensely satisfied. The destroyed bodies of my criminals had remained behind, already forgotten for evermore.

—*No pangs, then?*

—*Pangs? Pfft!*

While puritanical hysteria always goes unpunished, the torturers of innocent tycoons often suffer the bloodlust of the evading masses. That's why is always prudent to torture only the losers, as we all very sagely do. Arguably, one could torture anyone; a torture chamber event should always be available without hints of quotas or ethics-riddled touchstones, to whomever crosses our sacred motherland's intents; our death facilities always ready to warp the severally caught identities; we thrive in the hallowed activity of turning inadequate shadows into substantial citizens worthy to be reckoned with when the call of duty blasts; but the rich one mollycoddles and abstains in further antagonizing; one is not a fucking wimley-wamley milk-and-water half-crazy self-hater; one prizes one's values, a lot; one is willing to sacrifice for those values the lives of many a trapped prisoner — or am I dreaming?

—*Not at all, your honor. You're hard as the nails of an iron lady, if I am allowed to accentuate my deposition with a charlock of shop talk.*

—*A locked char, eh? Talking shop, eh? Or are those more of your useless choice contrivances and ingenious new implements?*

—*What? A ruthless hermeneut of your caliber, sir, surely...*

—*Never mind.*

—*A charlock, the contrary of a feck?*

—*Never mind, soldier! Proceed with your cinnabar vision of the our too timid holocaust. Or in the vernacular, the unwieldy chloride of potassium do administer as told, freely and forthwith.*

Sails and snails. Maritime chores indigenous and ripening. Racial memories and silky onyxes flaccidly hanging over their atavistic nudities, herls in hooks firmly fixed. But quiet now. Silent mutineers, armed. "Execute the executioners," that's how I lost the leg. But you know the story, Tiberi, my boy. An anonymous rearguard fire, treacherously friendly. What a relief, mate, good riddance! Look at his melancholy figure. His "planktonic" act of contrition. Exuviae to the sea, food for sharks. No grudges. My greatest exploit ever. War casualty. Still profiteering from

the vicissitudinous event. Touch and go, though. With my shady virile molting lady enmeshed around me like I am another unsuccessful Laocoön.

Sorry, my boy, don't mind us, proceed. Enough with the poormouth singsong, the mournful whippoorwill pleading for assistance in order to exit the compromised premises.

Thorny tyrant paying penance with his crippleness. Heavens' gadfly acumen putting things to right. Comically defanged, thoroughly mocked, well deserving of such obloquy. We need another marvellous annexionist to develop in scalding artistic minutiae the heinous depiction of his painful plight, another Cranach, I mean, showing widely, in a derisive microcosm, the curious subtleties of the archetypal chastisement he so unceremoniously caught.

At the end, though, death gave up. The mutilated fragments droned as drops in the atmosphere. Wombs wouldn't risk disbursing other than ashes. Unique sorrows shaded the demographically unconvinced. Masses amassed. With dramatic disappointment, the few cynical contemporaries sank their teeth into those by and large too unecological "Preambles to the groaning inhabitants." Rubbish. Grotesque twaddle. And the quaintly baboonish citizens lapped it up. Crap by the bellyful. Diagnostic cheap pamphlets colorfully narrating ultimate annihilation. Most proximate event inescapable. One saw them yanked away and read assiduously by grayish specters, uniformed creeps, surely notionless. At the dismantled insides of the conventionally weighty goals, fancies degenerating into succinctly fictitious mistakes, like crime and the other harsh circles of hourglass introspection, the kernel of truth naturally unfindable.

Transfixed, entwined, a coffin on the verge of heartthrob, the legless guy, in thoughts quite prolific, catching them as they flew along, as does the chameleon with "real" flies, he, Diderot, Didier, awash in waves of pessimistic interrogation, harassed by the viciousness of the echoing odes sung by his stomach where a cauldron of crazies abandoned themselves to promiscuous fornications, leant on his pillow, his prodigious shoulders bent today from another excess of lifting of the abstruse, and, hopping to notch a peaceful one for tonight, no longer chiding himself, but absolved, anguine and slumbrous in the thickening penumbra, penetrated into the same already too many times vanquished and looted chambers of sleep.

(...)

Saturday, June 18, 2005

Miquel Bauçà's "If I'm ever old"

Miquel Bauçà's "If I'm ever old"

If I'm ever old
my beard should grow at its heart's content.
My friend shall be
some illness, lethal maybe, and persistent.
A beautiful cancer, my guess,
growing inside the mouth as a gardenia
— a reward for too much talking.
Also maybe, counting the beads of the rosary,
I'll be assaulted by a pitiful itch to talk about gladioli...
plus of giving advice well loaded with experience.
More likely still that I shall walk bent double
under the weight of remembering my friends:
executed, self-killed, disappeared over the borders
who knows where
if I'm ever old.

Wednesday, February 16, 2005

5 from Miquel Bauçà

*5 from Miquel Bauçà's El Crepuscle Encén Estels
(1992)*

Sundown means that now the stars have their chance

What's the matter with the drone
Ramming against the windows?

Must be trying to warn me about
A looming doom, a damned blow...

Here's a month again with extra
Days one really must do without.

Plus the king, how inauspicious,
Is sick, shit, for all concerned.

* * *

Me to be another cog...?
Ram the wall and break a way...?
What if I'm a soloist
Roaming round the world...? Or what...?
No. Best abstaining, for now.

* * *

What to do once I'm kicked out...?

Will I dare visit the straw
By bad weather slapped around
On the threshing ground renas-
Cent...? The fennels...? The hempstrings
From the cany fence unbraiding...?
The brushwood that up the bole
Of the myrtle-tree entwines...?

All wait. So...? Better let them.

* * *

First the gutless barked at him
Until he'd climbed the scaffold...

Now he's cracked and torn asunder...
He's exsanguine, gott sei dank.

Free from blandness, unlucky
No longer, iridescently
Cloaked, ascended to the throne,
Rutilant in space, he's laughed
At his brotherly tormentors.

* * *

Once I had reached paradise,
I heard my mare whinnying,
Just as when she was a filly,
With her nostrils all agape,
And her hoofs covered with dew,
All of her as if flowering
With voluminous joy,
Her breath imbued with gravitas
And strength, her ambling soothing...

Again we were back together.

Saturday, February 05, 2005

Construction of the bodies

Construction of the bodies

Lost at every station of the journey of our lives.

Here's again that little old dying man.

Now that he's at the penultimate station,
He's still a tramp, a nobody, just as he was when he got lost at the first one,
Back maybe deep into the wilderness of the pleistocene.
So much rudeness and duress he encounters.
And above all indifference, as if he's hardly even there.
The disgusted wrinkling of a nose, the dismissing air of a passing-by,
Hardly more. And whom to ask for directions?

He hardly can explain the new quandary he's in.
He hardly can express himself, too dumbfounded,
Lost for words also. Lost in everyway. Knowing nobody.
All those young people seeming to head resolutely to one place or another,
With no time to spare; strangely, incredibly unlost — that's the impression.
But he knows not even which coordinates he finds himself into today,
Has no idea of the lay of the place; the hurly-burly, the activity, so alien-looking.
What about the whole setting? Or the timetable?
Do the maps and lists and screens make any sense? Not that he can see.
And that's just the lobby. What could one expect inside. Inside the station

Wherefrom all those quaint rumbles stem...?

“Why the kissing and the funny mumbling and the tickling raspberry
Just on the baby’s vagina...?” — asks of the audience behind the glass
(From the tv set screen set on top of a lit pylon at a corner of the station)
The teaching demonstrator as he demonstrates — “because,” he answers himself,
And with such dead-pan eloquence, easily irking, and surely enviable
By any lost dying beggar that for lack of better things happened to be watching,
“Well, simply because the constructions of the bodies so do demand,
So do demand that it should be so, and that one do so;
No other option, try as you may... Thus... For instance, take...
Take the neck, ok...? Or we could attempt to operate on...
The kissing and raspberrying at other soft sites of the longing little body,
The elbows, say, the legs, the hips, the nates, the stomach...
But the lips slide of themselves always to the fateful center of operations.
The tendency of our actions, as the lips blindly slip off, is to merge,
Always merge at the center of confluence, the cynosure of all attempts
At movement converging to the same preordained spot.
Namely, to repeat, at the center. At the center of the thus-constructed
Body: Between the thighs, where orchids and nasturtiums could be
Grown just in a few spans hence, farther afield without further ado.”

Oh let, oh let the boring advert change.

But as it does, it only goes to more explanations about
The preordained substitutions of the body.
More dire and adust also, the program, where the bodies
Change, substituted by the following feeding bodies that but slowly
Feed on the previous more basic one to get converted into the body
New, at its turn replaceable. One after another of the bodies
Sublimates, and is consummated, and elutriated, and leaches into the next one.

And when it is eaten by worms (the example goes,) transformed
Into worms, edible at their turn, and lost at the next station
Of their lives, the old little dying man knows a shoe is about to fall
As once the sky also fell.

Thursday, January 20, 2005

Seagull Suicide

[Joan Barceló's "*Suïcidi de Gavina*"]

Seagull's Suicide

Spit out the waves a stinky gas so cloying
My lungs clog, follow suit my wings and split.
A chorus of crickets sit on the sea
Beseeching the Sun to elicit lit phantoms.

Chew the foam busy insects of the surf;
The salted sand with some flour they knead:
Bitter cakes baked by such a doll-like girl—
The daughter from gods that hoisted the moon.

(Send skeletons my way, as I glide
Over dead flotsam on my rockbound shore.)

For these I crave: for eyes a-brim with blue
That no wind can blind, and for nymphs of light
Nothing too bright, and I want to lie nights
Watched by dream barks as my sleep keeps on flying.

Now the mud doll, as she recedes, still glances
Back at me, and, sky-bound, talks of dances .
I'm creek-bound, down the current, with the longings
Of the blind. The sea scorns the light that dies.

(Send skeletons my way, as I glide
Over dead flotsam on my rockbound shore.)

Friday, January 07, 2005

Two Quickies, O.K.?

1) JV Foix's "*És quan dormo que hi veig clar*"

As rain dawns I dance alone
Dressed in gold, fishscales, seaweeds;
Up the bend, wide spans the sea,
Spans bright red the sky in front,
Spins a bird atop the limbs
Of a bush lustily branching;
Is the abode of the sea-thief
As a bold flushing sunflower.

As rain dawns I dance alone
Dressed in gold, fishscales, seaweeds.

As laugh stabs I grow a hump
Seen reflected on the pond,
I'm a faun dressed as of yore
Who pursues the manse's lady,
Among pines and lowly thorns
Deep and firm my flag is pinned;
With a needle to mend sacks
I have slain the monster of doom.

As laugh stabs I grow a hump
Seen reflected on the pond.

I'm most lucid while asleep
By such sweet poison made keen,
I hold pearls on both my hands,
Well ensconced inside the shell;
I've become the valley's fount
And the lair of beasts all wild —
Or the moon else whetted thin
As it dives behind the hills.

I'm most lucid while asleep
By such sweet poison made keen.

2) Espriu's "*Ganyó gueto, genyo, quec*"

Old guy, a stutterer, cross-eyed;
Beard-wise, bald; thin as wire to boot;
Of all my innards, the choosy throat
Craves most for Bengay, for ah, boy,
How it soothes my new rear lump
From the bump at breakneck as I'm hung.

Saturday, January 01, 2005

Pastoral

Pastoral

'Tis true that as an idiot I said
Upon my going away, Be chaste,
Be chaste.

But that is what I meant: Be chased,
Be chased,
By every fucking satyr And Yield,
My Love, And Yield.

For the day is short
And the time of anyone's returning
Highly uncertain, we aver,
Unanimously.

7.3.04

Me again and again the cuckolded jerk

Me again and again the cuckolded jerk

Oh blind woman, my wife, missus Becker,
from the jolly high town of Stecker,
she thought every nose was a pecker.

Also reversely—
So often, verily,
whoever wanted, merrily,
to outrageously make ‘er...,
did — he certainly, most cunningly did
— what a jerk, wasn’t she; and what a jerk,
me, the cuckold, and what a jerk every jerk
made ‘er, my wife, missus Becker.

Swindled and tricked by almost every feller
came her way and pretended to be, handwise,

temporarily, a no-trekker:

*“—Would you blow please me nose
and its hyperventilating nostril,
du meine süsse Schmecker...?”*

—they’d ask most politely,
and this, lest their otorhinolaryngologist later
should find ‘em, at the end of the day, yet sicker,
and so they’d sick ‘er, thicker and thicker, and seek ‘er,
and tease ‘er, and strip ‘er, as their nose got bigger,
and bigger, and as they muttered —

*“—Indeed, sweet sister,
for my otorhino..., my otorhinolaryng...,
my otorhinolaryngologist is such a stickler.”*

“—Blow yer nose, he tells me, you pickled prick prickler,
or it’ll become a damned gangrenous tickler.”

“—Plus also, as long as you are at it so deep,

*you deliciously cowlke mischief-maker,
strenuously lick it, and lick it, and lick it,
like the block of salt it is, and milk it, and milk it,
with the skill of the fabled udder-lass who mistook
the udders with the bull's genitalia..., ah-ah, ah-ah,
with care you there, you motherfecking faker,
aren't you the rascally malkin, look at me merkin
(I mean me beard,) smoking as if on fire,
and yelping for help as a forsaken whelp;
no, you motherfecking faker, you milk it,
and lick it, and love it as though you mean it,
no meanness here, then, ok, you motherfecking faker?"*

Variations of such obscene smears followed,
from the filthy mouths of 'em that had
their nether nose eagerly blown,
and then you heard 'em (true, with a hard-on)
forsake 'er, and break 'er, and brake 'er,
you heard 'em quake 'er, and wake 'er, and wreck 'er,
and you saw 'em neck 'er, and deck 'er,
and finally they invariably, with all their might,

you saw ‘em thoroughly feck ‘er, and feck ‘er,
and feck, and feck, and feck, and feck ‘er,
my lady, my wife, my missus, missus Becker.

31.1.05

impromptu

Flaunting her flaws, the bitch was nonetheless fawned upon by the bevy of chilly psychopaths.

Off her perch, savoring the ditties pitched her way, slaverling over the unquenchable fans, she strode among the flummoxed ransacked nobodies, whose enthusiasm was certainly difficult (by the weapon-enriched obstinate pigs milling around) to quell to any kind of a standstill where the harangues could be heard...

An unsullied opponent (a bitch of means, whose helpers had done marvels with her hide) now gave away monies in bulk. The all-devils’ confusion was a blast.

Everybody’s faculties burst, an abscess too bloody ripe... Even them crickets were stifled...

Tossing and tumbling on his pillow, the fucker suffered like the spectral slow-turning tired valetudinarian spheres rustily floating off-stage...

After that preamble, where the bitches’ brewed, and their prudish private parts festered in the heat of noon — (is well known in circles properly keen on the supernatural that cunts sing, and that under the heat and the covers the cunts sing louder) — (and singing is stinking, by the way) — the unrequited unquiet sleeper’s

muscle, which once drove him to ruthless raw prowesses, now was melting in the degenerescence of age, and his mind, also spooked, saw marvels.

The two dark sweaty and oozing bitches throve nonetheless on — even despite his efforts to the contrary, his efforts indeed to delete them...

Girlies had always been the pursuit of his happiness. *“Keep off my legit pursuit, you green-eyed cop-hearted balls-crushers. Damned judges and priests and shitty moralists — if there were a god or two you wouldn’t even be existing — such garbage in your skulls behind your murderous narrow eyes!”*

Now, good night — even the girlies were turning self-righteous... The girlies outside, the girlies within. Bitches, witches, brewing the hellish scenarios of his concentric senectudes.

He’d practiced his craft with consistent aplomb. Slithering among the contemporary calamities, he’d managed to keep predominantly calm. By dint of poise, he’d charmed the players and playgoers of the humdrum stages of every city street. The glint in his amorous eyes, his schemes always reeking not of treason nor obloquy, of danger to the painful revelation of the girlie’s foibles, but pleasingly redolent of trust and secrecy maintained even under torture, he could claim fresh cunt after rosy-scented cunt, unabatedly, for centuries. He’d been always so correct in his dealings. He’d put paid to all rumors by dissembling so perfectly, an exemplary citizen, so-called, chosen partly for his demeanor, partly for his discretion.

Unimpeachably, at last he sighed and snored. Not unlike the two warring halves of his declining mind, the two warring bitches advanced a few inches and, instead of devouring his innards, now they bit in unison his surrendered heart.

12.3.04

Mestres’ No Passareu: You Shall Not Pass

A version of Apel·les **Mestres'** 1936 poem “**No passareu,**” against the planned
asspanish invasion of free Catalonia.

You shall not pass

And invade, and even if you do,
You'll only be passing above ashes.
You'll take then our lives, nothing else,
Not the spirit that still shall move us.
Try and pass and invade,
And grasp then at ashes.

You shall not pass and cowardly invade,
And even if you pass, it'll be only
When we are all dead. Learn what a price
Must be paid to destroy a free country.
Try and pass and invade,
And grasp then at sickness.

You shall not pass, and even if you do,
Let history decide who was the just one,

The terrorist that sticks the cross on earth
Or the sufferer who on it gets crucified.
No glory for the invaders,
They grasp at obloquy.

Killing and burning, you'll invade,
Destroying city after city, but
You'll be like worms unable to corrode
Our ageless strength; forever you'll hear
The firm undertone of our undying
Shout: "Try and invade
And grasp but cinders!"

14.7.05

no snarling here, please

tiny triumphs in a string

while the others are busy
I'm just the writer
trying to make sense
of the complicated machines —
the supermarket is the home
everybody lives in —
as I snake along the aisles

my reflected image
though improvable
(glasses would indeed wouldn't they
ameliorate my trampish mien)
is not that of the worst shaggy dogs —
there is something in me yet —
the ladies lolling around the soaps
the flagons the crisscrossed maps
knew it — my friends don't doubt it
their young sons would even readily
learn from me —
ah, hope, hope, thou candid soul
while the snaking is good.

2.9.04

Instead of which

Instead of which

Instead of which I must answer
That it's been a while since I saw you.

I remember I was only learning the rudiments.

Then the cocoon thawed
And with a wrenching slitting of the veins
I got fleetingly reborn.

But you are wrong, didn't you notice?
As you go in they invariably get out.
People don't really like you, you know.

They don't, do they? I told the mirror on the elevator.

First I thought he must've been a creep.
Then I saw he was a worse, much bigger one than that.

I oughta punch him. Instead of which
I answered it's been a while since...
But the rudiments, never went past them...
Thawed the cocoon, the fleeting slicing...
The flowing veins, reborn to that...?

He was too ugly, ungraspably so.
Soon as he entered, I went out, almost off, in a miff too.

3/14/2007

His presence eventless

His presence eventless

There's death at the knocker.

He comes in relentless.

Don't answer the fucker!

Fed up with the stalker,

So slimy, not scentless.

Here's death at the knocker.

Takes us for a sucker;

His knocking be endless,

Why flatter the fucker?

Vile bothering mocker,

Cajoling, but friendless.

There's death at the knocker.

Life, he wants to pluck 'er

Roots and all, consentless.

Don't let in the fucker!

That should be a shocker:

His presence eventless.

Yeah, death's at the knocker,

Let's ignore the fucker!

3/08/2007

pastoral obstructions

A Beer and a Loaf and a Kipper Cunt

What else but a beer and a kipper
Cunt in the soft breeze of the shade
Of the mighty tree, seasoned with bread
Bitten with appetite?

Kipper cunt, tasty smell, probably
Nutritious, as the sheep and the hens
Bundle yonder under some pretext
Rather futile.

For the weather is fine, a vintage
Type of weather, where the grapes
Are spun in sort of a strobe-lighted
Mottled projection from above.

The haughty Sun stumbling meekly
On the leaves of the tree of late August
When the seedy straggling wormwoods
Disperse, smugly smuggling their seeds.

How apt those names “worm” and “wood”
As the bread is eaten with the kipper smell
Of the ripe cunt, a snatch diseased none
At all, just slightly unwashed.

The city is gone, mausoleum for snobs,
Never seen for the hills and other pastoral snags
Where nature’s creatures straggle to struggle
Smelly and rather lousy too.

2/14/2006

Sorry old machine clinkering its last

Sorry old machine clinkering its last

On a whim, I had climbed the old narrow stairs.
Back from afar, I had returned to the city of my birth.
I was almost sixty now.
Fancy, over forty-odd years already that I had not seen all this...!

I was climbing up to the small terrace found on the roof.

There we used to do, as mere tykes, our calisthenics, under the supervision of the livid, bloated, screaming teacher.

I wanted to see again the lost landscape of fifty years gone.

At the top of the stairs, on the landing before the door to the terrace, in the dark, I heard a voice...

—Who's that? Is that you...?

—No, I answered, it's me. I went to school in this same building, I just wanted..., out of curiosity...

—Oh, but of course, come all the way in.

I did so, with a certain trepidation. As though a monster were to lurk therein, or maybe worse, the same stern old teacher of yore, cadaverous now, it had to be, mummified, eager to punish me for an ultimate, definitive time, for a more unpardonable sin...

But no, thank goodness, it was his pretty daughter who opened the door to the Sun.

She had a bottle of schnapps with her.

She was only slightly older than me. Still gracious. She offered me a sip of her odorous bottle.

The terrace, I saw, had been totally altered.

All in white. Blinding.

Also the cityscape you saw from the terrace itself had nothing to do with what I remembered.

The big blind white wall of a neighboring house barred the view to the river beyond and the lovely undulating green and dun hills that often used to be filled with gatherings of white bleating sheep...

Or with gypsies tethering horses around an improvised fire to warm themselves as

they waited to sell the scrawny animals.

The terrace was also dangerous. Gone were the safety railings at its borders.

The impingement of the swallowing edifice nearby almost making the railing superfluous. And yet there it was: a strait, a canyon, a narrow chasm that would open in between the two houses, pointing down to the same busy commercial street underneath.

The approach to the brink was therefore nonetheless perilous indeed.

Actually the small terrace seemed to waver in fright, choked and squeezed, cornered by the huge walls of the new houses surrounding it.

If you wanted to inspect what was nonetheless still seeable through chinks of unchained buildings, you better did it from the center of the little terrace, lest in your dizziness you should fall straight down, the whole length of ten or eleven stories, as a dead weight, fortuitously tossed, and now witlessly caroming through the uneven walls of the descending funnel formed by the walls and balconies of as much of the more and more proximate sides of the leaning buildings as their randomly acquired shapes presently afforded.

Trying all the while to keep your balance, the terrace wavering worse and worse and you in danger of falling down and rolling to the brink and to the almost sure prospect of your bruised body finally dead and smashed...

Splattered on the pavement.

The same pavement you kept on looking at, faintly suicidal, all those long Summer afternoons when almost everybody kept themselves inside and only the man with the long hose would splash the dusty street with cold cooling water...

A cleaning hose for your blood and crushed pasty bones now again maybe...

I turned, urged by the burning of the little hairs at my nape, and looked at the lurching old woman girl of my childish erotic dreams...

She was laughing an ugly laugh without teeth...

8/27/2005

KINGDOM OF UNMIRTH

Kingdom of Unmirth

Dudley Measly came back to the party balancing a couple of plates of half-rotten food he'd been given, not precisely gift-wrapped, by some skunky nervous Nelly on his way to the noisy little ramble house. A friend of his, a scrawny bum with whom he often stopped to talk for a minute or two about nothing at all, had died the night before, and Dud had been named the inheritor of his very meager possessions, including naturally his food reserves, namely the two plates Dudley now, after having had to accept them willy-nilly, was adding to the buffet.

“Have to run back to the Rabbit Pussywillow corner to retrieve his lousy clothes and the rest of the junk in his two or three plastic bags,” he explained by way of taking speedy leave while retreating to the darkening street again.

And we all understood, of course. Widely across the city the vagabonds were dying, one almost would say poisoned like rats — a plague on them, okay?— and their death prefigured our own. One by one, we were inheriting, indefectibly coupled or twinned, each his own (each middleclass fellow his twinned hobo,) a personally apportioned bum's sparse and bloody appurtenances, plus his rank psychic disposition (ponderous forebodings of fast approaching doom) and defeatist outlook on life. An infection also of the soul... Like, let's say the soul of the metempsychotic dead — there used to be more mosquitoes than people, now most of the people have mosquito souls, and soon the rats and their viruses will possess the human souls of the human generation thus speedily departed — something like that went the lame doomsday theory...

Moribund therefore each both in body and spirit. Once you are designed a yes, a designed inheritor (and sooner or later none is spared, we all fall down), you are done for. The impending disturbances penetrate the worthless fortifications of your being, you've been invaded by the monstrous spider under which for so long you had been taking umbrage, the former occasional somber mood becomes endemic, anomie's the word, you realize how useless any sliver of significant movement would be — you've become in petto another hopeless gangrenous bum. Anemic in front of so many cursory atrocities the gods or the worlds have foisted on this disastrous

congeries of changing diseases we call natural society.

Anyhow, when Dud reentered, now wearing the tattered verminous coat of his late beggarish godfather, he was helped by one of the monkey servants to stash the bags of detritus inside a spare room already festering with the previous depositions of earlier inheritors, many of which alas likewise recently deceased, as if by contagion, touch of death, the inheritor never outlasting the inherited by more'n a few weeks if that much. The promptness with which the malady worked was a wonder. You inherited the vimless disposition and in a couple of weeks you had deteriorated into a tottering pestilential scarecrow.

The monkey servant — a cute young wordless highly evolved gorilla, properly dressed (a severe black skirt uniform only enhanced by the unpolluted whiteness of apron and bonnet,) in bold contrast then to the young girls, all of them fashionably stark naked, both the hardly pubescent and the profusely bushed — firmly abstracting herself from his mild protestations, applying even some strength of native will against his reluctant self, already insidiously irrigated by the vicious mycelia of the fatalist's passivity (the fetal latency, the inactive spiritless recumbency of the psychotically depressed,) what did she do, nothing loath and never even wincing, divested Dudley of the repulsive coat — a tainted fount of manyfold infections, and then, not even asking leave of the other monkey servants, took the death-marked human by the hand and swiftly outdoors.

The evening was less somber and ominous now. The clouds had blown away and a full moon was strongly shining, almost making up for the no longer existing street illumination — the few light fixtures extant before the current general abandonment of the declining little town had now fallen into utter disrepair, either smashed by bums and youngsters or simply degenerated into rusted rudderless masts from where the discolored sails of some wind-blown tatters and rags limply hung.

Galingales, the highly evolved monkey servant, had not even forgotten her stern oldish black umbrella, which she carried properly perched from her left arm. The spin-span bowler on her head, as wonted every time she exited the premises, added to, without silly coquetry (or let's say enhanced,) the air of tucked propriety she naturally carried, with innate grace, in contrast to the human youngsters who alas had misplaced it long ago, never to be rescued from the annals of quaint civility. Dudley let himself be led, a new well-being infusing by and by his usual after-party dejective mood. Arrived at the crumbling station, walking leisurely along one of the caved-in tunnels, Galingales poked with the sharp end of her umbrella some of the sandy sediments at one of the bumping terminals of the tunnel. After a few pebbles of gravel, a whole pan of erstwhile carefully imbricated paving terracotta tiles fell with a clatter at Dudley's feet, who suddenly flustered had to slightly jump aside, all

at once marveling with it at the older luscious layer, signifying no doubt an earlier much more prosperous train station buried also in time.

They heard a remote, growing growling, a mumble of increasing rage — felt the rails vibrate. They knew then a train was at last about due, and they rejoiced. They regarded each other, each a faint smile on their respective thin lips. “A convoy conveyer that nonetheless, take bad with good, seems to operate still with at least an appearance of goddamned regularity, eh...?” Dud said it, almost proudly; Galingales acquiesced, and both were lighter on their feet while extricating themselves from the anguish-inducing tunnel and coming out to the cleaner air of the surrounding spare wilderness.

“Thanks for everything,” he told Galingales upon returning her, like a dear date, to the door of the little ramble house where the party still went unabatedly on, “I wish I could love you, I wish we were compatible, I wish your species and mine, instead of going wrong a-ways, counterhand if not at loggerheads, were going simultaneously homodromous, you know, both toward a rosier far-flung horizon. We are nonetheless all silly victims of fate,” where, again appalled by his hurting despondency, Galingales started raising muted protestations, which he cowardly sought to avoid by taking to his heels, falling down and picking himself up, tripped by many stones and sinkholes, and leaving the faithful staid honest monkey servant amorously pining at the upended caterwauling somersaulting elongated dark, forlorn before the yet unopened, fast diminishing door.

After a few miscues had brought him hither and thither in the thickening dark, Dudley found his family house — all but another scrap iron-sheet reinforced shack, not far from the now disabled lighthouse, between the tracks and the coast. His children were all let’s say peacefully asleep, they had been frolicking the entire day at the beech, naked and burned and thoroughly stung, surely hustling up and down, putting their bodies for sale and also their several streetwise skills, and god knows what the hell eating, something that serendipitously grew wild and legged maybe, crabs, purslanes and so on, nothing causing even the common groans of heartburn, nothing from where nightmares sprang, for the children were beaming in their sleep, wedged every which way and dovetailed in dovelove. Now the wife, that was another cup of tea, to coin a hopeless phrase, for she was drunk, in a stupor, stinking as always of her unstoppable farts, and maggoty white, swollen with some inner rottenness of the unmetabolized fats — she was death-rattling in her filthy corner, the mattress wet with vile, scummy secretions here and there where she’d already lain. “All as per usual,” thought Dudley, and settled stealthily to his own nook, in a locked subterranean cubicle nothing foul nor run down, on the contrary, kind of a proper neat dudgeon where the reclusive marquis harrumphed deep in thought and was well propitiated all day long by silent, reverent, almost invisible

lackeys, a rather well-kept and elegant den, then, in a humble and cozy way, even sporting, though, in a misplaced accent of slight tackiness, atop the wooden box table, a histrionically-motivated candle-holder of finely-wrought gold.

After amending once yet again his last will, and, that done, failing however to catch a wisp of sleep, not wanting to regress to the indignity of masturbating to the dainty phantasy of steady clean demure old-modish body-combed Galingales, he emerged from his private rat-hole, nonetheless fairly refreshed; locked securely the iron trap, piled some rubbish on it, mostly sacks with fossils, moldy kernels, ancient crookeries and such, and took again to the midnight outside.

Over the dormant tracks, across the salty rivulets, along the main street, stinky with pockets of sprawled vagrants, silently he came, as often he had, inveterate insomniac, to the skimpy sole-standing bar in town.

Inside, he was met by a hot thick sickly breath of despair. What? Star-blasted Dudley couldn't believe his foggy peepers, amazed to the quick, frozen-blooded: even here the strangled giving-up...? Again the infantile despondency, the dimmed wits, the shifty talons of the grim thwarter at everyone's lumpy throats...? Yet this was not his own gamy home, where you couldn't catch him dead at any day's hour — none at all, never exposed and easy to shoot down anyway, always scurrying in and off, like a weasel with a flaming tail — of course, his lurking spirits too bright by contrast, annoying the hell of the rest, the supurating wen of a wife, the odd children too addled on occasion to raise from the floor and slither away to warm their tainted blood at the water's edge; in fine, unsuitable in bulk to the unfortunates who had to share the scant habitacle with him, who in his case always resurfaced from his burrowing den refocillated, disinfected, spin-spanned, even scented and freshly shaved. But here...? Where normally the perverted booze and the mechanical games, and the very lame jokes would enliven the geezers to grotesque extremes...? The whole shitty breeze-shooting coterie on the grips of crinkly feeble-minded dumbstruckery...? Faith, it bended all credence, and surely it was unnamably new!

Dud stood at the entrance for a few seconds. What's the catch? His face a tight-assed sphinx's. He was patently waiting for some type of explosion of idiosyncratic mirth to erupt at his expenses. The bar, for pete's sake, that was the village's hot spot! And yet tonight not a pip. Everyone as if distraught, wilted, a wreckage of self-pity, in a catatonic panic... After a while, debunked, he entered of his whole wary person, nodded at the superannuated counterman, who couldn't manage more than to flick, and very slightly, one of his eyelids, and settled on a rusted high stool.

The twelve or ten or so otherwise habitual customers, today then unaccountably

sad, and subdued as raining snot, and livid as bitter ashes, were slumped here and there, some standing, propped as if by felons' crosses, most of them though brokenly seated on the shaggy meshes of reed-bottomed chairs. The humid sour-smelling hall, with its peeling walls and slippery floor, felt darker than was wonted; raised high on a corner, the televiewing apparatus wouldn't add any of its steady fluctuating brightness. That was certifiably strange. For the contraption was on, one could hear its diffused almost muted rumble and mumble, but a thrice creased over piece of crude burlap was slung over it, as though damned to do penance, and thus the image from the screen was almost completely concealed. Only a precarious shimmer would hone forward through the filter of a few scratchy haphazard little pores the three layers of fabric that further smothered the grave-voiced drone unwittingly allowed. Hum. Dudley cupped his balls with a hand and, faking courage, threw away the limp gauntlet of a hearty amical shout: "Hey, whose funeral's that! I want to see the late match on channel six!" Some shrivelled faces turned dismally to take a lifeless glance at the squealer. A couple slouchers staggered by, shifting toward darker corners. Agog a minute at the utter dismay elicited by their horrifying expressions, Dudley nonetheless managed to replenish his tank of vitality, he tousled his pubic hairs in a frenzy of energy and let inertia take him up to the smoldering zombie machine, at whose feet he endeavored to reach, with a couple of enterprising leaps, one corner of the veiling burlap, which, upon succeeding on his second try, he removed with a flourish.

He took himself aside and searched with his gaze for the remote, probably purposefully misplaced by the owner from day one. So he went backwards a few paces and looked next at the screen. What the hell was that...? A very solemn owl-faced matron was patronizingly blessing the teary genuflecting audience — some papal spoof, no doubt. Sanctimonious creeps, even when employed at delivering scatty gags always gave him the willies. Not funny, he said. He commandeered a table, drew it up till under the droning contrivance, and climbed atop. First thing he did he increased the volume, second he switched among the five or six demotic stations the bibulous congregation was inured to, and, what a depleting acid surprise, all of them were creepily shitting about some end of the world garbage.

"What's happened...?" he demanded of his inert acolytes, "where the fuck's the brainless cheer, the empty banter, the pentagon generals babbling their insane lies as per usual, and the cheating slut wives, the bloody knives, the exploding slugs, the horrendous pap about cops and doctors, the götterdämmerung accidents, the erect males and their ball-sports, and the rest of their inexhaustible lode of indigestible humdrum crap...?"

For the radiophonic crap today was verily unfamiliar. Seldom if ever so many hypocrites castigating and self-flagellating in dense though cacophonous chorus.

Indeed, who the hell would be big enough in the world today to die and occupy henceforth all of the channels all of the time...? We are not simpering, simmering in any outright theocracy — indeed, and quite thankfully — no geeky giddy god who upon going puff in the night causes the whole fucking compulsory lot of us — and that means even you, fellah; you kowtowing forthwith, wrapped in widow's weeds or already for good measure in shrouds, and seriously lachrymating non-stop... or bust, and short of a sudden by a neck — I mean, in short, the whole hog hoi polloi of us the so-called faithful — to what, death-worshippers all...? — now having to suffer the added penance of mourning it (the god, the tyrant, whatever, the president that had you underfoot and with malice and aforethought crunchingly stepping as hard as he fuckingly could) for hours and hours on end — and anyway the puzzling terrible sadness weighing hard on the tough nasty customers, all affected to the rotting marrow without exception — no princely demise whatever would ever even nearly raise the poignant silent wailing to that utmost degree of fucking unanimity. No way. The futilily of even beginning to try and beseech some hidden bugaboo power that their postures betrayed — such a pity to behold. The sorry pack of them, too stunned to even relent and mutter another cockamamie prayer. Consequently — he implied from the picture of bland despair he was given gratuitously to witness — something vile, something verily vile and more revolting than usual must be really afoot.

So Dudley stood firm and took a resolve. Saw himself choking every instrument so that it yielded some sense. Beating literally the crap out of 'em. Took as it were the mechanical router and squeezed as hard as he could, went at it with maximum strength, as if unto a dry sandwich from which he wanted willy-nilly to extract some of the clandestine juice — the signals all backed-up, its sentient blood too sluggish, no brains to speak of, the machine constipated, unable to convey any meaningful communication...

Instead he froze and listened. Somewhat more carefully this time, to all the on the air freaks, mealy-mouthed mouse and fiery dragon, from this low ghoulish preacher and from that screeching and jumpy other one in a new screen...

Gulp, in fine! It appeared, once he got the hubbub properly winnowed, that all the cadaverous speakers were saying the same: that this was the end of time, of the world, at least of the earth, flimsy minuscule planet among the devil's dozen or so in the paltry neighborhood, but it, because some sinister aleatory turn of the sidereal chips, vouched, alas and hard luck, to be abolished tomorrow or next day, and, listen, nothing doing against such foregone fate.

Hum. A funereal spokesman for one of the stations asserts: The sheer inevitability of the astronomical crash paralyses all terrestrial action. And peering around, it

certainly looks as if the scary announcer got it right.

Here and there, though, are still popping up the perennial slaves of vanity.

Including of course the undead mummies, come back from amongst the ugliest beyond to frighten the nowadays naughty, budging about now (the awful mummies) all the livelier, now that everybody else shall also kick the shit bucket forthwith. Bonzes, mullahs, warlocks, dervishes, popes, priests and preachers, all the variously soutaned rabble heartburningly (hardly a change) blabbling away, delivering, sometimes with added acrid saburral zest, edgy as hell, their no-account everyday emasculating and dispiriting prattle, with plenty of “repents” and “didn’t you fuckers deserve it; didn’t I warn you infallibly enough, and now, ha-ha, dim-witted beasts, here thou art, here thou art, spectacularly screwed, the lousy bunch of youse!”

So all spouting the consuetudinarian swill... Nothing new, albeit the insistence, but for their too conspicuous ubiquity. There were those for whom the crud and the screed in ascension to heavens screeched louder than ever. Others, smoother, meeker and meeker by the sec, the all but always unhearable, still nonetheless stultifyingly babbled. And for us, for each and all, the mortifyingly boring litany: the un- (and, worse, the quite over-) answered prayers, the burnt offerings, the flaming hells or shitty paradises, and the bleeding sacrifices, the suddenly materializing virgins or phantasms, and haloes and stigmata, and moldy ex votoes, and pious vows..., the whole shebang, the whole hooded caboodle, and more — and strange, though, all and with no dirty velvet coming on afterwards, no lagniappe whatever to be had, and supposedly with no tret previous either to be enjoyed — no time left in any case for the pay off — so much trouble for no reward...? — fishy — odd indeed, had to be force of habit, unless...

Then the now unmoored, piously chest-pounding politicians looking at last their very true own (panicky: no believable chance now in claiming only to react at their accomplices’ behest, and no coat-tailing bunkers sure enough this time to cover their pandering petticoated asses, what a laugh,) meaning: awfully indeed, as undisguisable devils racked and grilled and red-gilled, and burning (so undeservedly, right), smoking with hatred and bad faith and warped will, their wonted phylacterial pap curly-burning to a flake. And yet some still shirking the stinging guilt, again by force of habit feistily removing their fleaful donkey hides from the pin and the clown-flunky flag — who, we, the sainted epitomes of inter-aid and mutual unction, the hired assassins...? We the barefaced factors and fronts of planned sempiternal tyranny, and now caught totally unawares with this uttermost disaster...? Sir, you wrong us; not we!

And then etc. Nary an ad. Space enough tonight even for silly touches of camp, as for instance, they have the unassuaged gall to show (but who is going to recriminate them tomorrow...?) even the universally known Rushmore giant gang of four or five softly lachrymating away... — criminy, forsooth, shedding the disney-cloying, nauseatingly sugary-sourish lube big dog tear, hanging for a while, as if gathering from the nostrils and cunts of a million generations of wonderstruck idiots.

But where are the comics, in this now, the most appropriate and ideal of situations...? Why are they not cracking a few among the widening cracks, armed with flints and withes, and lashes and lariats, vouching a last time for sanity — we were always doomed, dim terrestrials, to be blown away by a rogue astronomical pebble or other, it could've been much sooner, you know, around the time of dinosaurs, later in monkey paradise, or what if during the dark ages...? And dragging the dregs of this ultimate sewer excursion down the cloacal conduits of the heavenly all-wise...? Today that their natural meanness could come finally totally unchecked and uncensored to the fore, their skins a continuous flare of frightening splotches, their festering soul inside out, once and for all put to dry at the merciful Sun.

Boo, a wad of goo plodding along in space, god's gob charitably bound to dissolve itself into nothing, or at least into nothing much, surely nothing more solid than, or at most something so sticky and disgusting as, one more rain of snot — and aren't we terrestrials, through the wretched maudlin god-forsaken aeons, inured enough to such a providential plague...? To an excess, I'll wager. Fie the expectorating creepster, n'est-ce-pas? Time and again it ran us aground, whereupon we then, in kind, ran amok (never better said.) The gall, perish the thought (and all else.) Ungirded in his rantings. Though too sick to comprehend. But we'll swallow our pride once more, and not only our pride, alack! Coated with muck, reborn, why not, we'll swim in it again (a song,) we'll obturate with flax, tufts of tow, and oakum and humdrum hokum, our noses and pretend the filthy froth is instead shampooing the shingle and the burrs and the welshed gunk-trammelled birds; we'll railroad ourselves with the brain-washing figment that 'tis the pristine ocean, and not the infection of its so sacred influenza bugs which debouch a little bit more our all-recurrent rabbit-hole poverty. Our humble lingering warren once again taken over by the flood of heavens-sent tail-burning wolves; rending the welkin with our cries of dying agony; where'd be the novelty...? Only this time it seems it really blew it, silly bugger, didn't it...? The gag, I mean, the gagging. It is giving us its all, they say, and does it; talk about gutless! Giving us again the full benefit of its bowels — for once, for our excruciating shame, we were also conceived, what!

Or: shooting-star indeed, cocksure, magnetic, and it won't miss, dead-eye stony cunt that we are, in this hornets' nest of a shooting-gallery the all-hallowed welkin

in the end is. And, shrugging away the many threats of divinal fury we've been struggling down the centuries with, let's then reflect (philosophy now) on this derelict potters' field of plotting states, each its shitty fascist flag, any excuse excellent, episodic spats fast degenerating, along the millennia accordingly, plotting to bomb each other to extinction, final solutions galore, intentions of alien hell without end, and now, measure the irony, the whole freaking plot, our plot and our plight, our bit of archeological real state lost in space has become the plot to bomb par excellence. Fancy, no alibi this time for anyone, dead or alive. Plus: flaming insect, a flea flicked off, a swatted cocoon of a stillborn petrified..., yes, a crushed unborn chrysalis, nothing started for real as yet.

Inveighing against so much superfluity, indeed all this exorbitance, all this crackpot disequilibrium, this side and that of the atmospheric chastity belt (we'll be rammed to the core, further dishonored if possible,) consider the spendthriftiness of chaos, the deranged pseudo-organization of it all, and what best epitome would you want now than this ball of burning crumbling turd extruding from the asshole of the universe: picture the conflated dreams of humanity like a big sidereal turd down the drain... Indeed. And: nature itself wiped out, motherless cosmos (envisage on a shard of the planet sent packing in the void the bulgey trunk of a frumpy matron disaggregatingly lying among the last ruins of the last dead empire;) aloft, in heavens astray, a cribless snot- and fecesful, fulsome noisome kid, some kind of despicably mawkish, miserable, orphaned little crippled god, chipped as luck had it by the fragment, and now frightingly crying: Mom, mom!

Listen, a stupid little scummy cage of earth nonchalantly hurled in the void, where to its star-crossed luck should it carry to hilariously hurtle against. Hey (glibly, though by the many cinders blinded,) where the hell are you taking us, crazy driver...? (A ghost's gravel voice:) Verily verily nowhere, my son (sonné) (son-son, with maracas.)

So, to recap, all the channels blighted with the same foul otherworldly pap. But then Dud remembered. Wait a second. Damned slanted data if I ever so any. "When you say all the channels, you mean all the trash channels — and stress the word trash!" He fumbled with the pivots on the hogwash-spewing device. "What about this so-called intelligent, or cultured, artsy-fartsy station nobody in his right senses ever watches...? Home of the snide and the piffly. Where the rimbombant and the pompous meet. Where the privileged, the irrelevant, the dry-shit nail-scratcher elitist come to roost, brood, cackle and snore their henhouse lives away...? Which the fuck is the number...? Somebody aware of it? Disappeared, as every other insightful freak, into the sewer hole of somewhere else...? Ah no, here!"

The blessed-be no-ads station had some soporiferous british drama on; all too

predictably, and yet how sweet today!

Dudley exulted. “You see, you see!” And everybody perked up. What a sudden resurrection of the foregone and buried!

It had been then nothing but another monopolistic hoax on behalf of the big corporate gangsters in possession of the bulk of the stations. Trying to outdo themselves, were they? Lusty vultures full of animus and persistence (“if at first you don’t succeed...,” they constantly croak,) insidiously brimming with the frothy malignancy of a cruel beak poking through the eyes at the hallucinating brains of the crucified addicts that followed their repulsive antics in the fake sky even since birth or thereabouts (the contraption on at a raised corner of the very mew.) We were happy and cheated to the gills, as per usual. Yeah, a plot of the main operators; just finding out how far can they push the envelope, mess with the collective addled conscience, in erasing at will the will to live, the weevils!

Or, on a lighter note, a distasteful imitation, a concerted failed effort at tweeking with contemporary overtones (a twist of extreme exaggeration being *de rigueur*) old Welles’ childish invasion spoof — caught still in its garish-gorish bombastic massive vulgarian undertow — what lunar cynosure for the media conglomerate to aim for.

Omnipotent shit machine and its subliminal adverts — and we the universal suckers; like peaceful native simple-minded peasants suddenly victims of their mongolic pitiless ambition; the result: cruelly crushed, defeated, enslaved once more; the flaying trick on us indeed.

Everything doubtlessly paid by the greedier, more moneyed and soulless corporations, don’t we know ’em; and yet they always get us, again and again. Will they ever quit on experimenting their deadliest poisons, powdery, radioactive and otherwise, on us plain guileless folks?...

“Please laugh!” Dudley above the table blandly instructed, needlessly to boot, for the crowd of valetudinary geezers was almost dancing underneath. “No longer bemused, cherish the instant eternal. We bring you: relief!” He had a grand idea, he waved the heavy piece of burlap: “Voilà, oidà, echo-li-qua! Lifting this sacramental veil of raggedly burp-burlap I’m lifting in fact the black-gall pall of insatiable melancholy that erst blighted and petrified ye cursed hearts. I’m, and with my plumed hat raffishly askew, but the wandering wight of fame everlasting, coltishly come, and in the nick of time too, to save ye spindly frail bunch of coy damsels from far down already the venomous throat of the phantom dragon, no hefty enough, that notwithstanding, for trickier astuter I. So, remove your besmirched panties, ladies, and...”

He had climbed down. He was walking confidently toward the counter, to order a drink, see who would throw some dice with him (too late for the late prizefighting match on the rattling contrivance tonight, plus they had shown no inkling that the unsavory hoax was ending soon anyway,) when he noticed that a couple at least of the old roués weren't really among the revellers. "Remain calm, don't reawaken the serpent, eh...?" He joked in passing. "Or would you'd preferred it if I, instead of this bore, had left one of the silly stations on...? You'd rather guffaw now at all the long turdy faces of the self-appointed big shots and their ass-licking priests, that it...? Hey, I the only true high healer here heartily encourage it indeed: joy and jubilation, and truely too, no longer of the eery tight-balled wasted-pestle variety. At it, at it, my charmed filigrees! Find release wherever it ever be at; nothing else suchly enhances the quidity of that: lived life. All resolved. No remnants of mistrust, believe you me. And I want you all every which way but flopped and foundered from now on, my uncollapsible sonnies, come on, don't tarry then, go, the games await, dive and let's play! Back in a sec!"

He left them still shaking to a flaw, like single feeble flowers whipped by the freezing gale; unconcerned, he even sauntered once as he made for the bottles.

Otherwise he was so pleased with himself. In general the laughter was flowing freely, in cases almost irrepressively — hysterical giggles here and there. The coarse old-timers were full of pep and moxie again.

Cards and boardmen slapped and clashed over the tables. The glasses clanged and drang. The coughings were back, unmitigatedly, full gas. The crusty hall had become again the raw haunt of a murder of ravenous croakers all right.

All kinks for the nonce smoothed, Dud is enjoying himself. With his back to the televiewing geegaw, he's animatedly talking to the counterman, almost bantering and all, crooding about the suave prowess he's just been the protagonist of. A brilliant notch on his woggle indeed, or didn't he shine for a fact a moment ago...? That'll show 'em (what? who?) or what! A born skeptic, a zesty tad irreverent even, nothing healthier than. Yes sir, having the virtue to be able to scoff at the follies of. Waning civilization, losing touch with the neat free-thinking pinnacles of yesteryear, with even the epycical messes up there properly figured out. What with the creeds and the soutaned creeps coming back, paid no doubt by the profiteering corporations, interested only on having the populace hanging from their haphazard strings: incentives and punishments à go-go, divinely and secretly and mysteriously decreed — go figure, mack, so much manure aloft, you must've deserved it.

So he was the hero of the hour, and he was rubbing it in, big deal, be sensible, quite

understandable, what? Meanwhile, though, the counterman had turned ashen, he was crumbling before his eyes like a cheap plaster puppet. Slowly, an unheavable pall of red death had been falling upon the hall. An unshakable, shattering gloom had reclaimed, seemingly for good and with a vengeance, mastery of the place. So now Dudley wondered what was the new to do all about, he swiveled upon his haunches, rotated himself a bit, still perched on the rusted stool, and peered behind. The whole codger congregation was now in a worse state than before, that second punch had been still more devastating. And then he realized, the pseudo-intelligent screen had switched also to the deep ochers and greens, and was relaying a version of the demolishing ubiquitous program. Some typically distressing, somber and funereal orchestral music was clanging around while under the fiddling undertakers a black ribbon of gray letters ran saying something or other duly insipid and underwhelming, as for instance: Well, semper fidelis, and god bye, and god bless.

There is a heavenly body careening like a mad dog to meet us head on, spewing deadly froth, indeed an astronomically enormous comet with an unfathomably ample tail brimming with tooth-slashing scrouching gnashing microbes. Some unwieldy god-sent of a rogue, ten times moon-sized rock on its blind course directly to our doomed sitting-ducky planet, accelerating without cease in order to better blast us and our humpty dumpty fucking egg to smithereens.

And that really puts paid (mercy, how true) to all our adventures in that sinisterly fabled kingdom of unmirth.

—I'm as soon here as gone, burst Dudley.

He's flown the suffocating coop. Congeries of morons inane. Left behind to their scant means (scantier by the min.) Nothing suits nor soothes me. The ultra-tytanical wrecking-ball is approaching at the most ferocious of speeds, we are about to fly into space — all and too done, and also at little bitty bits, crispy-fried to boot — can smell the badly burned chicken in me. The whole henhouse a chaos of verminous feathers and cretinous concretions, dry manure and pellets of food, one is worth the next (if you ask me,) here are all our mighty works, gone to pot, our whole accomplishments concrete, shot down the disappearing well, and that's nothing, wait a sec and see even the planks go splunk. Old crackers. Let them idly cackle and broodingly sit on their maybe even softening turds. But he's blindly slapping the sea-enraged shadowy night-shapes, crying out loud, okay...? And now he's stranded, also marooned, cage-rebounding, insisting, in spirals, sandful, unceasing, to and fro from the derelict tracks, at times lacerating himself (predictably, the regret of all that, left undone, the phantom-limb missed sweetness of so many modest intentions and, hey, of course, what about the untapped potentialities,) then... cringingly compassionate on one's very forlorn-cutie core,

empathetically, what else could another silly earth-imprisoned human degenerate do...? Too impossible a task for the adequately ungullibly incredulous. Unbelievers, used to be the only life-improving salt of the earth, but now...? Suppose instead, solidly anchored on verifiable unblind credulities that talk about exact futures of met intention — but, even then, which...? Humbug, gibberish, fiddle-faddles, fripperies. Who designed the fucking designer, and so on. No hope whatsoever: eternity, taken by whichever no-end end, is the bitch. How to stave out from any side you care to consider the unshakably persistent timelessnesses pestering, beleaguering you, perennially in wait, boring at you, pack of rabid abiding dogs, only separated from you by the tough-frail skinnier of death-birth...? What? Devoured. Annihilated in virulent slaver, puny strings of malignancy with no conscience, un-lived, still of this galaxy, that's the most you see yourself converted into, a presence of unwilling glued atoms, a blubber of snot sadly raining someplace, eagerly crooked toward some species of foul congeries with others akin, of the same contemptible ilk, as revolting and alien and... But no, not even.

The end. The end is doubly at hand: personally, collectively; the ends, then, the ends are sucker-slappingly near indeed; the end to end all ends is indeed, shit-shit-treble-shit, upon us. Run-run: run. Let's scamper, let's topsy-turvy, turbidly turbillionate, what...? Let's go crazy impunibly, tumbling towers, whirling popes, let's! Let's go with a bang! To the letter, let's go.

He knocked heatedly on the party-house door, went without a word past the frowning aggrieved pug monkey servant — not Galingales, the modestly alluring housewife — so strictly reactive him, as per function, to loud gratuitous noise as, of course, to all irksome uncouth bother.

—Out of my way, monkey bastard. And where's proper, prim, never perfunctory Galingales? Haven't they heard...? Are you not privy yet to the imminent obliteration of this monkey cage — not cagey enough to grasp that this monkey privy is going boom in a thrice...? The shack and all its jolly accouterments exploding fast to hell and back...? Ah!

“Let's make love, the world is at its end!” Found her carrying some gutted dry fruits around a huge ugly fish head on a platter — with his embrace, all splattered on the gaudy corridor. Festive sounds receding. Raped her on the spare room above the collected crawling inhuman refuse of many dead bums — tiny penetration soon over, don't waste any spit recounting the sorry, not quite romantic encounter — also, though she much tougher (fancy her gorilline strength raising in enraged defense of her honor,) she had the good-taste and right composure not to put to obstreperous use her otherworldly energy — too well-behaved a dame, too as one ought in an enlightened society, plus, after all, she was mildly enamored of her

attacker — all compounded, she suffered the flimsy assault without a flinch.

“Thanks again for everything; greatly indebted, ma’am,” ashamed, he muttered, and added a deeply felt (so it sounded) compliment: “Hope of the earth...”

“Hope of the earth alas unpanned,” he bewailed in his gloomy thoughts, while shuffling away, leprous, upon the leprous street, down the shoot to desolation hell, “no time, no space,” ambulatory plague headed nowhere, wallowing like a raving hog in the piss-mud of the purportedly soothing complaints and self-putdowns, “nor point nor rhyme...” Gone to pitch-dark oblivion with his tinny tail timidly a-dangling, squished between his shivering thighs, her hymen now unstuck and unnoticeably lost — little ravaged piece of frail-tough skinnie immediately eaten by a stray survivalist of a fast one-eyed mangey cat... Picture it if you will, if you have still stomach for...

8/26/2005

FISH TARGETED AS THEY SETTLE ON THE FROTHS OF THE RUBBLE

When Lud woke up her hands were numb. Too tired of pressing her lachrymals to stem the tears. There were welts left by nails down the walls of her nose. A grass widow for several weeks now, Dudley having gone missing after his trip up the river to Somalia Fens to emend some misunderstanding about ashes misspent — too much spreading for such a meager yield, and the nomads asking for more ducats for the nourishing ashes from their rendered animals, and Dud, for once resolute, getting ticked and taking the pirogue and going upwind without another word.

Ludmila had been expecting for a while to hear about yet another body (swollen and drowned, all in a nibbled knot, with drones and bluebottles a-swarm around his calipee eyes), getting pulled by his hairs from some muddy banks where the river falters in the shallows, and thought she’d be nudged to go and testify somehow, as for instance being present before the burning and having to own to the mighty resemblance of the deceased to his erstwhile lover. For a few days of tension she had not been able to munch anything which had the consistency of gristle — as soon as she met the leathery bite between her teeth, her mind got deflected to the repetitious scene about the extracting of the morbid body from the dizzying waters.

But the weeks passed, and nobody urged her to visit any corpse redeemed of late. The drowned must’ve been either children or women or old folks, nobody one could

possibly might be tempted to think of as having worn the name of Dudley Measly. This, or else, if rescued, it had been far enough, by strangers who wouldn't have tarried in any kind of worthless inquires before dealing with the carcass, possibly burning it with those of the other animals to produce the very ashes he'd gone to complain about.

The river, the fields, the meadows, the piercing Sun across the foliages, the fluttering inclines about the shores, the naked flocks of drinking animals — that's my abiding paradise.

Girls come and go — little graceful butterflies — like them, they enliven and make happy the landscape — but the ample tree with its dark smooth unfathomable bole remains — as the massive painstakingly wrought columns, and the glinting river itself also do — and endure down the centuries.

That's where I'm tied, not to the girls. To the river, to the columns, to the tree. These are my haunts and howfs for as long as I must be — fleshed being, or phantom — alone, and yet not alone: a part of them.

Not the girls. The girls do they have — will they ever? — their own haunted landscapes where for the ages to roam?... Each their own...? In thoughtless bunches...?

I can't go inside this labyrinth. No girl intelligent enough to extricate me from it, should I ever dare to intrude.

Only that my nostrils froze. A knob not so easy to thaw, to entice it to soften by itself. The fairy wand of my plug tail very much the twig of a scarecrow. It could've broken with any bird posing itself atop. Only that all birds had frozen in flight and fallen like stones. The cygnets too, their spiraling chines necklaces of bones floating like arabesque, baroque floes, their bleached beaks alive, the eyes of their nostrils aglow and askance, begging maybe, agape though silent, for the tawdry remnants of my cocoon — into which I had half staggered back. We are all dead in the lake, I pictured, as magnified flies in the frozen surface of a forgotten ewer whose infectious water stank to death before also the washers pretty suddenly went and obligingly died.

Once I had spied them. Cozy on a cope, a trampled hole under grown trees, inside a frith, behind a hedge near the road. With rags spread, abandoned for the purpose by other tramps who also slept here before.

“But no hanky-panky, ok?” — laughing, each one no longer wrapped in oneself but also in each other in order no to be too cold.

Zob-wise, full of namby-pamby, with weak-wristed legerdemain, the guy materializing from his pocket a silk swaying handkerchief which he posited flat, and patted and cuddled flatter on her side of the makeshift bed. Both of them beatifically smiling, like two mourning doves perched on a wire side by side, touching.

I saw that and a — er — a yearn for the female woke inside me, so vast, so strong, that — er — I saw myself doing plenty ugly. Like... craven shivers of shame, and then limp yearns the sinister, weeps and defecates on the threshold, the turds dwarf the weeds, aloof he craves the gilt webs, askance he looks at the alluring gilt webs, basks on the gushes of slime, shattered throat, flees, with his wriggling load, to the surly antipodes to rape in peace...

“Death’s another joke,” she was saying.

—You wonder, with a certain anxiety, once he’s gone for good, *Why is there nobody from the long-long raggedly line comes back to tell?* — And then, at that precise moment, lo, one of them comes out — comes out the door of death where so many million millions went in and (they) never returned.

Hey, his pate’s shining.

So you tell your neighbor, as astounded as you. And both, you and him, take a peek in, rubberneck as far as it’d go, and take a peep — all your thousand or hundred predecessors are having their pates shined — as in a cozy barber’s, ok...?

So the other fellow enters, I want my pate shined also, he says. But you decline. I don’t need my pate to shine, noway; I’m good as I am.

“Anyhow, so now you know — as life’s the joke where your pate denudes, so death’s the other (one joke) where your pate is by sedulous master barbers dutifully shined.”

She must’ve been thinking about those drowned too long ago.

That’s why I durst not show my frightful face, like, if — er — as though also returned from the dead.

Sinews showing — easy to fancy that my strange body had been made into some rare item of caned, osiered furniture. Scarecrowish. Emaciated as a merman whose jejunum (and ileum into the bargain) finally had managed to empty all those fangs and awns and sands his teeth had only culled and gnawed as he roamed in the darks waters, engrossed by the river’s thrills and frills — such novelty for a male otherwise unconnected.

The lass was crooning, contentedly, while her lover, on his naked shins full of nits, was looking for the tens of cents he had lost as his pockets, during the mean scene d’amour, had flipped.

The river itself had lost its moorings. The water was pouring down the inclined streets, in waves of vomit. I’d been all night helping the people so earnestly occupied with bailing out the water from the entrances of their homes. I’d been from house to house, rather enjoying myself. But now, almost in front of my own house, a bunch of people I knew were sweetly smiling and yet with tearful eyes.

“Rather bad news,” they said, or actually the tall cousin said, for the others were too impressed to give their impressions, “Dud’s dead.”

—Dud...? — I answered, and my heart had acted a frighteningly rhythm-less part.

“Angel,” they repeated, and now I heard them.

—Angel? You mean that little playing boy we saw yesterday...?

—Yes, he ate a toadstool, you know, a poisoned mushroom, and this morning we found him dead. So playful and lively as he had been, remember?, yesterday.

—Bummer, I said.

We saw the centipedes then, probably also dislodged by the pukings of the unmoored river. I've always loved centipedes, they are the centerpiece in my animal pantheon. I know all their varieties. I've even discovered a new one myself, unfindable in any catalogue; I'd met it in the superstore of all places, probably brought from some exotic land ensconced with the exotic fruits. I made a drawing of it, and that drawing is all there is to the knowledge in the civilized world of this species of arachnoid centipede. It's got no name or any other type of denomination — what's the sense anyway of a name for a creature that doesn't care for reading or writing...? It's all fake, all our measuring and pigeon-holing — rubbish, phony stuff, waste of time. I don't denominate anything, I just watch it and enjoy it, and call it whatever the dickens I want, whatever the dickens passes through my mind at the moment — centipedes it's a good name for them, though; and toadstool it's another excellent name... There are names I accept wholeheartedly, others I reject outright — honor, sanctity, revelation, manifest duty, devotion, self-righteousness..., garbage like this, excuses for cruelty, all names that don't connote anything at all but cowardice and failure to cope with the simple realization of what one is — a body with certain stretchable and non-stretchable boundaries.

The centipedes were coming; thousands of them: it was my day of glory; as other people fled, I stayed, supine, my spine stuck to the wet, to be washed all over by their tickling feet. "My pets, my pets..." I said, oh, honeys, so satisfied. The last one I dared to kiss on his ass, and that made it rush up to meet and surpass the last line of the others; it had become so endearingly scared, so comically sinuous, poor thing — probably thought my hirsute mouth could be also the contumelious beak of a ravenous raven.

Next I got up, very difficultly — all the centipedes out of my purview, their exodus now exhausted, probably by then (the lot of them) relishing themselves (in their delightfully naïve spirit of doing things) in the many novelties afforded by their promised land... I was too tired then to enquire and sleuth about any further... I had to drag my legs along — they wouldn't follow of themselves — this I've learned from the centipedes, whose philosophy I believe to be much more enlightened than the one the tainted humans indulge stupidly in, with their reliance on divinities and shits like that... That in the contest of life, the reinvention of the self is capital — and essential also the ability in the division and rearrangement of the self; having

afterwards the sense to permit growth, with every segment of oneself capable of developing a whole, as the need arises by and by.

A door stood ajar, I approached it as a centipede without functioning legs would also have done; therefore as a reptile, almost — a reptile that had to drag along its heavy legs. The dirt of the way up to door was moist, as pissed-up wadding: a tangible remainder of the flood that had just visited the wide surroundings, sparing none. I recollect that on the spur of the moment my olfactory senses fragmented themselves away from the whole, as it were — my nose and all its adjacencies became autonomous — and incontinently also whole of themselves: of a sudden, I was a twinnish another, and following the spoor of a vague enemy... That's why I retreated at the last instant — for, watch it!, behind the door ajar sniveling bloodthirsty fangs were waiting to devour me — whole or fragmented — piecemeal or swallowed in one piece — anyway eaten — that was to have been the irrevocable upshot, eaten nonetheless at any rate.

—Damn, I said, and stole myself as fast as I could. The theft of myself didn't get unnoticed by my several fragments — my legs for instance became aware of their being now critically needed and, after a small brawl between themselves, decided to collaborate and carry the loot of the rest of me speedily away from the door where the famished beast lurked.

Midnight rang from somewhere. Now I was between villages, lost in the fields. Felt damp and cold — shivers crosshatched me — the shimmering eidola becoming the blueprints of my next projections, advancing toward their end — a few shuddering wholes indeed, and whole for once after a long while — certainly a marvel to behold.

Luckily, the reflected apparition of the poisoned angel cheered me further. I remembered the funny image of the jolly boy who only yesterday, or the day before, was cavorting and dancing so joyfully and playfully around our company. He was a shorn little mother, wasn't he, and clad in scant tatters, tanned like rough leather, and stinking of unwiped cacks...

Next the morning broke and a what-you-call-it, a fiery orb peeping up from the horizon, a Sun, came in earnest to dry the essential cores of my essences. In friendly and reassuring sanity, I said: "About time, you loafer." And now also I could see where the rocky way that led to my dry abode resided. With a relieved expiration, thereto I rushed.

Having the jitters next. Noticed that I had been losing my teeth one by one. Actually, in those few months that I'm missing, I've lost thirty-eight. And now I've none left.

I remember her (my friend, momma Emma, the moocher) telling it: "As every city is doomed by the approaching teeth of the moraine..., so your gums, pink glaciers supplanting your lips."

It looked for an instant as if soon I'd be enveloped by the pink tender shroud of my gums — grown out of all bounds — as a glacier of flesh unfreezing.

"Nearly every sickness upsurges from dentition troubles," she said, and her apparatuses suffered steely glitches, as if disturbed by the percutient violence of a chain of lightning.

Then the benevolent dentist died, electrocuted I think, and at the same time my gums gave up, acknowledged the corn, put paid at their mad race toward the covering of the planet. I was still a monster, but at least the planet was safe — just up till the next planetary disaster took place, of course.

Planetarians, which are kind of beetles — a bit like planarians but pinker — kind of beetles who look like pieces of detached gum with the pilous addition of thin legs — we heard them and saw them, morosely returning to their holes, highly displeased, as I say, and reasonably so, one must convene, having thought for a moment (them) as if their moment had come — and now dejectedly on the know that maybe another hundred million years had to elapse before their people finally came to rescue them.

"Empire earth," my neighbor's corsage (an odorous tussie mussie really) heaved, as she enthused, "will still be human-managed for a while, yuppie!"

Her laughter and mine mixed.

Am sure glad to be alive on the anniversary of his disappearance.

I kept waiting at the office. With my good spirits, surely nothing but good news would next come my way. The dentist an old wizard of a tooth-puller.

Mawkishly lachrymating over the spittoon, the granny whimpered: “Yield to your elders, shit, there’s no greater pleasure in life.”

I had to agree; wholeheartedly too. For “why also balk at the self-evident,” as the acutely illiterate fathers of the nation seemed to have said...?

“Getting old,” that was my grain of salt, and she glanced at me now a little less jagged, a little less careworn, “getting old and feeling good and done with, and seeing then the sons, the sons of those you remember as young, now coming into their own, and their fathers (that used to be so much fun) now utterly forgotten — it certainly warms your innards, ok...? The misapprehensions, the misunderstandings, the missteps, the... and-do-you-remember-him-as-a-water-carrier-didn’t-he-make-a-brave-figure-of-a-village-water-carrier...? And the sons making that face of stupefaction...”

—“What...?”

—“You said you knew So-and-so — here you answer, a bit peeved.

—“Yes! But water carrier...? Perhaps you mean his father...?”

—“His father, of course! — and here you fall on your ass, laughing it off away... “Of course it was the father, ha-ha-ha.”

Fastidiously the granny wiped her tears with a soiled dry-snot-encrusted tiny handkerchief.

“My lass,” she said, though by then I was already well over my thirties, “I’m already the worm that ate my old body. Broken into pure pieces, until I’m left only with the essence. For faith. The vividly green-striped worm’s it — it must be — what’s consummate from the object of art I always strove to manage to be.”

I thought first she was talking about a particularly bigger bugger on her handkerchief, maybe — but no, she was talking seriously about art, and about life, and transcendence.

Wow. I even bowed at her dignified presence. Transcendence! From the floor, lyrically berserk, a few miasmas took flight — they were, as my spirits, exalting, and (to stress the point) in good spirits.

For if a worm survives — and moreover lucidly depicted — and luminously painted — and numinously sainted... — why, there's the hope there starting to nonsensicate all over again!

“Buster, watch where you jump now; tread on me at my peril, how does it go, the stupid ditty, tread on me and I die, because you crush me...?”

“Very, very close,” I said, politely.

“Here is the entrance to the next world, and me with my bones all trodden by a blatant ninnyhammer...” — she surrebutted. “A beautiful way to make an entrance...”

The house shook then, the banisters outside most impressively, some of them wiry pillars along the balustrades even crumbling in gray dust... Took a swift look at her, tittering at the brink — and then rapidly — and smilingly away — for I knew in my heart that she had still survived another of my ruinous silly leapings for joy.

With my pitiful appendages buzzing, I vacated the office. I felt diminished still more, such a nuisance to my secret vanity — those sort of nun's wimples — but growing from my mouth instead of their ears — and tender and pink instead of starched and impollute — much more sanitary theirs, no doubt — that's why they would get many more propositions for sex than I ever would.

Well, what the hell, maybe with clothespins I could attach a flap to my nose, another to my tie-clip, and hope for the best. Or maybe I could tattoo on them some enchanting poem that would attract the well-read, with the added enticement of the thrilling end of the story hidden inside the folds of my mouth. The spectacled marm would have to get intimate to get a glimpse into the arcana of its hieratic revelation...

Or maybe I just were dreaming. And anyway first I had to invent the irresistibly inviting, too engaging poem. Not a mean task.

Another stroke of luck. A scabby praying mantis, awkwardly floating, gave me an idea.

“Scabby praying mantis,” I said, “crummy priestess of the giddy slumbers..., why don’t you, for mastication’s sake, renew my cerements, that my eyes wouldn’t seem any more two shattered cockleburs, and my lips, like yours, were thin and svelte as the clothes of green silk with which one is born into this planet of exhilarating lichens...”

No, I was going nowhere. “Once I was gorgeous,” I said, “with all my teeth and intestines, but now, by indelible attrition, my mouth (for starters) is another sphincter trounced by overuse. Better shut up for the rest of the throttled wastage of a toothless life... What a fate!”

Went to the taffrail and vomited aplenty..., the few jarring morsels and the whole incommensurable brew dropped into the vacuum as suffocated rasping eyeballs. My blind spots increased exponentially.

Thusly, staggering, clawing at walls, retreated to my hole, and I packed it for the long aborning night of darkness — unrequited and in ages a multimillionaire — bosh!

When my brains ovulate, noises of tins being struck by bullets in the middle of some echoing desert seem to resonate within my ears.

I sprung into action as, through the window, I saw the sneaky rats. There was a number of them. The eighth one of them (take or add some) looked almost like a small bear — so large they were them rats, with such humongous heads and mandibles, and ready to invade and rot the lot of our appurtenances.

I told the man at my side: “Get your ass moving, we are being attacked.” I also told his wife, Nefertiti by name (as I had overheard without necessarily eavesdropping) — the scrawny man the whole of the waiting time complaining about her inattentions.

Last night (so I’d heard,) it seemed that for the day the slow, canny martyrization was enough. That by she going to bed and putting out the candle, the spiritual flaying had to stop. And yet she still managed to crawl out of bed and creep up the other’s window, near the pointy, eager ears of their gossipy neighbor, as her fussy husband Flann (her fussband Flann, as they called him) was in the crapper outside,

and taking his precious time...

She shouted within the gossip's ringing ears: "He ignores me, the monstrous little prick! He craves most assiduously for your fussband's company; I hear them sizzle and multitudinously giggle as if the twain are a fucking choir of altar boys having a go at it with their atrophied peepees, and at who can can it faster into the bullet holes — you see, that's how it helps having it the shortest..."

I was going to scream: "What...?" But her black eyes shone in the dark like parodies of those on some grisly knick-knacks one finds at fairgrounds — somber objects to frighten little boys with — and that's why I recoiled — internally whining, feeling vulnerable and aggressed — and shut my mouth with its cankered, tender molar, of course.

But now it was time for the invading villains (huge rats,) and now all my strength was back. "Let's prop and reinforce the windows."

Then I started shooting from the excoriated sill. As I sent the first shot, saw as one of them forthwith had lost its footing as it was climbing the bole of the gigantic tree — saw that it was falling into the abyss. Not a shred of rejoicing on my part. That the eighth had been felled, meant only that seven magnificent specimens, with sharp teeth and malefic temperaments, were still about, and nearer and nearer, to get at us and at our stuff. Now they could enter through any of the orifices: the chimney, the cracks, the holes, the cracked windows, the doors...

I saw Nefertiti screaming louder than ever, she'd been terribly nibbled at (someplace unspeakable?,) and she was bleeding profusely.

I pictured her all bled green, and I shivered. Plus, was I loosing sight of the significance of her personal magnificence...? Indeed I was.

For the first time in weeks we two — the gaunt friar of her fussband, and I, but a resourceful, compassionate stranger — dared laugh at her in her much diminished presence.

But then nuts to her, for it was back to business, shooting at them desert rats.

At the park, told the seemingly rather bright child: “Know what...? Surrender to whimsy instead of trying too hard, and the ninth lollipop becomes brittle and easier to crunch to the end of the naked chewed stick, as, simultaneously and contrariwise, your uplifted hopes harden like orphans marooned...

“Relax, let the glaciers of love slip from the wall of nails like a flexible looking-glass that settles on the floor...

“The frightening snores you hear from the one-eyed monster made of crude gelatin, as your pink tongue imitates the other woman’s privates frothing themselves stubbornly on those of the frothing pink lollipop..., are but slight annoyances a man has to put up with. If endurance abides, at the upshot the returns are gigantic.”

But he grabbed the grub and ran. Thinking maybe he’d encountered a putz of dimensions considerable, and not a beacon of wisdom with nary a fang untainted — how do you call it, rotten, cankered, with worms...?

He looked somewhat bashful while accepting the load, but once in possession on it all, he let out a roar, much as a young ape, and skedaddled the hell far, the while jumping high, or higher, as a doped gerbil would.

Sheepishly, I brought my sallow muted shape, swathed in the mauve shiny cape I wore when nocturnally active, to rest near the comfort zone where the pregnant women tenaciously insisted on swallowing the swill a preacher sold cheap.

“Salvation is in these holy waters,” he cravenly preached, the sick imbecile. Upon which I shouted, louder than him, though less convincingly: “A lollipop would do less damage, ladies, to the fetuses you insist on harming already before they are standing on two unsteady feet. Poisoned from the word *god*...”

—Look at him; he’s the malignant foe, his pilgrim’s (or fake bishop’s) staff but the conductor’s wand of his hellish orchestra of fiends out to poison with their honeyed vitriol your delicate spawn — him shouting back, with seaweedy accents of some much retarded backwater.

—No, you are — I retorted — you are, creep; a shepherd of brainless (or spongy-brained) cows. You sell them your infected piss, and I invite their children-to-be to a nice stick of sugary stuff. Not spoiling them, mind you, just delaying the onset of their malady. The malady of life. Ladies, I’ll treat the lot of you to them lollipops if you only follow me to the stand sells them.

Nobody followed though. For the snarky, snaky crook had said “Kneel down for god

and his blessed waters,” and, astonishingly, all of the blimps had forthwith complied.

So it went. Stark rejoinders as stabbings or fists or mallet-strokes squat on my artichoky nose... Until, upon a bench, the earlier hours of the morning weighed heavy on my lids... Kids with helminthes on their rectums... — I thought, remembering my childhood and the sharp cutting fingernails of my mother painstakingly picking them out from the living depths, past my raw sphincter, and the while cursing and blaming the kindly strangers who at the fairgrounds offered me lollipops... — especially the old witches who were her nemeses as she couldn’t get out into the street without being criticized to death because of her daring shamefaced shamelessness. She wore the skirts too narrow and flimsy and short, and her blouses were too transparent and open and low, and she sucked dicks for a pittance, while I at home read the deep tomes of patristic lore, and soon learned that it was all fetid drivel, all lies, lies..., fucking cheap shit-encrusted lies. They, the tracts, they even stank of rotting death, for the paper they were (almost indecipherably) written in was made of skins, all old palimpsests, drivel on drivel on drivel ad infinitum, and the covers were of skins also, only that thicker and less well cured still.

At my abode’s propylaeum I spat over my worn scuffed shoes, which I mistook for my deflated hopes; leaning precariously enough on the banister of dawn, with disgust I witnessed as once again that untiring clot in the sky was about to show its rabid hostility. It was trying my patience. When will you create the burst of the world’s veins, you’ve been at it preparing for ages...? I know you are spoiling to.

Ghostly, askew, with a horrendous grimace, he stirred then — I saw him superciliously lifting his devil-haired eyebrow. In haste I retreated, retching, into the welcome somber gloom of my quarters.

The floor rang with a hollow noise beneath my hobnails.

From the dentist’s I stood, incurved.

“Could I be of any help,” I inquired of her, as she, distraught enough, reclined over the fallen body of her dwarf husband, widower of six already, though now dying in

the gutter.

She took no notice of me, didn't even venture a glance. Probably was happy the dwarf was so difficultly breathing his last. Perhaps she was afraid I might be a good nurse, or healer, even, and wouldn't that have been tough luck.

So I shrugged and retreated, making excellent my new escape.

Found a sound preacher on the way. He was reciting what I took to be great verities. He harangued: "As for those fucking old bibles, heirlooms of death, certified handbooks for assassins, written and underwritten by shitheads high on some stultifying mania or other, starved for mental health, never quite getting it nor anything, nor knowing how to get it other than by the most grievous and witless violence..., get rid of them fast, and why not in the most nefarious manner, for they are verily poison for the mind, use them as bumpf to wipe your bums, you bombed bums, and happiness will at least be a possibility!"

I must have been the only one not a bombed bum amongst his scant audience. So I pushed a little contribution down his monkey helper's pocket.

I said: "For the dwarf's soul, you know."

But the well-dressed monkey sat down and moved his head, dispiritedly, almost despairingly, I thought.

The monkey spoke: "On account of your congenital anonymity, your monies are worth naught, and his soul is doomed anyway. Who would want to go either to heaven where three of his wives wait for him to give him hell, or to hell where the contrary, still more wracking and racking, would apply...?"

I saw the deep wisdom of this, his preacher's monkey's point, and continued my way through the high-railinged park.

With a bunch of writing reeds, I cleared the way to the game, the clinking improvised broom sweeping away the impurities.

The game itself, a golfy, stick-and-balls type of grass game, where the gazers ohed

and ahead like stimulated she-donkeys with the simulated dildoesque largely-lengthened phallus of a vet's arm inside their cunts, had such persnickety detailed rules that boredom was assured. In fact, the gazers were half dead already. Only me, the sweeper, was really alive, plus the referees — and the two players, of course: two well-known figures, two world-renown players of the game. The innovative guy against the traditionalist one — the loser, let's say.

And the caroms and trickeries were to be behold. The gulpers rejoiced and exclamatorily rejoined — and in our admirations we were devoid of all self-awareness, and consequently had to be shushed and enjoined to behave by some of the more strict referees, of which as I say there were a bunch already, a more numerous bunch than the bunch of gazers itself.

Next, though, the shock intervened of the night itself, falling as if from a great distance — a longinquity by our mean means deemed limitless.

—The night (a referee said in passing,) always played a bad game.

As we were retiring, beat, every single one of the reeds of my broom forgot its name and returned to savagery. I couldn't hold a single one of them scurrying twigs.

—A man with no name (another referee coldly remarked,) can be killed many times, and nobody paying for the eternally repeated forfeit, ok...?

“You mean...,” I tried to say, but he was already melting into the wild, gone into the animalistic no-law darkness, like another of those writing reeds that so painstakingly had I erstwhile managed to gather into a bunch in order to clean a way to the so well-arranged playing field.

Fearing for my integrity, I endeavored to ensconce into the shell again of our abode. Fast.

I said, amazed: “The fourth or fifth also successful suicide I witness today.”

A valve from my heart then must have somehow unhooked itself. Couldn't breathe but by blinding spurts of pain. My inner ears felt swollen to balloons of stratospheric farness.

Damn the hell of repetition... I went to see what she was doing inside the little closet she'd hidden herself in obdurately, once and again, as in a game nobody played, and, as I entered, the light exploded... As the light exploded, the little closet went missing... I shouted again in fear... Resting like a tamed cat, I started to execute important bank documents in my stricken mind... The little closet, the little closet..., the little closet, the little closet..., and thus for hours on end.

With hands that bristled with antennae, felt the cracked walls from the inside of her little closet or my unencompassable cranium... Was she there again...? Yes, for she shouted in horror, as she opened the little closet and the light exploded as my hanging head.

Head of a hanged policeman. He could've have shot himself, as the others (I was thinking,) as it also did — explode.

As we reentered the little closet, investigatively pertinacious, of course, that: She had laid the stirabout on the table, uselessly now... —his wife, lachrymose in her modest pulchritude told us (me, and the other watchers.)

I said, or another: “Well, what the hell. We cope along as it beats on us. And that's entelechy accomplished; from now on only transcendence obtains; quit your carping ways, for imperfectability of first forms are ours, ma'am, to in refocillation wallow with them. If you know how to look knowledgeably enough for it, there is a road there. That leads toward it...? The accomplishment of something just lurking, hidden, intuited...?”

Silly consolations. I was heading home.

“Here the second time around, and the thing's cooking, and cooking fine. Much obliged, lady. And now in this neck of the woods something great happened: a lizard, or was it a newt, ate a daddy longlegs. The screams of fright deafened our trivial converse...”

I'm a if a vital spoke on the front wheel of the bike.
On the seat, the precious young girl passing is touched by the familiar sounds of my

air riding...

Next I saw flakes of snow wafting without aim in the middle on my stifling summertime room...

I saw flakes of snow wafting without aim in the middle on my stifling summertime hole... You know what? Well, nothing. My mom wouldn't hear my screams for the blaring radio to whose trashy music she was disheveledly dancing...

Two simultaneous happenings...

Two simultaneous happenings: my heart sank also at the witnessing of this. And... "I think that's it," I said at last, "I'm not taking any of these things with me, not even my memories, and old manias and trite thoughts that, all this time, time has tried, unsuccessfully, to winnow to some untainted certainty. No luck, no chance."

The light vanished from my sight. The floor became a bottomless abyss. The fathomless music stupefied itself into hypnotic inexistence. A spiral I saw, a spiral, with only flaky tiny remains, of two-toned grays, still wobbling in-between the red-hot dwindling circles, as specks of live food left in the interstices of the teeth of a baboon, and then lost in the guts of a snail no doubt — the slow snail of persistent rottenness.

That frightens me, the bat's teeth, the vamp magi through the open window. Plus the rigmaroles of the careless wretch brokenly singing in the park.

Closed the shutters also. The day after going to ask advice of the elders. Wasted episode. "Again, you'll meet. Scathed, who wouldn't, but what would you expect, oh, deluded young one...?" — without even the gravitas of a drunk regular oracle.

Better'n nudged..., forcefully asked by an astonishing chorus of sage elder counselors, whose crosspollinating acumens leach out and reach like a glowering glacier of bliss even the more reluctant waifs among the flotsam of new acquaintances who whirringly happen to fall tame to the surreptitiously exhilarating magnet of scientific truth — there to buzz for evermore in the rhythmic phase of newlyweddedness, "Hereby, by publicizing this following intimate evidence, I do humbly comply with their imprecating hints, as it seems that this is destined to become phenomenally essential in their pigheaded struggle as it were to smuggle, across the funeral stubble of distraught ignorance, the prurient battering-ram of our sinewy weltanschauung..."

—I had to repeat as bidden, with the subjacent urge of screaming: *What...?* — but I refrained — out of respect...? Or knowing how futile the entreaties for meaning — the sages the same, the same unnuanced bunch that had married us so many moons ago.

But no matter. Now I must do what I was sent here to do, namely... Enamel's new names... Cusps and frizzes... In a row... Till blissfully lulled to sleep.

The haunting bats, flying low. Bloodcurdling intrusion which immediate toiling and moiling should create, in the same bosom of the body social, an epidemic of swollen, naughty, fustian pride indeed, in its own fantastic, fairy tailored race. Thusly, for the ultimate enlightenment of yet those others who, like him that fell and lengthily swallowed, may too preposterously fall prey to such outlandish, kin old-fashioned degenerate credulities, let me sigh, begin by complementarily chanting, actually relived, releft, relieved:

"Something tells me everyone I encounter knows some secret shared by all but by me. It's some sort of basic secret, something awfully important, and yet they all keep it from me, as if I were some sort of alien to their world. And actually that's

how I see the lot of them, as alien to myself — or else why would they all in cahoots keep me from knowing...? What would their point be but sheer incompetence to see me for what a wondrous combination I'd prove...?"

At their stations before daybreak, the ferrymen waiting... Their rude impudent thumbs at the ready... "Rollaway for your enema, grandma. Wow, if not for those lulus of sarcoma, your ass is a jock's. Come on, let's open, minimal channels ahoy. The fuck, we less tremens mavens, your mane smells of menthe-soaked seams... Atavists' semens in her archaic creases and folds... Lug her up, dude... And you, man, heading back home, that it...?"

Dudley, leaving the toxemic isle, not relishing the unrefined tone of the simian luggers and froggers — lame ragmen whose diced raiments spoke of furtive shivvings in filthy taverns — nonetheless retells, but perfunctorily, in a swift wheeze, of unsanitary docks, of sticky sole skins, of plastic strumpets on the make, of fat mermen gone skeletal under the stroppings and estrapades of the sassy waves, of the boorish smoldering on their punishing cusps and frizzes, and of the frozen eves on the wheeling surface, the ominous shadows, the whistling winds that seem to carry among their stranded strands the almost forgotten songs of home, the vimless lolling, the rendering rennin, the munch-munch-munch-munch-munch with the diseased gums... As, damaged, and limping (and unheard,) he also comes aboard.

03/04/2007

**All those books flung over the icy shiny
snow**

Waste the pulp: dawdling the hoodlum

Numbed by dint of crept ecstasy: proud badge of the inflictor

Beetle here on sufferance: unransomed
Ironclad contrivances: gates to supernal injury
Skyrocketing rage: blood sped
Exhort patience: only nag the bristling cripple
Lecher in lingerie: quaint longings unveiled
The black devil and his ashen flunky
Passionate commitments: tinged
Thighs unlocked: puttering over the goal
Unrequitable whilst unguerdoned: thus adumbrates the afterlife
Foam of foresight: fled
Molten inkling: scheming resolve
Neutered: of sufferance great
Scattered proof: his pinnacle often rapt
Shabby crutches where alight the flies: flown
Life or death wager: lost
Peevish gold trickling: conflicts fed
Havoc lavished: dumbstruck
Spiders in the hollowed woodpile: dug for: culled
Soot reaped: cherished theme: blight kept on
Meager gains: contentious: wept vexed jerky
Gliding moth: to the body led

Howling reprieve: the trespasser spurts
Starved atrophied twined: stealing over
Cringing in disarray: distraught ambushes
Scowling stranded begrudging: vowing revenge
Roster disrupted: glassy hubbub: its demise
Chores out of whack: cheeks under the hooves
Disfigured staggerers in narrow splintered shelters
Sap borrowed: tackled: etched geared to be notched
Huddled entrenched ossified
Honed shrewd aim: wrested from myriads
Slovenly burganets in surrender: split
Heels recoiling spinning over: won
Waning scopes
Throve the insights: trusty threat: unheeded
Surreal cornucopia: baggage sophomoric
Tautology hammers the brain
The brain raped: religious poison: in
Oh yes: the scybala in the asyla: hard
Ax exhibitionist: pointlessly grisly
All about twats: taut
Pluck her feathers and flee with glee

Frisk the rabble giddy

Gnaw the gristle boiled: pestle the crumbs

We cease to die by dying: said Webster

Haunt my solitude

Ashes felt of monsters: into the wall bled

Lukewarm phantasmagoria

Wizardly shapes: seen

Ace sunken: unleashed

Coral clasps trustworthy: undersea

Swimming with my father: upstream

Ride of leagues and leagues: astonishingly glad

Reef: the fangs the flapdoodle the harvest: a-titter

A submarine fraught with sniveling fondlers

Eel coos the rafters as they linger

Unflinchingly suffer the fraud in silence: baffled

Pip on the Pequot gashed flogged: flinching

Thugs: their slanted milks: bull's-eyes

A commodore's pennant: its capacious accommodations

Tamed ape apes the harsh witty itch

Bullfighting is for craven creeps: unwashed

Bells tolling for another bore: bade him long ago to get lost

Quarreled over a dinner bill: never spoke again
Waggyings and fumets (just shits from foxes and does)
Children are terrible squeakers: squealers
Tousled they squat in their utmost dampness
Whitsuntide gesundheit
Gypsums flaunted: pelted astray
Philosophical convivial prosopopoeial disposition
Silkier core of conviction: stroke undreamt
A cat's paw: scathing
Ensnared swift scarves: threshing
Bereft of tough thought: engendered by sheer keen kin
Loathsome zeal turned lethargic: a dowager
Bewildered: mild watershed
Hoary fog where the accursed bud
Withdrawal of the sheaved: begging
Agreed: twin cornerstones: musty confrontation
Bashful scare easy: shirking the law: yanked
Outspoken growler: wobbles as rubber
Sleeping rough: vacuous spoils: ruffled
Meek knobby in the ocher of the stolen doze
Gristle clung to shriveling fins: doctor she's gone

Contempt deemed: spoilt grievances: blatant ferocity

Overcrowded: tight: overlaid with pioneers

Pampered with wages sky-high: at the helm mistrust

Thrust the trigger: quilts a-throb

Assorted homilies: mottled scattered chrysalis: throng explodes

Grueling fodder: trouble in a runcible knot

Take up the slack: chasm

Ravenous growth: eschatological

Thrifty threshold: trigger-happy gumption

Sneer at the unraveling: tidy splinters: a stickler while he whittles

A profound portrait painter: berated

Ugly: at least prosopolepsically speaking

Gives a wee inch and takes a mighty ell

Well and what else have you been finding...?

None but some old sisters in an old maze

Flock guilt: having aided imperialism in: enormous hoax

Pimp gypped: interrupted coitus

Nothing to do with the elderly: I shun them

Well-connected woman feels guilty about provoking the accident

Museum of slimy dingy halls difficult to exit

Indeed.

1.10.2005

Last but eight

Last but eight:

The evening his caecum acted up

En Tiberi woke up with a symptomatic itch. Gonorrheal? — he asked, not of his never objurgatory mother (to whom, whilom, in similar circumstances of frightening discovery of abject malfunctions in his impostor of a body, he'd wheedly impetrated and fussed as a seldomly chided child, almost as if unweaned even into his teens, but now, unfortunately, one who has lain in her grave for ages,) but of himself, as, with a struthious fillip of his neck, he lifted his bedizened head from his crotch.

True, he told himself, that he'd been exchanging saucy corpuscles with a half-witted yokelly broad behind the poppies only the other epiphanous night. Almost no poppycock needed nor involved, all happening on the spur of the moment, his whistle just sunken rectum-wise into her entrails, with nary a word wasting spittle, and already the hoofs and the yells making him retreat both from her amused bowels and from the haunted papaveraceous field. For the raw riders were indeed looking after the escaped demoiselle, a princess of the realm, hale otherwise, but not all there inside her skull, and contrariwise too broody with microbes on the anfractuositities of her not too crotchety middle ground. Too lax of morals, alas.

Making the effort, as who wouldn't, he got up, got rid of his nightly husk and donned his motley mantle and his pelisse, and of weapons and of parchments full his pockets, and, gaunt and with a slight new limp, gripped the handle of the street door, raised his voice to bid goodbye to the kind scholar who had given him refuge for the night, and took himself straight to the apothecary.

With gimlet eyes and long nails the squinty professor examined, sorting through the sordes and the smegma, En Tiberi's piddling pizzle, and concurrently inquired after

the lewd romp which likely had occasioned the fetid fluxion, and En Tiberi of course lied through his yellow teeth. After a while the emplastra-hatcher pronounced, as all alchemists eventually were bound to do sooner or later, the riddle solved, declaring that En Tiberi in his saintly peregrinations must have lain where some loathsome bastard must have lain before, and, as it was the vogue those days, prescribed a few doses of quicksilver, to be taken both up the ass and down the gullet, plus applied topically and for good measure on the nidorous cocklet, the spout above all, and especially on the commensurate spot atop some little figurine, “very important this, please no to forget,” a figurine, albeit unfaithfully or unskillfully reproduced from some miraculous, found, carved virgin or other.

En Tiberi just strewed a generous wad of the ill-got chemical on his thorn often enough, and for the rest he hoped for the best. Then, as he was walking dry-foot atop a fluttery ryth made with mossy lumps of linked urns which apparently erstwhile had contained the comfitted heads of Turkish raiders, and now were probably just filled with sand and pebbles plus the nest of some wiggly batrachian or other, he realized that had he waded the stream instead and become mired in the mud, and had that coalescing mud then encrusted itself along his blistered member, maybe the dying, by asphyxiation at least, of all unwelcome beastlets therein would’ve been also a cinch.

He was therefore in the process of half-drowning himself in the mucky, moldy, limy salvation, when a hippy, titty, almost hippopotamusal lady, who though of amphibian proportions was very much afraid of water, shouted, aghast, strident entreaties of avoidance, abeyance, abiding and staying. The oaf who lead the oxen who carried the cart along, atop which the enormous lady lounged, looked on, waiting for orders.

—Blai! (the oaf’s name) —stridulated the lady—. Are we the two fabled characters who laugh at the corpse and at those that moanfully mournfully keep its wake (Se’n foten del mort i dels qui el vetllen?) Don’t stand like an eviscerated quintain, help the suicide!

—Help him drown, malady, I mean, ma’am, memsahib, milady?

—No, you oaf, help him undrown, if one is allowed to thusly speak.

—Thusly?

—Go and extract the fucker!

—The fucker?

—Hot ziggidy, yes!

He stood and walked, crushing the deadly watercresses and the whimpering immortelles, that big oaf, En Blai, and willy-nilly succored him. “I’m just a humble servant,” he said, winking.

“And who’s the wide target?...”, surrendering to his arms, En Tiberi asked.

“She’d be the lead singer at next village’s choir, yes; name’s N’Ermessenda d’Engolasters; and such a sensual woman too, saving your honor; next time she sings in public, strain a bit to hear her celebrated purr; ‘tis me, who under her ample skirts is in action at her gulfs and chasms, and at the parchments of her folds, staunchly at my chores of weaving thoroughly, never stymied nor abashed under the steely juices of her longitudinal pleasure; for she actually purrs when pummeled and fisted and jiggered and rogered — my word, and does she!”

—Well, I’m glad to know.

—All women behave the same. If you don’t know how, let me tell you: like bitches..., like bitches.

Treating me like I’m such a greenhorn with respect to women (thought En Tiberi,) and maybe I am, for I fell for the oldest of tricks: contagion. So, a damned tyro also with respect to the tiny critters. I won’t pass for no bespoke lothario, let him think I’m a peasant, and maybe they’ll spare me their unbearable charities. Except if they throw my way something to eat, before they continue on their erroneous trip.

—Wash him a little bit, Blai! (she heckled from afar, leaning on the driver’s ledge.) Pulchritude might be deemed a delusion, and even a sin, by the wretched monks who stink of meat long dead, but one nonetheless, even if she never bathes in wicked, defiling water, whom she views in such great horror, for people even stifle and drown in it, you know, and the scaldings, motherofgod!, and it freezes and thaws and boils and is liable to be poisoned, and poisons whole counties, and in fine it does such shenanigans one is justified in thinking it might be the piss of the devil and the hooch of the spooked humdrum crazies lurk in the night and everybody shuns to the untrue omegas — the untrue omegas, ergo the place this stupid god certain idiotic religious cuckoos want to build at the end of time is supposed to inherently inhabit — one, I say, washes instead every so often in flair-rich spices in her special bathtub shaped as the torus of space-time. Blai! Preen him a smidgeon, and now that you’ve drained and strained his britches, try and squeeze the pinpoint of his peepee, look if he has a dose of the clap, for when we talk clean, we mean,

don't we, outside and in.

—He does, milady; do you want me to slap his wrist, or do I kill him right off?

—Oh, shit, does he? What a quandary, what is one to do? One does save a body who'd better be dead, much better buried under the slimy lime; and now one has tendrils of qualms roaring up the nerves of her ears less she reverses herself, summoning thus time to dizzying veerings-off. What an impact on the universe, all the more sorry maybe. Blai!

—Yes, ma'am.

—Renounce. Wash your hands and leave him with the wispy-wispy ranunculacea with whom he belongs. Their wispy whispers always spell death to the unwary. Tomorrow the hitchhiking, bonafides pilgrims, quite honorable all, leprous and scrofulous though they be, will find him in clever segments, flayed, marmoreal, lathered, marvelously laid out by the serviceable monsters of the night. A puzzle for the gods of reckoning, unresurrectable (as the cartman sicked the oxen on;) indeedy, yes, hot ziggidy.

* * *

En Tiberi felt bad after they'd gone. He had been holding his shiv up his sleeve all the time they had been discussing his fate, just in case the thing turned ugly, but now he felt rejected, and it hurt. The superstitious fat woman and his bantling of a mocking servant were two nobodies, for sure, but still...

He took to chewing a few borage leaves, dreaming of honey and wine, and of bony bikkipegs...

"How does one get stuck in such a pickle?" he thought, sedulously chewing as an infant his root of *regalèssia* (liquorice bikkipeg); "it's all a matter of guts," he joked, "from the guts of the noisome princess to the guts of the one that copes come what may."

Liquorice and borage, and what else is good for all those retch-inducing pilgrims promised that way?... The rhinocerotie lady of the choir, didn't she hint about clandestine dagobas, where gory religious experiments took place, with sacrificial emissary bucks sent to ransom the ill on their skins, and me the perfect example of a handy victim?... Let's dwindle in bulk and hide. The ominous evening (when all

this is supposed to happen) is rapidly upon us.

And right we were.

Relentlessly reptilian, the huddled masses advanced. Tawdry, addled, farcical, the disgusting collection of ugly misfits, grinding, wailing, roaring, came, as a slow lethargic leathery outrage, upon the soggy ground where En Tiberi hid, back in the somber trenches, smiling under his nose.

And damn forsooth if, as predicted by the blubber-full bladder with the nightingale throat, the creeps didn't decide to camp just on the spot. With surprisingly little bickering, with nary a scowl and still less any random murderous lurch (that he could spy anyways,) the indecorous overflowing vat of sickies honeycombed themselves seriatim, like shoats in a pigsty or fices in a basket case: the faces of some on the anuses of the others, and so forth.

Well, thank you very much for the uplifting spectacle, En Tiberi thought, also cuddling by his lonesome, far enough for most of the variegated stench to reach his undeserving nostrils. Folded in three, chrysalis-wise, he sedately abode. Hands on his private parts for warmth's sake, he played a little pocket pool with the sashweights of his snotty, rheumy leech.

Presently a ruckus arose of magnanimous proportions. The shrill nuisance, as if many mewling floozies were all at once plied with furious whipstrokes. He plied the crinkly autumnal springs of his knees to do their best, and managed to climb the slippery talus at the bottom of which he had ensconced himself for safety. With a peacock's passionate concentration, but with none of his panache, he laid prone, agroof on the pinnacle, rife with night crawlers, redolent now of the clods of graves more proximate to the corpse... — he laid, without budging, riveted, on his observation post. Some snow was falling. A miracle in itself, but which apparently had rendered crazy a murderous marine, lately also afflicted with the last stage of syphilis [or so it seemed.]

The marine was killing right and left. He held a cutlass, and into all those half corrupted bodies a little force went a long way. With the silent scream of a tombstone, effulgently white under the moon and the snow, En Tiberi urged: Remove the murderer from your midst, damned fools, get a move on and, instead of helplessly cackling, bellow away like cornered bears, and knock the rabid beast, and subsume his hunted brains into the grist mill of this cavernous floor where hordes upon hordes of invaders have rotted for eons on end.

But nobody did zilch. The mariner just ran out of fuel and collapsed. Somewhat

rattled, En Tiberi surveyed the sad panorama, when of a sudden the hairs at his nape rose of themselves, desperately flagellating about. The whiff of a huge mastiff, its hot breath at his ear, he shook. Swiftly, he pushed with his shiv-armed hand, but the mastiff just took his hand in its mouth. A wave of terror threatened to submerge with extravasated blood his brain or his heart. Fortunately, the dog proved to be very intelligent, its eyes seemed to smile. With his free hand, En Tiberi pointed, ever so softly and tenderly, to the dog's nose, and said: "nose," and pointed at its left ear and said: "ear," and then lo, the fun-loving dog left off his now shivless hand and barked: "nose, ear," so joyfully it was unbelievable, and wagged a riot its short tail. So En Tiberi patted it on the rump and scratched a bit behind its ears, and the gentle mastiff, who hadn't really bit but just held the would-be criminy hand between its monitory teeth, now reeled off with its characteristic jive: "eyes, mouth, nails, navels, booze, bereavement, subterfuge..."

En Tiberi grew fond of the beautiful monster with the silky, nothing shabby, hide. With a strong companion like this, he thought, what wouldn't be our victories — and maybe it can smell sickness, in which case it would have frightened the tainted hoyden princess away before she could've enticed me to my present doom, and so on. Only that before he could finish the reverie, the mastiff had escaped through the porous windows of the sparse snow.

Was he disappointed? Of course, but now his attention was hogged by the goings-on beneath. There, on the makeshift stockyards, the awfuls were busy at work.

Who said that creative passion abhors pious piffle?... Couldn't have been wider off the mark.

Fear of extinction always drove these people elsewhere, and to something else. Employed constantly at some scheme or other. Banning the thought of eternal annihilation, like everybody else. Plus, in their case, heaven forbid, of eternal maimedness in the limbos of the abhorred and the perennially laughed at. Unwanted in the many-generational effort to build the sundry local cathedrals, their diseases too jinxing and inauspicious for such holy, superstitious enterprises. And stoned away, as saboteurs and arsonists; thrown to fend for themselves. And the more desolated, the harder at work. For in idleness the images crowd. The spirit spins — and, dizzy, riddled by the unriddling riddles, in the middle of despair, the laughter arises, the laughter of the mad. From each earldom's towers, the local feudal princes shoot at them, even when they meekly approach, kissing the dust, to swear the most abject fealty. They are rejected wholesale. Every lord enfeoffs them with all kind of adverse influences.

So, down at the plain near the scant river, the construction of a new forbidden

temple was well underway. No lollers. Even one-armed, one legged half-witted dregs of hardly a person anymore, went at it as if paradise were at the end of the (so clunky and cringy and elytrous, almost superhuman) effort. The spoilage rate among the puny throng seemed enormous. Many, ghostly enough, seemed to give up the ghost right away, with nary a whimper withal. Others disappeared (spritely at least) after apparently exploding, and blaring some type of hackle-raising sound. Their remains were swept away and thrown into the furnaces where the bricks were cooked — no little ribbons for the happy grateful worker who has given his life to the cause, no time with piddling ceremonies like these... You were tossed into the first handy conflagration, the bonfires, for example, above which the *clēmàstecs* (pothooks) held the cauldrons where the no less fetid mortars and the tangy tars slowly simmered.

The icy hornets of the untimely snow were wearing him; the sheer mantle with which he tightly wrapped himself wasn't enough; he craved for the presence of the gigantic pug — such formidable beast, of whom now he regretted not even having known the sex — bitches are probably still nicer. Maybe that was the first thing to do in order to ingratiate yourself with any beast, tenderly fondle its sexual organs, caress it where it more matters. And so he now moved to find the gratifying beast again. He feebly whistled — melodious, attractive come-ons. If met again, however, first thing he wouldn't do, he wouldn't fuck it — a lesson learned the hard way stays extant for much longer, and his pus-crying spiculum was a tingly remainder of his flagrant error — tactless twit (he called himself, contritely,) pockmarked forever and in such an awkward place — perhaps he should join the putrefactive collectivity downstairs — at least he'd be warm. But then he peeked again, and he lost all equanimity; strangled, he retched; they were hateful and nauseating indeed, and he wanted to flee from snarling disease, not plumb fall, like another rotten festering dog-killing poisoned meatball, into its loathsome fount.

Summing up (he said,) and I had not an inkling of such liking, I love dogs.

On the gray laths of the dark slate of the sky, the fires and blasts below drew obscene gestures; oscillating sexual organs of monstrous proportions vied for preeminence, sickly mottled by the sizzling flakes. The flaming screen of the sky grotesquely mirrored the ragtag hottentots, who were now like groaning, toiling actors in an orgy, runts and scarecrows overcrowded from busted gurneys, their make-do splints shattering, their splinters half-burned, a few of them sacrificed like victims to the idol, impounded and drawn toward the improvised altars, held in indignity and indignation, fulsomely yoked (in the popular sixty-nine position) to another disgusting half-human and then thoroughly destroyed by vile puppeteers, while the better endowed sucked with their mammoth pricks hot beer from the vats that hung from the pothooks, and anyone who was thirsty could suck, at his

convenience and after properly queuing his turn, the beer from the vast piss-vessels (uncalibrated bladders) of the massive, often oddly crooked erections.

En Tiberi, feverish now, felt thirsty too. In numb disbelief his tongue protruded, extruded itself, like a worm nonetheless ready for action, trying to catch some of the congealed fluid that fell, like hot cinders, from the orgy in the clouds.

In his exertions, he must have moved too clumsily. The din of falling boulders didn't register till he peered again below. A cataclysm of which he was the cause.

Sprang and spiked some of the uncrushed — like a gelatinous bane, the monsters were climbing toward him, their slaying intentions too obvious for words.

Where the fuck was his cardamom horse?... Flighty came to haunt his fluttering eye the halcyons and the phoenixes and all the bloody bats of hope. But, across the dross, he could exult, for a quadrupedal shape was about to ransom him, no doubt — with a wry smile, and kindly teeth, he'd be absorbed into its cashmere croup. His friend, the humongous mastiff was carrying him to safety and to the sexy colloquies of the softly enamored, he dreamed.

But no. For those were enemy dogs. Those were the lousy leprous dogs of the mangy bristling infrahuman anomalies below, and now they were tearing him to shreds, biting him to bits. And none hungrier and more ferocious than the former noble mastiff.

No less than a hundred bites later En Blai, Ermessenda d'Engolasters' drayboy tallied on his pretty swappable body.

—Shit, man, there I was, quietly chewing hashish, solacing myself, with the sweaty whale on the couch at my side, when I heard a suspicious noise — not a fart, mind you, or any of the other borborygms and nasty susurrations of her squanderous, regurgitating, bebblubered, flabbier than a swarm of giant flies with abdomens of a league or two — imagine a body lymphatic, with nothing else than lymph, and the white icky muck of a fly or a beetle's tummy, multiplied by a million fold — and farrowing non-stop, though nothing but fatty nodes, unformed, less than turds, none of the phenotypes' work so much as inchoate, and anyway, my paw reaches automatically for the butt of my gun, and I notice with a start that the holster is empty! Hey, I'm thinking, probably my piece's fallen in the ford as I was trying to save the suinting suicide. So, I get up, dress up, decide the noise is naught but a nagging grudge still resentful in my head, and trot toward here (the fallow grounds for the circus when it comes this way and the other puerile ceremonies when they happen, where moreover often our singer shines,) and what do I see now again but

that at the center of the new commotion there you are, measly you, up to grievous mischief again. You owe me twice; I saved thee by the hairs. The naked maidens, the ungainly maenads, ugly as hell, footless, earless, eyeless, the whole assortment, merkins balding, cunts a-flapping, sweeping the floor, gathering all type of filth, and noisomely gamy, ugh, escapees from the ancient sarcophaguses, there they were, violently chewing, trying to eat you alive.

En Tiberi repeated, rather a propos, what he had once read in an secret chivalry memorial, that: “From all ceremonies issue the honors to the honored, from the honors to the honored then the vices freely spring.”

And En Blai answered: “Shut up, twerp.” For he had a nibbler’s heart, and a nobler one than all the princes and princesses of twenty thousand million miles around.

“You are not taking me to the pigsty where The Body lives, do you?”

“Where else?” Answered the oaf. “We’ve gotten wind meanwhile that you might be a saint or something, and we crave your advise about some relationship glitches we’re having. First, nonetheless, we’ll take care of that conniption causes this frightful bobbery of sneezes.”

En Tiberi invoked: “Oh, to die today without regret nor pain, buried in snow, best death-wrap, pure white and soothing and analgesic, ok?”

“We’d rather put any ornery sheet on you and sell it afterwards to some heart-warming church or other as a miraculous sudarium with the image of your rusty nozzle, your suppurating prick imprinted on it,” the other joked, and En Tiberi grimaced, aggrieved.

The sky was again starry as he was just the bobbly hump on the oaf’s fleecy back. “I’m the ineluctable boomerang,” his carrier mused, “always back home, plain and parochial like the nunny, beady swallows every early Spring surrounding and besieging the church’s entire girth,” but En Tiberi held his tongue. He was thinking: mother, the girth indeed — and was his porter’s having a slip of the tongue? Better a slip of the tongue than of the feet, with me the poor sacrificial lamp across his back. But wait, a slip, or rather even a couple or three? Nunny for nanny, and the confounded image nothing to do with swallows other than to The Swallowing Woman bound, and, nannies being goats, thus always attracted to the most pernicious and abrupt of terrains like to The Mountain of Flesh? And beady for biddies, and the hens climbing The Manure Heap Of Her, a beached rotting whale?

...

Probably his fever was making his ear mishear: his ear hear wrong. Also, were those the shears of death cutting swathes, hurriedly behind them, or just the chirruping crickets upbraiding the killing snow, or even his heart and Blai's fighting for preeminence, one rushing with the fever, the other with the effort of the loaded scramble?

—What's that, the spastic? The huge ill? The epilepsy? Let go off of my neck, or I'll drop you like a bomb. Man, wring a man's throat and he's through. Or else you'll cripple me as her son is crippled and wasting in an asylum for fools and crazies [for at the time that you missed limbs or limbic brain mass or even if you didn't miss them but they misfired nonetheless, the same asylum was your refuge from the murderous insults of society at large.] Let go, I say, or I leave you in here where as it is your nightmare the rabid beasts abound — boo-who, lurking, toady, snicketous, sebaceous, serpentine, always on the ready, watching behind a branch, lethal, famished, traitorous... Tell me, who could enjoy nature in these conditions? Too adversarial and complicated, labyrinthine, dark, festering, jungly... And always beats you... Egres, floods, pests, fires, teeth, nails, stings... Where the hell are you going?... Fearful, with your heart half-chewed, losing all over your companions, your sons — eaten, stranded, and starved, and trapped, and poisoned, and victims of the many plagues, and suddenly exploded away; you are already alone, who else but you then next!... Next to be devoured. So?...

Blai's gun was a vicious contraption, a simple pebble-thrower at first sight, very similar in shape to some of the local lime bird-snares, as one could see straddling twigs here and there, and yet, just applying a slight torque to one of the spigots, one was in for a wicked surprise: sibilant, in a jiffy, a deadly triad of stone bullets had flown off, widely spread in front and everywhich way. En Tiberi took hold of Blai's gun, he snapped it from its holster at his belt. He shot at an enormous bat. The bat fell as the paper kite it was, clumsily staggering, fatally wounded.

En Blai laughed his head off as En Tiberi tried to extricate himself, totally freaked out, from the wrapping paper that he believed to be a humongous bat and rabid to boot. On the paper wings of the bat, that it was written: "Byron Bat — fashions for men — capes — sticks — bodkins — hats — quills — zithers — sheep's bowels — hatchets — pomades..."

—That Byron, a fucking foreigner, and a fruit to add injure to outrage, owns a growing posse of boy slaves he buys as just almost babies all over the place and environs for he's filthy rich. Those boys are taught a skill, sowing, cutting, mixing liquors, smelting various metals, and so on, and then they are worked till they drop, except that they are reasonably well fed and are given everyday a space of leisure in order to enjoy a few encounters of the suck-my-prick-and-titillate-my-asshole kind

for we are all damned catamites, plus the more advanced are allowed all type of experimenting, I mean, they've been blessed with saucy, actually criminal, minds. Those arrogant superior boys and their murderous "experiments" — for instance, they make you (and I mean you, if ever they catch you unawares walking through the woods,) they do, and then they make you hang by the tail, and take notes and notches about how long it takes and how does it break off, and still how your head smashes, and so on. Very scientific all.

"The town notables are very angry — we want to cow them into revealing for example who the investigators really were and to what purpose the killing of the school intendant took such gruesome place, and etcetera, except that the fashion guy pays us all off very handsomely. In fact, we freely advise him when and if the colors run off from some skirt of his, or when a link of one of his exclusive tights tends to get loose, and how easy is it to erase a macula with which of his soaps into which of his fabrics, and if the clasps of his alligator bags misrelate, or his panty-breeches shrink too much, and his peachy brooches are too flashy or not for the brothel or the church, and how fast do they prosper, the perfidious moths, into the divine imitation silk of his devising, or how lustily and exuberantly we feel when wearing one of his just glorious little patterns that we model to everyone's glee over our bare skin, well, *i així anar fent* [and thus of this more,] but curb your profligacy, babe, and don't you ever ape my mincing walks, even with a balancing weight on top, my love, for you don't want to finish with your face agroof on the morass."

En Tiberi had hardly heard any of that lilting garbage; he had been worried with the lifting mists from the midst of next field. What was this?... An oasis?... A camp with poachers plucking their newly acquired chickens?... A crowd of the curious congregating?... The flotsam of a neighboring battlefield washed away by a fuming foamy torrent?... The uproar of the well-wishers waiving their paper pennants and variegated balloons, and the reapers their sickles and the witches their brooms?... No, it was again the maimed worshipers — a tiny retroactive interference in his mind — the pious kneeling in frantic fervor in front of the fat white goddess, the arrogant shrew, the massive boss, N'Ermessenda d'Engolasters, singing uninhibitedly from an immerded parchment, her performance nothing shy of a watershed, the whole leprous stockyard afloat in tears, my god, yes, and quite deservedly, for what an uplifting spectacle, indeed.

* * *

After the warmth, and the sleeping, and the nibbling of the choice hashishes of the house, En Tiberi felt renewed. Something had been working, the metallic drops of

quicksilver, the rest, the forces inside, whatever, the point being that the icky ichor had run dry. He went up to the terrace, the flat side-roof, to soak a bit of Sun.

Hello, here was the whale sunning herself also, with the remora Blai kissing blubber at her tail. He greeted them both as a knight should.

“Feeling better, then?” she flutedly inquired.

“Yes, sir,” he answered.

“Well, listen, here’s the case...”

“Marital problems, eh? Thirty-odd years married and the roof leaking all over the place, with warnings that a hurricane, or at least its effects, with very strong winds and torrential rains, are to be imminently experienced in the area... Puzzling and additionally galling that the roofer (yours truly!) should be made to chose exactly the day he can’t possibly service anybody else (for obvious reasons,) now having to rush and be late in placing a flimsy old vulcanized sheet, full of holes, in order to rapidly abscond before the many new leaks have sprung else- and everywhere, and especially in one crucial point where water will keep on cascading for hours on end, even collapsing a part of the ceiling, endangering children and pets, and staining walls and clothes, parchments, guns and musical apparel. A granulated modified bitumen surface assiduously torched and stuck upon the length of the roof, certainly would’ve remedied the inconvenience if soon enough properly applied. Instead all kinds of rubbish and rubble, gravel, tar concretions, nails, bitumen flakes, etc, will clog the love gutters and arteries which had been left in the lurch for decades. Unilaterally I must consider that before signing it there’s been already a breach of contract; I’m arriving too late; I’ve got no leverage against fate, my friends; in fine, I won’t stall you to death, or oblivion and senility, whichever comes first, and because neither you nor me must later have the depressing feeling of having been bamboozled by a gang of crooks, our rights maliciously trampled and so forth, I vouch the silent muses that it shan’t be me by whom in consequence a heavy destruction will ensue. Instead I’ll be putting remedy to this disaster, thereby sparing the distress of an upset family (for how charming it must be for somebody to come from a long trip to witness, under a furious storm, water cascading down the walls and destroying her clothes, books, rugs, everything,) by retreating to my quarters, livid as before, unilluminated, as ignorant of things masonry, as of stanching procedures and of catalogues for replacements as ever; you know what, I’ll pack right away; advising couples about leaks of confidence and such ensures a double, very dangerous enmity; can’t afford it, still recuperating and all.”

—Stop! Nothing to do with our perfect harmonious pairing. Alas, the thing’s much

graver.

—What? Still worse? How could, poor me, cope?

—Listen, will you? Byron Bat, the fashionable catamite, is dead. He was the life of the town. Without him we are sunk. All our economy flunked, floundering, shot, a shit.

—And?...

—You are the only able out-of-towner, could even pass for a foreigner, being a scholar and knowing languages and all.

—So?...

—You could replace him. As a favor; you can't refuse; we've saved your life three times in a row already. The botched suicide attempt...

—But...

—The mortal mobbing and mugging by the wrecked, abominable low lives...

—True enough.

—And the sensationally hallucinatory catarrh. As En Blai was lugging your diarrheic guts home, you gave him all kind of grisly troubles; he came back half a man or less, almost throttled altogether and all.

—Ah. So sorry, of course. The fever, wasn't meself at all.

“The point: we disguise you as him, and the good life for everyone concerned.”

En Tiberi's caecum rustled with abhorrence. No way his caecum was going to become the blind bowel for any number of gonorrheal cocks from the vicious posse of enterprising boys. He said yes meaning no. And mutedly started devising methods of escape. Down the gutter, for example, man, verily as any other scrawny lousy rat.

Better a rat than any abject object of experimentation, a rat flying away like a rat. Flying almost, byronic, forsooth, how ironic, at last a realized bat.

8.03.2004

About oneself

I've got the name Cuixplec from my father (from India); it's a name rather well thought-of among the Tiberians. The name Çontul·li I've inherited from my mother (from Catalonia).

The Tiberians, followers of En Tiberi Çontiberi, are those antisuperstitioners (so-called) that believe that god will be created at the end of time. That we are each a block or brick or at least a little bit of mortar (in the case of a mite, for instance) in the ultimate construction of god -- now God.

Also, as a consequence of that insight, we (the Tiberians) manage to see what happens (i.e. reality) in what we think is (for us) the right way. Meaning, that the arrow of time runs backwards. We die at the beginning, and we are born at the end...

The Tiberians are well-established in Catalonia and in India. Çontul·li is a Minorcan name meaning *belonging to the Tullian family*. Cicero himself belonged to the same family.

En Tiberi Çontiberi, our quasiprophet, is both himself and belonging to himself.

His quasisacred writings (we don't follow any dogmatic teachings; everyone takes what fits his fancy of the moment) are written in Catalanian. They've been translated into a few Indian languages. My endeavor shall be then to try to do my version into English.

It won't be easy, mind you.

Catalan (the language of such Minorcan Catalonians as commander Farragut (of *damn the torpedoes* fame) and brother Ginebró Serra (of the many missions in California)) as used by En Tiberi Çontiberi (of the ninth century) and his followers and exegesists of nowadays, differs in nuances.

Though certain basic words mean the same as they used to (if one sets one's mind on the key of yore), once one switches to the current parlance, they can mean exactly the contrary.

Take the word *aumon*, meaning (most of the times) *here in the world* in the old

texts, and *nowhere* in the new.

Or take *re*, meaning (also most of the times, same then as now) *something* and even *everything* of old, and *nothing* now.

Thus such well-known gnome as:

Aumon hi ha re

...one could turn it fairly straightforwardly as follows:

Nowhere is there anything, and yet, also in a quite easy way, thus: *In the world there is something*.

But, according to the age of the dictum, it also could be rendered thus:

There is nowhere everything.

There is everywhere nothing.

There is nothing nowhere. And its quasicontraries: *There is nowhere everything*.

There is everything everywhere... And...

It ain't easy, as I said.

8.11.2004

Note:

Note:

Religion is also re-reading of the sacred texts. From it spring the unifying fine tenets, but also the monstrosities, the maddeningly stupefying, the stifling, deadening dogmas, all those murders and revenges, all those shitty heavens and hells...

Keeping at it in excess, in the reinterpretations of the same episodes, the sick mind sees all kinds of terrors.

A healthy senseful mind, peruses coolly, gratefully, and understands: vistas unfinishable extend before his shut eyes, and he melts in their harmonious, interconnecting waves, wherein he roams in freedom untrammelled...

8.12.2004

Last

Last:

Roadless hypophet

Once, when En Tiberi was near the ocean, he decided to wet himself. He stripped down to zero and went in. A big fish (he calls it a whale, but I think it was a whale of a shark) bit his gluteus. He lost in this fight a chunk of flesh. He could pass from then on as another rudiarian — a respected veteran from the army or from the arena. Listen, who knew, the biting could as well have been from the mouth of a horse in battle, or from the one of a pissed-off lion in the circus... Be it as it may, he could show to all and sundry at almost all times his bottom and elicit plaudits and awes both from ladies and males, to say naught from the still more impressionable small fry.

En Tiberi, he never was one of those sweaty disheveled swamis followed by scatophagous idolater idiots everywhere they go, be it the latrines, where they gather and cull a harvestful of expensive if fetid relics... No, our hypophet (for who needs prophets when we are going towards the construction of God, and therefore the past is the future — and contrariwise) -- our hypophet was always proper (dressed with a beautiful tunic of samitell (some silky stuff), and combed and shaved even unto his recesses and gussets most difficult to reach — but disciples for the precious task he never had any lack of. That's why he was really surprised (say the chroniclers) when, while showing his scarred bottom in some riparian shindig (for he never again bathed in the perilous sea), a tenebrous woman, recently expelled from a brothel she'd been chained to for the best (or worst, as the text implies) of her sixty-odd years, upon spying his ruddy gland, where never chancre nor blemish, be it natural or acquired, miraculously had alighted or alit, exclaimed:

—Oh, baby, that's grand! Could I have a lick?

—A lick?... (answered the sage.) Wouldn't that be battery and disfigurement? We are not fond of beating, no, sir. We much prefer to stroll up and down the plush gardens of our farther and farther lands... We never could take to roads. We much prefer little natural forest ways, or even untrodden, new, just invented, or reinvented, paths. We've come to realize that all traffic signs (be them shiny or illegible, fluorescent or moldy, lit or matte), whatever they say, their changing

letters only mark the same road that leads directly to death.

The woman, and the other marveled onlookers, readily understood. His words, truer than anything she (and they) had ever heard or were likely to hear again, were brewed and incubated for the necessary period in order to conduce to their due effect. For instance, the ugly infected woman went to a known able barber, always steeped in steams, and had him surgically tore apart the craving, scheming growths she unwillingly harbored atop her skins and beneath. Fizzled and screamed the hellish bulbous ganglions and buboes and pustules as he burned and pitilessly removed them and reduced them to ashes or the dogs ate as he dropped them...

The woman was restored to her pristine beauty. “Oh, lodestone of my actions from now on,” she recited, almost praying, though praying was never encouraged by En Tiberi — no way, for he considered it nothing but a recourse for craven cowards and extreme lovers of the rubbish encased in the skin and supported by the skeleton of oneself — nothing to brag anywhere about... “Oh, direction then I unfailingly take,” she continued, enthused, on her way to be bought again by the brothel, the castle she itched most after, she most fished and sighed for. (One rather loves to imagine that her desires were granted, though the text names her name again never once more.)

8.13.2004

Last but one

Last but one:

Champion chomping at the bite

He was coming back from visiting a village. That village clung to the side of a mountain. Up the side of this mountain, then, from its steep streets, from the windows of its houses, voices rose, cheers came, everybody congratulated him, or meekly solicited his wise ministrations... He impeccably officiated, was handsomely paid in all types of meals and massages, and next day, before they awoke, he had been on his way...

It happened that he was traipsing about, not far from the coast, thinking about the bunkers left behind by the (real) Huns (*how moving was human ingenuity!*) and about who (which half-marine, half-terrestrial beast: newts, toads came to mind, maybe monstrously big) could hide inside, and looking distractedly at the sequined

birds thereabouts, whose abodes maybe the bunkers were, perfect abodes for abiding the arrival of something better (transcendent) across the sea, when the next step brought him, quite unawares, face to face with the rabid one.

En Tiberi blinked, his glass eye (the right one) fell on the sand; a debilitating feeling tugged at his nerves... En Tiberi, always so dapper and civilized, so composed, almost purring, surrounded by the aura brought by the usual buzz of success, the cynosure of all admirations... And now... Once removed from the warmth of the flatterers and the simperers and the wronged; from all the jostling to partake of the sanatory chemistry seemed to exude from the very perfection of his sweet smelling body... Cold now with remoteness, coming undone, finding himself not quite himself any more... Well, he quivered for fear like the split broken arrows of a quivering quiver. Or a bunch of spent spills spilled by a revolving hurricane. What a delicate situation, indeed, and almost no elbow room to extricate himself from it. How does one veer away from such a movable obstacle as delinquently intent on massively crushing one and eating one alive for desert?... Thus he pondered, trembling like a beetle under the abolishing sole...

Erstwhile, not so long ago, the rabid one had been a champion, and now... He'd been the toast of the town, the resident hero indeed; he'd had his pick — could choose at will among boys and girlies; being hugged and shagged by him, and maybe even disabled after his not too gentle perchings on one's back, was considered a great honor by the damaged ex-loved little ones and their proud families. After the willing ordeal, gashes and parched parts of the body were touched (for a price) by those who expected curative or restorative qualities to accrue from a place so intimate before with the more dedicated organs of somebody who out of vicinity and good relations with the gods (of whose good graces had been so often the most obvious) had become another Hercules, a semi-one.

First the champion had been a forger of swords; then his magnificent health added to his strength had made of him a vast fellow impossible to tumble. In common frays same as in more official body-to-body battles, he'd blown to smithereens countless antagonists.

Damned, if he chose to blow now... Well (thought En Tiberi), it certainly would be my time, if he blew, to be blown... He peered at the irate irons of his teeth, at his jaded yellow eyes, at his protruding chest, full of filth and scum; the scum that poured from his atrabilious mouth...

It happened that a few weeks ago, precisely at the wall of one of those bunkers, and in cahoots with a family particularly keen on having the fruit of their loins properly consecrated, the ex-champion had been making not even a mouthful (a phallusful?)

of a tiny tot, born maybe a couple of weeks back, when he'd felt a faint prickling on the leonine nape; he'd been ignominiously bitten by a pipistrel.

A pipistrel on his neck?... Later, when he was recounting the riotous peripety to a round of brown-noses, and how he had, while busy at his chore, of a sudden keeled over, smashing the beast like a little shit (*look, no hands!, employed otherwise*), they were delighted, elated, dilated... Only that the little bite then, now had made an ousted pariah of him. It transpired that in that village and thereabouts rabies stirred such rage that whoever got it was sorted out for the gallows impromptu, without the need of proving any other kind of imputable sin, in fact a single other thing... One got caught and hanged and buried, and let's for now think nothing of it...

Only that nobody had been able to catch such a strong whoreson giant... Now, with the first of his angry growls, En Tiberi kicked his heels and ran; ran like the dickens or worse.

To some, that from a safe distance had seen him run his gallinaceous run, and now for it were laughing at him, he later answered, once his breath re-cau-cau-caught : *"Laugh your fill, but string up your own mothers, for they tell me they ran much slower."* And one or two, recognizing his wisdom, came, and kneeled, and kissed the dirt-encrusted bottom ply of his fulvous robe.

8.22.2004

Last poem but two

Last poem but two:

Politeness rewarded

En Tiberi, as he was moving on, wanted to properly say good-bye to his latest landlady. The busy woman was nowhere to be found. Probably busting her ass over a stain on some sodding icon, or occupied on some other such sad chore — bedbugs or fleas, say — or laundering about — heard her singing yesterday at noon: "Before the ovens of my wrath are lit, the vermin ramble and roam at their leisure; then I wash all linen in boiling lye (yeah, yeah) — the survivors (among the linens, I mean, for among the vermin there is nary a one) are dried high in the eyeless antennae of the tallest towers of my lord's domains..." [Etc. Some early medieval threnody — the

extremely boring music of which is now mercifully lost.]

She'd been such a tease, though; the day before, for instance, En Tiberi, pursued by dogs whose teeth were foaming and denuded, had climbed, almost without any breath left, to the loft, where the squalid good woman was scraping some goo off the floor. En Tiberi hid behind her bony rump. She turned and said: "There are easier ways, you know, than going through all those silly throes of yours, sir; your honor's tricks for starting an affair are not more sophisticated than those of any other snot-covered clod loitering about my door; but enough, heathen, be gone. I wouldn't allow for any money (unless it was a lot more than you'll ever be capable of imagining in the luridest paintings of your mind) any of your tatterdemalion pollywogs the chance of entering the sinews of my womb to harass no humble egg of mine, no, sir; **virtuous** is the byword by which any peasant and serf thereabouts fames my house, apart of which, let me tell your honor, I flinch at the reek of vile residue your wick lets off. I moot that the idea of a bath (should ever cross your honor's mind) it wouldn't be amiss to take into serious consideration; no maiden worth her salt shall ever spread-eagle herself for such a stinky sissy grungy short maleficent cathetus for which, and your honor's balls, I'll never be, I brag not, the wiggly, disproportionate hypotenuse; in fact, despite my wide forbearance, I'll bear it no further. That's it! Down, down!" With the broom she'd chased him back down the unsteady ladder. En Tiberi, also widely amused, with no intention in his heart to abuse the ravaged house-frau with the swollen ankles (only swollen and meaty part of her scant anatomy, alas), not even trying too hard with his protestations about the savage dogs intent on feasting on him like kicking lions thrown off a stampeding train — and therefore now the scare of his soiled, shit-festooned skirts and shoes (having run, in his mad fleeing action, on all kinds of excrementitious quicksands) — he, then, always true to his strict code of conduct ("do every damn thing with innate elegance or bust"), doffed his sweaty bandanna and stepped gracefully down upon a ground now pretty virginal — the hungry angry beasts gone afar, astray, after other asses and legs to take apart and feed on.

For a stretch, En Tiberi waited. He wanted to take his leave as any other educated gentleman would. Meanwhile, he listened to the barbaric rhythms of the calves. As all young people, the calves in the stalls needed those cacophonous rhythms to express their energetic youth, and, for lack of better skills, young as they were, nothing else occurred to them than plodding around, while nodding and tossing with strength their heads away. The calves blew through their nostrils on the dirt and pushed with their snotty muzzles small wedges of wood against the wooden walls of their stables, in constant, contumacious head-nudging, foot-fidgeting, and at length a primitive pattern of sound emerged; as if self-hypnotized by the pertinacious thumping, they never stopped tossing and banging until exhausted, generally towards feed or sleep time.

Presently, En Tiberi felt a stabbing pang in his guts. The rancid lotion of his chyle was mercilessly chiseling at his more sensitive and anfractuuous, and less straight and canular ducts. "Bother," he said, "to die in such a forsaken shithole."

He saw himself — his badly coiled and wrinkled remains, really; not the godly atom high in the godly statue of God under which the same God himself some day yet, if nothing goes amiss, will sun himself, like he remembered, in one of his youngish trips, sunning himself on the grassy fairgrounds, near the shadow of another giant atom perfunctorily sculpted but solidly erected in some oriental village, far past the maelstrom, where the enigmatic idiot-faced sickle-wielders (such intricate dowry, who could really cope with?) now inhabiting the place had inherently inherited advanced ideas from bashful foreigners strangely landed long ago and apparently come to the chosen site in amicable competition, all of them wonderkids from many lands or even planets, discoverers of wonders, well-mannered rapists of the secrets of the workings of nature... He saw himself, I say, parceled off toward the charnelhouse. No, listen, not even rating the charnelhouse, nor the shambles, rather the rotting pit and avast. No morbid thin yellow vampire of a surgeon sorting his bits for his lickspittleous amusement, nor any lazy simian of a blood-thirsty butcher piecing him up for meat for the ferocious beasts... No, throw him to rot, in with the pestiferous chutney where those that died of unexplainable corruptions horrendously bubble and fume.

Indeed, alas, no lacquered coffin for him, no stenciled name on it, no wreaths around with ribbons purporting to relate, in dithyrambic terms (but do they have an inkling?), his more glorious mass conversions, or feats akin; no words of wisdom respectfully culled from his own wit now repeated in mournful, solemn tones. And no outrage either against his untimely sacrifice; alas, none of the flashy bike people ahead, announcing with loud sirens his passing, nor, behind, the deeply grieving women, with their flowing, garish widows-weeds that (as the cortège advances and the mellifluous pathos that envelops it is naturally increased, notch after momentous notch) they now and then take to employ also as handkerchiefs, from their excessive weeping and the tearful outreckoning of his outlandish gifts. No palinode from the prevaricating choirs of the clergy of the aboriginal church (such a botch of a hoax), no, none of the petulant parsons of the parishes overweeningly directing bevvies of farrowing burrowing sows and their counterparts, the misty, crutchy skeletons in their dotage, camphored barren crones, plus others of their sorry, choused ilk puking in-between the broken notes of a bungled strident prayer-song. No vindicating dirge aroused out of such profound bereavement as tingles the crevices of every witch, awash in apostate pity for the true wry sayer of verities. No obnoxious loud chant whose clangor frightens the crap out of condors and gorgons, and harpies and wyverns and vultures too keen on having a go at his ditched

entrails.

Well, no; no recognition whatsoever, that's a fact, and forget it. Parceled off, harum-scarum, jumbly-bumbly, at the bottom of a hurriedly emptied compost cart led by a sickly mule. Back home indeed, in a demolition derby, through frightful mountain defiles, towards the precipice where the rejected corpses are obviously unleashed; his erstwhile beautiful, carefully groomed husk nothing unscathed, on the contrary, truly totally totaled (I know, but you translate it: **escominalment escominat?**), abominably crushed.

And where might they be then, the two fucking parsons saying ashes to ashes and shits akin?... Where their vicious sucker-punching spew, their protracted sphincter-squeeze of patronizing proverbial fallacies?... Of course, in life he never wanted any truck with the two impudent cheats — their effrontery, pretending to know about gods, when God is only a brumous project at the summit of such persistence as maybe after all it will prove impossible to sustain... En Jizz Ass and Na Sarah Trusta were their names, one believes... Once, only a few evenings ago, their shady officiating was brought to his attention, and he said, and with such a sinking feeling, nothing like zest and joie-de-vivre: "Man, what a couple of sad sacks."

—This Sarah Trusta not a smidgeon I trusta (he said then with a fake Sicilian accent.) As for that Jizz Ass, what a misnomer, eh?... When the guy's nothing but a bearded lesbian!

[As for this adapter to the texts, he's aware that here resonances abound, a wealth of cross-references dissonantly peep and squeak. He does his best; he's also sure that by now those fanciful names (relics already then of ages gone by, whatever the dickens they were ab-origo) had over time gone further corrupted. And could easily (and can) stand for something (somebody?) else... The point is that the two hierophants ruling the roost in that particular town (though, in matters of knowledge metaphysical, they couldn't hold a candle nor a well-oiled dildo to En Tiberi, of course), had appropriated either the names or the titles of predecessors of note. No matter. As En Tiberi says elsewhere, talking about people of such ilk, thick disgusting farty mafia-type pricks, after trying to unconvince a dining and wining strutting bunch of them; telling them that they could indeed be smarter, that all their criminal yen after grabbing more than the next imbecile (clash of titanic dunces indeed, with nephews and uncles and other dumbfounded killers scratching their pestles like apostles of doom) amounted to a generalize wasted substance of existence and nothing else... "What for, what for (he asks). You are soon going to die, willy-nilly, and no buts about it; and for what all the unquiet annoyances for your own and sundry, neither living nor letting others be?... For the **family**, eh, fucking parrotty bombastic bags of filthy wind!... The family?... Do you realize you

are coopting their life, making them nothing but atrophied appendixes to the rotting cadaver you'll be in another trice?... There's no way they can make it in their own way now in life, for they are nothing in themselves; with your shackling provisions, you made them the worst that you can make anybody: the inheritor of somebody else's riches and crimes, revenges and culpabilities; what a shambles, you over-ate yourselves and now explode in repugnant turds, each of which a clueless inheritor..." And so forth. Upon being expelled, and bodily threatened, he said, more apropos: "False saints are them all. Falsehood and sainthood are, I'm told, synonymous in plenty of more obscure and barbarian, but more expeditious (which has its advantages, if only for brevity's sake, essential in a hand-to-mouth society where quibbling for words costs you the fast bisection of your neck) languages than our own."]

And now a snore. A snore?... Was he drowsing away his longish wait and thus immersed in the nightmare of his grotesque interment?... Was the wild snore about to sever his insulted soul from the phenomenally tangled vicissitudes anent the shedding of his fleshy cloak?... Was it the vivifying spark that would coax his being out from the quicksilver enmeshing where every shape thereby abiding (like riotous spiders) took pleasure in mocking his incapacibilities, his paralyses, his crying withdrawal, his impotence?... And would the sudden awakening from the otherwise fallow minefield prove fatal (the fatal ultimate mistake) in causing the last onward stage where the foot of the spirit treads over the trigger that brings about its final dissolution to take place?... Phantom underpinnings all, where the soul is a zebra unsure as to where to take its next numb limb and itself, its naked all-white body, is precariously balanced in the coruscating illusory gray bands of its own skin — does he fall then to his death, does his unpinned soul crash inside his body in a fugacious smattering (and ex-mattering) of mayfly-like smithereens?...

Nah. No fear, nothing of it, for soon the snore proved rather to be nothing else but a common stertorous grunt. Coming from the pungent opening on the blunt face of the cyclopean woman astride, astraddle atop his midriff (or thereabouts — yeah, a bit lower maybe) and ferociously pumping away.

Before abandoning his dream, or his agony, a word he tells to the sickly mule carries his worthless remains: "Rejoice, (says En Tiberi), rejoice indeed, for, without knowledge of being, nonetheless to be is, forsooth, a better way to go about the business of living. The best way would be being without being (**ésser sens ésser, mes sens ésser ésser, car en no ésser no pots des-ésser, i tanmateix ets**), and yet, without being, being, for in not-being you cannot not-be, and yet you are." [Did the mule understand? I think as much as I — but less, I hope, than the reader.]

Next, this he did, delighted, he deleted the spectacle, he de-lit, put off the light on

the tenebrous screen of his hallucination. His lids vaulted as in fright. His eyes were wide open. The canny landlady screamed. “You wouldn’t of awoken otherwise!” — she shouted, and there were stately storks revolving round her belfry, or hungry flies around the tousled sweated hairs on her beaming head. And ah, her mirth in front of the miracle of his resurrection!

En Tiberi was touched. He was coming (and coming undone with emotion.) Here he was, resurrected indeed, and dolico-phallic, as extended as ever, and soothed and stroked by an eager disciple he didn’t even know he had; today his bachelor X chromosome solicited for itself, without any financial encouragement or word-induced hypnotizing on the part of its eloquent host. And **that** was a proper goodbye — one of the best, really, among the few passing ones he’d been able to perform in the whole of his career of enlightening wanderings, and no mistake about it, for the pumping was indeedy fine... “Are thou mama rocking me back in my berth of soft linens?” — he subtly thought.

9.05.2004

(Tiny Scholium Found Amongst Leaves:) When will the war stop?

Infected... Actually, this is why I chose to freeze it. Fixed cold with my unswerving eye. Frozen in the sky.

Observe it, the object of our curiosity. And observe (as we will observe only the right laws by nature bequeathed) (I entreat of you, the elated, the healed, the sane) (the dreadful oxymorons who would spue them keep being dead and resurrected to-and-fro... Never know when to bury them. Nothing stuns you more than their obdurate persistence,) observe the projection of this improved wordly universe, where the mirrored image of our spherical cage hovers. Unmistakable. The watery bubble with the soapy surface. It only opens to scrutiny as it moves whilst we go at it like birds after a worm. Our tetanic neck..., its jerks. As we learn to conjugate (past the bombs, bombs, bombs, or were they?) that tricky verb: to turn...

Ah, lid-squeezer, be insistent. Don’t flinch.

The fighting forces inside the bubble take the edge over the voluble residual gyrations on the motley surface. Hence, the Thaw of such revolting frenzy, the removal of every clog of idiotic cherubim, the mighty burst, the establishment of naked familiar bewilderment, the recognizance, its suffusing warmth: the Hero transfigured.

In front of the mirror, fix the never-arriving arrows of your seeing. Often, the shaky contours seem gradually to grow somewhat Younger. And one happens to be permanently there; then, perhaps at a balmier hereafter, melting, one's gone. One's Integrated.

Let's turn, slight change of perspective. Less quakes over there. One can investigate at leisure the existent stagnant Cracks... Once the lines drawn, 'tis possible to bound over the margins, bound for discovery; the Cracks tell the otherwise erased manifestations of so much living. Are hatred, love, enclosed, excluded, badly sliced, sawn?... With it, bouts of memory lost, regained, messed for sure... One becomes much more, one is made a lot, and a lot more than he was to begin with: he is woman, he is infant, he is survivor...

Truth is: he's been ImPosed upon himself. No permission either way. ImPosed, ImPlasted, InterJected, PolyGrafted. Still worse, better: who is this other: the one that wants, the one that rejects?...

Now, lid-squeezers, don't quit. Vision-wise, one must take a bit more than one thinks himself capable of holding in.

The tentative process of acceptance (if any, of course, all done and said) will of necessity go through many phases. Presently, you'll surrender; but then, at times, prodded by a wayward graft, some ImPelled imperfection, you'll erupt... Volcanic, a bomb, a leaf.

This war will only finish in nought. With an ultimate SubTraction. A closing of the Eye.

9.06.2004

Interlude of Fear, between Bouts of Vomiting...

The unmistakable reek of everything he flung clung forever to his hands.

This gave slow expression to a faint grimace of Disgust... En Tiberi, there is his lame shadow in that timetousled encounter with his maker, his old dad. And her at his dad's side, the Fury and the Flustering of his new Wife...

Ah, then riotous, loquacious, insolent Enlistment of Words To No Avail! He swore never again to please those rotten Yesterdays. Never more. Once he flourished... And he still flourishes... Who needs such Aggravation.

"I was born tomorrow. Mid then once more the Flowers Of The Lucky, as though I am dying every minute."

"All, positive, I repeat, all must now be sucked by those crying eyes. Moments' Fixer. That's me. And wait... Yes, here we are, dad, working again with our grieving phantoms... Highlighted by the raw regalia of that tippled earthstar... Disastrous shenanigans..."

Her Plutons spilled, she is busting her guts to seem too in command.

"But stay your Murderous Arm, damn you, calm down. These should not be new bombs. There's not even... No, no savage rumbling of a few trashcans wildly whipped by the storm over the roads. Perchance, the poles splintered, the roofs caved In, shattered the Glasses?... So?... Nothing warrants the Aggression, the Gratuitous Hate... Put away those glowering Eyes... Only the shudderings of those Bowels of Yours, with them we've got enough and even too much... Second, you know what?... That I humbly propose... Let's See the Sea, or some other lacteal prophylactic Sensation without seemingly Any End. Ah, nice!"

"Turn down the juice. When presently we are Dunked in it, let's that the crowding of the splash please be sweet and lush. Beyond endurance, everything is Milk so thick."

"Then fumbling amidst its merry shades (the juice's, near the syrupy sea in our barks of straw) , now we stall, and wag, and incontinently falter. The peculiar sagging of our shoulders suggests either that now we emerge or that we are well on our way under. Or maybe we are stuck half way either up or down..."

"Now, as when (and if) lost in a library, or a bookshop, betwixt volumes of dense fog, there was always plenty of time to contemplate... So now, my pets."

En Tiberi and the old man in Unbalanced Repose. Keen on contemplating, none of them particularly remiss, that familiar shape passing, Sifting Painfully through the Clotted rows — what should it be?... A Shadow New?...

—Oh no. Nought Specially frightening, my boy. Only a Bit disagreeably shift-provoking... The sluggish shadow of my Replica.

9.08.2004

Last but three

Last but three:

Miracle of the little angel...

Under a tamely flowered perdifoil, two befuddled coolies stood beside the portable chair. Also in the shade, En Tiberi, leisurely worrying his teeth with a sprig of rosemary, was waiting for the lady to appear and climb on the curtained chair. Meanwhile two vultures, perched on a branch overhead, started necking almost obscenely. That seemed to spook in the extreme the famulating pair. They couldn't take their eyes from the vultures. Their faces became grotesque masks of agonizing fear. Thick gray smoke rose from their unshorn craniums.

—Couple of wusses; my lady deserves certainly better — said, chagrined, En Tiberi.

His mind scrambled towards the renewed image of his lady: *Mercy, her udders, her majestic rump! — and in spite of appearances, the endurance! — verily a dominatrix, the woman, and no amount of lubricious exercise capable of rendering her jubilant fat!*

Immediately, his phallus awoke. From the rice paddies flammeous emanations rose in early morning glory. As rose the hilarious sighs of the two disconsolate rogues beside the shivering chair. Strange as it is to suppose, even the drifting floaters inside his eye, as he checked the sky for ashes, escaped into the cosmos.

“So everything ascends,” thought En Tiberi, perfectly happy with life, “every item in existence knows where the next station is wonderfully laid up — like an all-capacious bride in heat who has lain in wait for us, ready for our onslaught (if suddenly uprooted) or the timid snowing of ourselves on her surface (if slowly burned); she's lain there for hours, laid in beauty for all of us to lie and be laid inside; *for we are all due in there as we vividly expend ourselves...* And there are due all the other manifestations of being also. Any fabulous other lady. Any cooked and uncooked goose. All the sublimated fears, all the vultures in flight, dead or alive; all the boiling waters; of course, my very ruminations, and the hot lubrication,

this prelude to jizzm; the smoke on the tousled heads of the two putzes awaiting to wait on the goddess (*they also serve who only stand and wait, forsooth*), plus the hatred of the motherfuckers, and the ardors of the firebrands, and the flush from the flurries of the contenders, and the burning sweats of the sluts, the fresh excretions from the mangy dogs, the mangy lungs of the phthisical, the stertorous laughs of the mirthful, the tears from the maudlin, the splattering droplets of fetid saliva from the mouthful, the ...”

He imagines, in his inspired vision, every single namable specificity afloat — *finally, at long last, every contrary is getting along!* — up, and on the up and up — and barging in — packing themselves all over the all-occupying body of the bride made of everyone. Only that now there’s the epical battle to enter the mystical body — *too expensive to get in if we all try at once*. There come the bloody cheats, invading from the barred entrances — they are jumping the tracks, bursting through the chain-mail fences, warring with the guards, while the locomotive lurches forward — many lives will be lost — many bodies will enter the Body in bits and pieces, alas.

And now behold, all cooped-up in their dear blazing coffin!

Shit, he feels the heat — such tight impaction, such mob — he thinks he will assay still to swim off over the cooling waters of the rice paddies; then maybe he shall swerve ever so slightly, so as to be able to see Himself still side by side under the perdifoil — a common reversible dandified chivalrous servant to his lady — yeah, lastly, he shall stay put, keep quite, be still, and smile... interminably. While the razed gardens burn.

Look, there is him who loves the dusking earthstar. Meet the meeting of the Hero and the Man across the bomber’s mirroring windowpane. At this hour, he rules the dim inroads of an honest pain...

The cramping of his prick became painful. He screamed at the two silly veterans of the coward wars. *“Stoical I want you, couple of pukes! The lady is about to exit into the Sun, get the umbrellas in shape, the three of us will look like butchered quintains. She’ll laugh her head off, and then sack the worthless triad, don’t you think nobody queues at all for those sinecurish jobs; there are millions would take our place in less than a trice!”*

She was taking her sweet time. The venue, the place where the inaction was laid, was becoming bothersome, repetitive. Not that he is not fond of fixing the instant. Truth is, above all, that’s what he likes, to fix the instant... Nothing seems to come more useful, nothing makes you more tactful, serene, poised...

Soon, he was beside himself with annoyance. *The fuck with the instant*, he thought, *I'll fix her instead*. He became fretful, as if he had forgotten the dream that explained the quandary. Deontologically, he was bound to brave the elements, the skeeters and the new stinks from the muds, and greet his lover with wit and glee, or nonchalance. "Glad tidings, my love; with you present, my hide's not longer for sale! I've rebought myself to gift me to you, predisposed to your disposal. I was staggering around, bedraggled, by foul sorrows overwrought, bereft of guffaws or good cheer, saddled with hollow suicidal intimations and audible exhortations to murder the first sucker available, the haw on my eye more and more opaque... When, *leaping marguerites*, *yippee-ha!*, your presence soothes all; all the aforementioned drudgeries gone along with the passing fanfare; I'm feeling lucky like a Cow in Green [— ? — maybe in his time cows came in all colors —] like unto the stupid hermit who leaves the safe bet of his shelter for a little mischief once in a while and meets you, who are the fucking devil incarnate!" ... Yeah, something like that... But meanwhile where is the goddess?... Once they have gotten you caught up inside this Crammed Cage, parasites lurk, the mining vermin of sameliness, carved around the protracted Yawn through which your Skies are seen, and then...? And then...?

Oh, for a slug of burning water! The sloppy coolies and him, the three of them were now longingly looking at the windows of the silent palace. Inside they must be in the middle of their prandial pleasures, singing paeans to the cooks. Would no fancily got-up lackey throw away some succulent orts for the service outside?... Nothing came, but the sighs and the blinding glows of the sky — a whole tingling spectrum of ponderous glowerings — nothing daunts him more.

But thinking about food set his salivary glands atwitter. How many times he's taught that: *The secret of well-being is well-eating (or my name isn't Tiberi* [which also means a good repast.] And today he's been reduced to beggar (if only mentally) for a few scraps — that does love for you — turns you into a no-good crapped-on chamber-pot [actually, cruder by far in the original.]

He was gloomily thinking: "As the bodies of my remote ancestors hang from the frameworks of my skeleton, tirelessly traveling with me — to immobility's womb — their agitated whispers of command, maudlin zithers utterly corrupted in my gorgeous swamp, advocate for autonomy and release; they tell me, screaming now, *get on with your fucking life! Take you plane back and glide away*, to better pastures — my plane, a hawk aloft, whose cough bye and bye gleams off the Globes, the globular nugacities of a life badly spent — and whose purr, an awkward dirl of victims by Turbidity all but faded out, my nervousness always immediately allays..."

He was feeling better. The nausea elapsed. Ah, yes: thank you, mild Instructors;

now, perfectly well trained and coached, I'm certainly coping. Fixing again the instant. Frozen in explosion, the stigmata half wrapped in scurrying sindons of bleeding silk, slowly trying reexplode, no doubt, but hey, ever so slowly... My heart-rate is back to its optimum. The frustration of the long waiting could not lure away the muffled whistles of our parsing Technology — wouldn't distract either the fastidious counting of the ashes evinced once the meager sparks of all your counterpoised brains had shrieked their own diseased undeath...

He was no longer counting the hours. She appeared then, enthusing about her hosts. En Tiberi had been thinking: "Always the garish parchment of evening, *your day is writ*; the gloaming, *colossal velvety many-hued tunics for the gods*... No wonder we are all believers in something or other..." But she was singing: "Believers, you bet!"

—Within these walls lies the Earthly Paradise. The enlightened prince I came to visit was absent. Instead, the jovial alchemists invited me to their hallowed workshops; I accepted beaming, like they beamed at me with their invitation too courteous. One by one, I rummaged through each of their laboratories, where sundry marvels are constantly unveiled. They saw I was so keen on learning, and that I had such an easy hand with the raising of dead matter, that they proposed I share a lab with any of them, or even that I take up a spare little side-room, beautifully laid-up with all kinds of creative disorders, for experimentations most intricate. I took them at their word. I stripped down (for I didn't want my wardrobe stained) and eagerly set myself to work forthwith... Then I noticed, there was a tiny infant wrapped in linen fresh inside a tiny withy cradle left forgotten in my tiny room... Upon discovery, I suckled it and motherly played with it a little, and then I also forgot about it. Through the flying hours, I threw about all kind of metallic and magical powders. Some must have alighted on the babe. For behold, after the three hour break we all spent at table in the big hall, eating richly, upon arriving to my room the noise the baby made had doubled — as the baby had doubled — for now there were two! The twine inside the same tiny withy cradle, the old one with its head facing upwind, the new downwind, or vice versa, no matter. The point was the sudden creation of a twin!... I called the congregation of wise jocose alchemists. They all were amazed at my powers, and especially at the powers of science, and nature, and, above all, all-malleable matter. And then, would you believe it, the baby answered!... I asked: *Where does the darling replica come from? From nowhere, perchance?*... And with its tiny mellifluous voice it answered: *A little angel brought it in for me not to be alone. Can you imagine?*... A little angel brought it so that he could play with it and be together... What a miraculous apparition... What a performance of the elements! ...

But En Tiberi said: "Sure. But it's getting late. Climb on, prettiest of magicians. For

I'm afraid soon it'll be pitch dark, those two idiots are bound to lose the traces of each other, and the chair is bound to finish half and half, with a fragment downwind, another up. There are companies better not kept. There is often reason to be most glad to have to keep by oneself; the dialogue does plentier more sense."

The chair kept a good pace. Luckily a new prince's palace loomed not twenty leagues thence. There the night would maybe be also kinder than the daylight time of that misspent day had resulted in being. But why regret anything that's definitively archived into the Body where everything has its place?

9.10.2004

Last but four

Last but four:

A-swim amongst carrion

—Wrench free, my lovelies — he said.

They were all enemy representatives, the bunch of them a smelly stupid-looking herd, no individual identity to speak of, sunken orbits, broiled nostrils, grim demeanors, fossilized brains, fiendish attitudes, spewing by abrupt spurts the trite dross of thugs. They were awaiting the littlest sign from their chieftain so that they could freely plough with their fists, their might and their pointy weapons into En Tiberi's auric body.

Why don't weld it together with their rage and their stomping sandals, why not make with it not a golden clean slate, a pulpy bloody unclean one?... Here would the wry fun be. But the brooding chieftain said nothing. En Tiberi chose to take the bull by his bollocks.

—Such beautiful juxtapositions! — he enthused.

"As the full Moon appears to blush on both cheeks when rising behind a pink-flowered almond-tree, so you, my lord — you look as the unpolluted sanitary pad

[actualized for *the rags the women put between their thighs*: draps de cuixa]
between the thighs of the sleepy Red Sun.”

It worked. The chieftain’s long nails tinkered with the wide choke of beasts’ teeth infibulated around his neck, then they toyed with his mustache, as if trying to zip shut his mouth, but the guffaw burst nonetheless. With that everybody else laughed.

Assuming himself back in vogue, En Tiberi, trying by the heavier-handed means (not so obvious!) to escape with his skin intact, took his woozy poetry to summits yet more ridiculous. He pirouetted against the somber background of unploughed leas lithe as a hog on ice, and, plucky as the cloud-fuming chimney of an irate Catalonian forge, he blattered on, halting, bard-like, full of sham ecclesiastical overtones — he was the cleric, the archdeacon of funk, unleashing on the snot-full bumpkins another blurred long litany of pseudo-dogmatic imbecilities — selling them the panpharmacon, the mickey finnish snake oil of a rosy afterworld to come, if only they pay enough to him now — flattering their clumsy lights, supposedly illuminated by a kind murderous overlord too fond of alibis — yikes, crazy stuff, anything to extract a penny or two from the squalor of the slum. He went ape in front of them imitating the infundibular prophets, only exaggerating the clowning delivery of their inbred self-importance — their botched logic, their bleak, delusional, visionary pap intent only on raking the blighted parched ruinous terrain for a tender sex-slave or two, and on gaining the trust of the gawking peasants to whom they could then lend, but at outrageously usurious rates, the profits they’d previously robbed them off — thus were the churches (and their harems) built — like any other manure heap — by piling up the garbage — each of their insidious felonious agents (fucking provisory saints) the revered king blood-sucking flea amongst the much more disreputable common fleas the local yokels were accustomed to.

—Here I must roam (he said,) I let go and muse, leaning on a conformable elbow. Solivagant, listening hard to the haunting night silences above. I might be a wrecked dreamer after the perfect. Else, I may be, this side of the strangulating throb (*antepenultimatum*, *penultimatum*, *ultimatum*, *matum*, *tum*), just a contemplative contemplator contemplating some erst unseen constellations: shapes Behind, always There, shimmering, panting, playful.

Everybody was seated around, ponderously chewing earthnuts, En Tiberi the loadstone to such riches of shattered cheap ore... He peered at the hapless barbarians, their filth, their wens and scars, their flowing beards or scabby nitty stubbles. He wondered where might Bertha, Martha, and the other earth wives (mothers?) be tucked safely away: a fort, a valley behind a palisade, atop a craggy elevation, maybe a cave?...

—Well, boys, you know what?... Don't be sore, ok?... Why be gratuitously sanguinary and decadent when, with a bit of sensible thought about the species' survival, there's space for conviviality and mutually beneficial industry?... Ok, ok?... Believe it or not, at least for the nonce, nature seems to be in our favor — and almost consciously so. Softly, its loftily luscious growth becomes an embrace. Whatever be alive (your designated enemies unfortunately too,) must strive to endure; *'tis life's law*... The methods are sundry, some pretty silly, I do own... And yet, bar the question about the parallel being, unsolvable so far, one might gaze intemporality (universal out-of-whackness?) in the glass eye and, to borrow a quaint expression, affirm that, for us, individuality's been working so far, harrumph-harrumphing, but carrying us *that* far down the fluvial effluvial route... Maybe at the end of the stinky river (of life?) we'll finish stamped on the arid shore, agroof upon a plate of dirt [man, how deliciously ethnic!] but work (after a fashion) individuality it does... So... Will it yet in the future? Damned if I know... There's so much that threatens to annihilate the swad of us... Any mycologist would tell you that mushrooms chose wiser. Their fingertips are aware of such store of knowledge! ... Unrelievedly feeding on the nutritious turmoil of the organic — be dead or alive, pearls and turds, on the shoulders of swirling moths and in the cracks of the pricks of dead elephants, at the ratty ankles of millenarian trees and in the grooves of the delicate gauze on the eyes of the asleep, and in your leather cloaks and your catgut whips as in the chilly-frilly gossamer of my threadbare socks... But why stumble piece-meal along the many snares?... Why thread our ancestry up to the impeccable fungi, and despondently pout and mourn with unwarrior-like regret our missing-out on the goodies of yesteryear, and besmirch with blood-poisoning oaths the mistaken evolution we've been the indignant victims of?... We'll never be as happy as them again, touring the earths (this one and those galactic others dispersed pell-mell,) riding unburdened on anybody alive and dead. We'll never cast again non-stop our snoring spores to the winds. Under the auspices of the biggest boletus ever seen (it occupied the room of a hundred stadia, and its dome was a fabulous emerald, with knobs of sweet olden golden amber honey at the finials of the handrails for us bumble-beesy oafs to suck on, as the lizard licks the dew and the honest barbarian swills on the black-jack of dark wine,) I swore from then on to be immune to all the siren devious entreaties to yearn for a change of species, be it past, be it present or be it to be. To my roaring scheme of then have I since then calmly kept myself true to a t. Never since then have I daintily attired or disgustingly disguised myself with the amazing garments of any plant, animal or thingus whatever. I go through the hard knocks naked under that humble tunic; I carry no bunk; I get into no tizzy when my robe's torn; I ask the first bashful or shameless girl for a needle to spare and, with some dried hemp, I darn the darned unlucky seven on my cloak. I went to a pool once during a hot summer afternoon. Took off my ropy robe and my timepiece [the interpreter was almost tempted to

write wristwatch, for that's what it's implied in the text, *em lleví el rellotge*, but he is quite confident he must avoid such glaring anachronisms; he feels that En Tiberi's time-keeper of the time had to be one of those small plain wedgy contraptions where the apparent wedge opens into two pieces of wood, the upper one with a small hole on the middle traversed by a string attached to a tiny nail above and with a magnetized little scrap of iron ore at the bottom, and on the inner face of the lower piece of pinewood the notches of the hours, the shadows of the string the Moon and the Sun obtain across the hole falling then on a numbered notch or other,] and in I went. Plenty people were wallowing also in the pool. From their bodies cooling steam plumed. I swam among the naked bathers — women, men, children, dogs. We were all peaceful, enjoying the respite, the surcease to the asphyxiating oppression. Bye and bye the earlier hours of the evening came and a chunk of the bodies trickled away. Next the later hours, and the population in the pool thinned to only a few. But I lingered on. Swimming vigorously for I had been eating heartily for more than a month. Bumping into a clump of would-be companion swimmers, I realized than only the dead were left. The dead and me. I say, boys, stay for too long inside the pool, you swim mostly with cadavers. With the passing of the shadows, the old peopled had died. Many must have perished long ago, they were already partially eaten away, wasted morbid corpses. Warily, I took myself off the water, unscathed; it was out of luck also that nobody had stolen neither my emaciated tunic not my prized possession, the wooden wristwatch. And now, darlings, let's close the homely theater. 'tis time to bed. Stay too long within the matter, kill the subject, ok?... Dwell for too long into the pool everyone around you's gone dead. After a while, skim the issue and extract yourself free. Say good-bye with an ingratiating smile. Don't ever try to talk in parallel to your own being. We all talk in parallel, always, willy-nilly. For we don't now whose other I unseen, just tenuously felt, lies in wait us. Ok? Be well.

And slowly he walked alone, away, far from their bonfire and their splashy supper, to lay himself behind the bole of a thick oak. As almost always, he was accepting the present positions, all at once both near and yet so far from the barbarians — with neither of them really rejecting the other party — let's not edge anyone out but the infectious, of course.

And now, he said to himself, heavy with sleep, let's, let's elevate our eyes to the phares in the night sky maybe in search of harbingers... Brought back with the first hypnagogic images to his body hanging white under the Moon at the end of a receptive rope (his belt?) from a branch from this same oak. He will not be trapped, will not battle vainly, in the throes of trifling oneirology, he will note mentally the act, and *finis, exit homodromous omnes*. Back all together to unsuspected new beginnings, the upshot of unsung efforts of many millennia, efforts delivered exclusively to have the slowest (but after all only alive) god sculptured cum

acupunctured — natural diamond, hear it Breathe and Throb with the interstellar space... How funny. Its felt presence, carried triumphally, by mushrooms and such, on the hoof, at the origin, and now classed top-secret, almost tarred with the tag of unthinkability by their degenerate off-branched, and then hanged someplace, forgotten, the mold of oblivion erasing its tenets...

But, wait, I may be, abed, with that migraine, a most inspired discoverer (he dreams,) I may be (or am I?) a sturdy mountain-side Catalanian now soaring, afar, high above in black space, transfixed, a highlighted bit of a *star*... Oh gee, I knew the earth had been perforated, as they constantly threatened they would (and nobody believed them in time,) by the conflated shits of all the despicable savages — what I didn't realize was the perforation being so enormously wide. There's no earth left to speak of. Here comes the eye that transfixes me, *through the bloody perforation*. Ah, X's beloved eye!

Hooded eye don't hoodoo me; it hoodoos with its bloated scrutinizing the two defenseless bare identities both of the spawning manic spiders, and the repulsive barbarians feed (and are fed by) them. Me, I'll keep apart; my fall-out from the tree shall be meek, as meek's been my hanging and meek my passionate faking during my state of hangedness. Suspended in life, retching, about to throw up during most of my space, with brow and neck awry, stuck on "crooked," innocuously ready sometimes for the most heinous of mactations, outrageous goings-on going on across my I-am, am-I-not, in fact, avast!, to terminate full stop this present somewhat superannuated design, I'll not wake until tomorrow morn.

9.11.2004

Last but five

Last but five:

Wisdoms of the new men — the farrier's

Tracking behind a caravan of muleteers due South, En Tiberi felt poorly. He was indeed in need of harbor, where he'd be allowed to rest his garbled bones. He was lagging, and then he was tagging, and now running, and now falling, and yet then

rallying behind the lousy rakes in front... Though vermin with dwindling brains, they were his umbilical cord to his destination... He was, he surmised, with a frail smile, the last of the ants in an ant line, the last of the caterpillars in a caterpillar line, the last of the ducklings in... (That he belabored the point betrayed his state of mind, less than ideal, by the illness corroded.) At any rate, that notion of being the last in line comforted him no-end. He had always loved being the last in a long procession of frenzied idiots going exactly nowhere. The last of the fuckers for a whore line. Always the last, so that his misplaced desire was spent before his turn ever arrived... Only that this time, alone and sick, he could have become disoriented. For this time he himself was eager of getting somewhere... And this somewhere... Yes, following the regressive one-cellers, who heavy with their load — tight bulky parcels of goods, with textiles and iron implements foremost — were headed precisely to the city of Elx, one of the best, weatherwise, and healthier in all of Catalonia, he was a sure bet to hit home directly.

In this bustling, well-assembled, moorish center, there lived nowadays Na Zabel·la Nin, from the Nins of Cannel·let, at Elx. Na Zabel·la had been, far North, his childhood sweetheart. Now happily married, a materfamilias plump and affectionate, surely she would do her best to restore En Tiberi to his optimal possible — at his age, alas, plenty of cachexies afflicted him. “Sick as a horse laden with forebodings of an imminent bursting inwards,” as he was fond of saying, “the bodings of the body dubious, to say the least. A womb that falters and lists, soon a wrecked derelict, giving birth but to turbid evocations of a slaughterhouse with a corpse divided and apportioned...” Nothing further from the gentle memories of their childhood... At the coastal village, near the savage sea... The vigorous naked fishermen... Swimming hard and smiley for a chance to salvage a few quaint ultramarine troves from another foundered ship... And the naked children watching... Sex among them completely free... And the nearby market, with plenty of goods to chose from... Variegated vats of spirits... Sausages from many parts... You could eat them raw... She, such a wily, thieving daughter... Her equanimous father having to pay later for countless sausages and countless sips from the vats... And the sleek, svelte mothers of friends, ever so amiable!... Even when wearing mourning, even in widows-weeds... Not it drab black, but in sparse, shiny aubergine... Letting you smell their crotches, pump with your eager lips at their erectile tit-tips... Ah, the Sunny peasant life!... How natural the farming world... All is happy work and amity... The sharing of the pristine fresh fountain water kept in the shade, immersed in the irrigating runnels, in galletyles or **sellons**, in earthen jugs with grip and two spouts, or in calabashes with their cane spiles, and, at the side, the glass **porrons** with their dark rich wine for the midday dinner... How easy the human contact, in enticing sweat the erogenous bits, so welcome if thou should caress them for me, as I would for thee... No wooden, sorrowful boob anywhere, with his ears earmarked, his eyes hitting the stones, searing sparkles of mischance...

On the contrary, the joy of living... No evil slob cringing at the passing embrace... No; we giggle and gaggle and ask for an encore... No taboos here, banned to next town the ignoramuses... Next town, or the next still, whichever carries that factory of death souls, a fucking church... Or maybe they'll have to perilously trek until far over the borders indeed, sappy pilgrims, where the vassal rubes inhabit the wilderness, in any plague-plagued dismal frontier outpost, where the chickenshits congregate, there they'll feel at home... Clubbed by their infected own, desperately knuckling under, definitely, among the horrible howls of the discomfited, finally disabused, impossibly longing to be back among the enfranchised... Among clean lucky us... Indeed, the frankness all over, tactile, tangible, palpable, the companionable all-around touch... With all the animals included, each of them one of us, even the huge rat-eating snakes, big as anacondas and also as tender-hearted as lubricious bitches... And then the day of the killing... Such a gorgeous ceremony... King Pig brought in... Putting on airs, so funny... Splendidly mounted on a fantastic palanquin... All his retainers made up with opulent multifarious robes, but their prickles also erect... And now the stoical master of ceremonies conducting the killing of the king pig as other conductors conduct harmonious orchestras... The beryllium violins, the edgy counterpoints... The exacting dagger that cuts the carotids... The virile rustle virilely smothered, the busy gargling greeted with the blaring of the olyphants and the fifes, the untoward lashings stymied by the gongs... The merry colored umbrellas unfurled against the scatterings of the blood... The splashing blood, coming at us like flak, the typical flak hurls around every time a rogue moorish or christian raid occurs, which our tolling-aware warriors (**pel sometent mesos en derg**) (namely: everyone available, fishermen, peasants, scholars, infants and cheery women in perfect formation) rapidly counterfoil. For we are impregnable, a single many-headed family... Everyone fucking everyone else... What better bonding glue?... And as the pig (the king) forlornly dawdles in his predicament, uttering fainter and fainter, spindly whimperings as the blood trickles to nil, so with the defeated raiders, whose unavoidable retreat is also a celebrated victory... Off come the scarce wrappings from children and retainers, and on is the race to the narrow moat around the tumulus where the altar slab of sacrifice stands... And how we wallowed in blood, as the angelic formal-frock-attired swifts from the air came also to sip... And no hypocrite anywhere striking his stertorous breast, "Spare me your stale apologies, addlepatented creep!" — we would've mocked, sending him with a kick on the rear to exactly next page, where the action happens somewhere else and in consequence the adventures are really hair-raising, and every citizen therein is constipated, delusionally trying to give birth to a stillborn spirit within, while the spirit of the single body is broken into thousands of individualities, each fighting to thrive by thwarting its neighbors' drives, and thus the common ground is nothing but a dismal indiscriminate burial place...

The short period of rest on the byway was almost over now. En Tiberi quit

yearningly daydreaming, was about to get up in imitation of the others, who were lifting camp... He was keeping apart, at a safe distance from their predatory claws... He saw them slowly maneuvering... They were forming long lines under the giant strawberry trees, as if, before the trip could resume, their identity had to be certified by a higher-up... The priest, let's say the holy guy, would bludgeon each postulant on the solar plexus, then, accordingly to the reaction elicited from the molested one, he would issue to him a more or less concentrated allotment of hashish... En Tiberi kept shaking his head at this bizarre gnostic procedure... Meanwhile, he wouldn't have minded a portion of the stash awarded to him, or some laced mixture to drink... But he was traveling solo — just following, really — a beggar almost — he had to content himself with finding his own medicine... He was feeling faint under the poplar. The ache on his shoulder, the throbbing tenderness in his groin, the morbid churning in his loins... He said, "I'm all receptivity for the goodness of the earth"... *Selectivity* is the operative word... How to distinguish in the whole between what's harmful and beneficial... With lemur eyes he sorted seeds, spores, lints... He made out insightful squiggles, dusty letters on nasturtiums, on shed feathers from hoopoes, on organic mixtures, on kernels of fruits erstwhile spat by passing gypsy princesses, virginal though always whorish... He kept his diabolical eyes indeed peeled for **fugacis**, those cunt-shaped, cunt-gooey mushrooms, most curative among all that grows cuddling the dirt... They purr like happy cunts, they smell like cunts, they taste like them; like them, they categorically spew you, new, into life...

An incensed shout of "Avaunt!" woke him to the putzy roughage of reality. Shit, time to get those drowning old bones and hysterical abductors in synch and moving again. Best foot forward... — but which, when both hurt like hell?...

Slowly, after thanking the poplar (bountiful in patterned shades and harmony of leaves, the which easily could have converted themselves in the crinolines of his deathbed,) and thanking also the stone that held his head, and in toto their comely surroundings, taking grateful leave of this transitory dwelling accommodation, he went apace after the caravanning party... Strangely, after another couple of miles, he realized he was gaining some ground on them... Chillingly, he understood that they were lost once more.

They already had dumped a couple of leaders. The first apparently because he'd been too much of a satirical taunting brave, his Balmung always at the ready at the slightest provocation, his trousers down at the first teasing girlie near the roads, and a faithless wit to boot, laughing at monks and tombs, and cenotaphs for smug saints, and pissing (adding to the stagnant pools of tears and other foul secretions thereby accumulated) at the feet of cross-stretched stone dummies whimsically stood at the junctions... The second guide had been all in opposition to the first, a flushed slanderous underling of a mousy fellow, sporting a steady ostensible smirk

due to some type of facial palsy, stooping and stopping at every superstitious monument met on the way, so that the whole of succumbing mankind therein wrapped, between mules and parcels, were (as the saying goes) expiring out of boredom, and the whole purpose of the trip was grievously jeopardized, looking, the loosely strewn bulk of them, more like a dying crumbling citadel under siege than as a movable, and fast moving at that, cluster of volunteers keen on getting to it and unloading themselves of the task at hand, and getting paid and getting some tail and so on...

Now the third, alas... Here they were, prognosis: awful; deep in another morass, even the mules coughing up knots of curses and blasphemies, demanding some proof that there'd be in the bunch, even if out of a fluke, at least a human with enough brains to untangle the way and cut them some slack.

But nothing doing for a while. Go fathom... They were all looking around, amazed, idiotized, like a hawk on an awning cantilevered over a coop, hunting for hens, and seeing only gape-mouthed crocodiles (or me or you, peering down the window to spot some warm body, and getting to see only the horror of many polluting carcasses of automobiles zipping and zapping every which way like maddened boxes of tainted metal.)

(Always accordingly to the texts,) so it seems that (deviated and misled by the last foul, fully failed hunch, had by the recently converted, prayerful and thus newly hunch-prone foggy of a leader) they were passing a field where the peasants of many villages had been getting rid of their sickening garbage for generations — and even if from a distance the site had looked lovely, with a soft blue hue that ascended pyramidally, now the stink was overpowering, and everybody grumbled.

At length, as predicted, the mules, poisoned by the gaseous stench of beasts in all degrees of rottenness, took to react savagely and en masse, and started biting and snorting, and shooting their hooves all around, and backfiring as if shitting themselves to death. The unrepentant lackeys, stupid as they were, tried to bung their (the rebelling mules') nostrils and assholes, both with chunks of raw meat and for once with good will, but lacking the former (stuck all in the mules' nostrils,) stoppering with the latter proved problematic, unless they employed, as did the more resourceful of them, their own bodily tools, and even if some chose just their experienced fists, others, more gourmand, prodded at the rearmost holes of their unquiet guards with their (own) tongues, whereupon the animals, irrumated and asphyxiated all at once, confused as to what were they supposed really to feel, or panic or pleasure, hied rearwards, each according to its own limited lights, so that soon the caravan was a scattered mess, and the goods mostly lost and strewn higgledy-piggledy, with a few of the benighted transporters kicked and trampled to

death and a few others robbing the rest and fleeing the massacre, and the rest themselves robbed themselves and beaten off to roam, depleted, the wilderness. Notching in his flickering mind another of the advantages of arriving last, En Tiberi saw the commotion from a safe distance atop a hillock green.

Shortly after witnessing the self-destruction of the caravan, his neural chassis trembling like under the exertions of an earthquake, he felt utterly disgusted. Furthermore, the increasing fever brought about new odd fears — like that of wanting to avoid at any price any kind of contact with the naturals of the place, lest he mispronounced the name of their village and thus, peeved, they jumped to the conclusion that he must be a particularly dangerous and unnatural criminal.

This is why he endeavored hiding forthwith, and if possible, for better measure, inside the very earth — now then with his honker trying to perforate among the stony ground — he would fain have found that the hillock had been shafted with long deep corridors...

Meanwhile, the baying of the village curs was becoming louder... Probably, they were approaching, with the armed fractious villagers in tow...

Stretching his neck and hammering among the strewn unrecognizable objects, across the thick dusty fog maybe raised by himself, he had the vague notion of being inordinately beaky — a choice ostrich — a choice ostrich with too tight a skull, an unsoaked dry blackbean inside for a brain... Are the tam-tams he hears produced by the bean as it collides with the narrow walls, or are the savage swaggering villagers announcing the chase?... Each of the villagers, his bean for a head, lambasting away... The bulk of the unfriendly population, a seemingly infinite network of beans first collected on a shaggy shelf, and now (the cozy shelf overturned) very irritated, metronomic, on the march... Devising the while the coldest of tortures, the smooth advance uncheckable — metronome of horror, metronome — on and on in a wavering hum — the empty slashes, the subdued shouts, the vagaries of hooks — the audible breath of the fog...

As of now (they are chanting,) we all want out of those too efficient meshes of dark, brumous, orderly corridors, where death makes organized meat of our flesh. Then it scours our hung numbered bones to oblivion, to a thin beadroll of evanescent dust, the which the slightest draft will yet disperse to naught...

I will (he thinks) convince them, my long neck towering over their tiny suckled-in heads, my flaccid beak imperiously quaking, my haunches wiggly, maudlin my voice, and of a sudden thunderous... I'll hoodwink my way out with hollow glosses,

wormish, crafty preacher style... Cowled, ghoulish... With my meaningless routine...

—My friends, don't slouch! Procrastinate at your own peril the silly business of finally creating god! Instead of uselessly attacking its hypophet, and thus concentrating too much in the pimply minutiae of this crucial instant (hardly manageable, I know,) forget today and every other day, fret no more that this worldlet will stop and this universelet shall sooner than later inevitably gear into the reverse, exploding with it the crazy binge of being... Imitate the wise crows, who unembarrassed and unstintingly, aloof and aloft, cross the comedy of creation raucously laughing...

—Truly, how enviously we observe them, timorous, rere the many-latticed stuffs, with sleepy, bleary eyes... How we scrutinize their carefree flights up in the nitrous skies, as if their structured murder were some sort of crystal set, a kaleidoscope of oracular potency, darning and stitching in changeable lights the clouds together or slicing them asunder, and affixing to yonder thunderbolts the wafting threads of your own destiny... Every time we gaze at them nature itself is repainted with the new brushstrokes of their feathers...

—How cluelessly we peer at them — their dealings, their unwindings, their helter-skelter alarms, and all in all their sorry achievements... For then, under a new plague, look how they hang down, destitute as still semiwet rags... No; neither exit to, nor solution from, the ordered rows and tiers of that metallic library where are flauntingly exposed: all kinds of illnesses and decrepitudes... Count your beans for there is nothing else to count on... Count... particle by particle. Be the maggots of yourselves. Taste them, one by one. Taste them, go: miasmae of what you are... Yet, somehow, still alive, but already chunks of you are being routinely cut, numbered, hooked high on rows — meat that rots or dries, disaggregates in more powder, more fog, more dust...

—Follow a speck falling, littlest thing you ever saw — falling...

He woke up, entranced, stretched prone on the floor, on the inside of the entrance to a whorehouse deeply entrenched in the pleasure district... At the foot of the inner doorstep, he was a living doormat for anyone hustling in and out... During hours he heard fake heavy pantings, horny barks from the tough slobs, convoluted haggings, antsy drug-smugglers peddling their solacing dregs, puling expressions from the drunk, whimpers, whining, sobs, misery of whores, cries of the scared shitless, feral sneers from the limb slicers, cute puberty thrilled, greggers and cornets from the carousers, sham virtuous yells from the bodice-ripped, the wrath or sore scoffings from those couldn't pay up even a post-orgasmic swiggle for meanwhile their moneybag had been swiped or cut, the derogatory usual remarks, claims and

counterclaims of co-option and fraud, the vain promise of never coming back... Until the smear of day arrived, and the house became dead quiet. But still the paralysis endured — paralysed remained En Tiberi, half sawn off by the attrition of so many feet wiping themselves at the jammed fold of his midriff...

Ah, now, for the myth of the kindhearted whore! But they were all nothing but daffy cunts, daffier even than their yokel customers. Crazy to expect anything from them. The preposterous idea. They would never pick one up. Instead, during the day hours, what else would they be employed in than in inspecting the motes or the eidola float and creep away toward the upper cleaner and rarer atmospheres?... Bridled already for the night, longing to yoke with yokels indeed. No farther horizons. Never stirred to do anything as concrete as taking pity of such a shorn fucker with nary any device of making himself useful, too past his prime in any sense, not worth even the cursory check mark of a lackadaisical demographer. Done for. Forget it. Squandered on the floor, soon too rank even to keep as a doormat... Dump him on the ditch, let the corpse carrier let him loose to rot away on the carrion pit where the sclerotic caravan aneurysmally collapsed.

Never mind, though, En Tiberi — be reassured that you won't die today either. Take heart, for ere the sixth hour of the morning strikes, you'll be able to squint up into the sky and see the welcome sight of a blessed reappearance.

"Will I? And anyway who will that be, the reappeared?" — he wondered, almost aloud. When his sworn friend, the mule-farrier, happened by, probably lured by the smell of the gaudy girls.

"Go to!" — he exclaimed, "is that you, professor? How providential that I came at this unlucky hour looking to diddle some wretched slut; instead, what about that?... I'll be your rescuer! I'll not drawl another good-bye as the last time we parted, back in the neutral streets of the fields, when I was scouring the land for remedies for my charges, among briars and herbs, and you told me marvels about what could be read in botanical books — which being illiterate not a single one had I ever had the occasion to borrow nor read, to buy nor steal, in my whole life, even thinking that books only carried foul adventures of debauched priests and nuns, and worse: emetic tales sanctifying cruel evil creeps armed to the teeth, bent only on bullying and murdering, though always cloaked in liberator's baubles, and extolling their loathsome zeal as looters among the rubble. Who cares for those shits, those designers of mayhem, and bringers of superfluous conflict, and who is the crappy criminal himself considers them worthy of history?... I hadn't the faintest that books also could be hallowed repositories where the wisdom of the plant world could be stored. You told me: books are not only the main weapons of deception in the hands

of the killers (be them killers of bodies like the military or killers of souls like the religious element,) but steadfast tools of enlightenment, where the remedial methods (both for mules and other beasts, including the bipedal, and the society as a whole by the rules of logic) are painstakingly expounded and reasoned. One needs only to know how to decipher the stuff, and keep the swindler's rubbish from the genuine article of the scientist to truth devoted — and no linkage whatever ever between the twain. You revealed, most impressively, that you could catch a plant as it stretched a tiny tendril, that you could commune with it, register its slightest growth — that it might still be done, even by a lout like me, if attentive enough — and that its worthy tidings could be carefully considered upon for eras and eras... And then alas the storm broke; we were caught by a tempest, and I had to return to camp, in order to assuage the fears of my quadrupedal wards."

En Tiberi was hoping that instead of talking for so long, the keyed up farrier would circumscribe himself to the business at hand, namely: his very compromised health. I'm as sick as your sicker mules, and the treatment will have to be mule-like. The farrier was a gentle steer of a man, as slow-witted and strong. He went on, now while carrying the limb body of his once adventitious teacher toward the safer woods... "Following your wise instructions, master, last night at a tavern in town, I did it. I could keep for ages beholding a hashish stub linger in its fall from the brink of a table to the filthy sawdust and the seafood's crumply shells littering the floor — I saw it hover eternally, as if welded to the air smoke particles — as it leisurely sank, I understood worlds of stuff, the indivisibility of time and space for instance, the same seamless extension of matter from infinity to infinity... Then my mind went blank, regressing to its state before birth, all notion erased, not a thought, not a notion left... The world around terra incognita, whereas the table's rim had become again Finisterrae, or the border of a petrified desert, mildly letting itself be devoured by an angry ocean... Who am I?... — I said, for the first time in my callous life — a petrified little pelt of an erstwhile desert rat on the verge of a hungry chaotic ocean, a rudderless gap of sand- or dust-turning tiny mummy surrounded by rogue runaway dragon waves spiking miles high, formed of furious burning eyes and sharp colossal fangs, all their ogre mouths confluent, bent on absorbing my remains all at once, reducing them to many little nothings wouldn't dapple neither the crop end nor the pope's nose of a flea..."

"A flea as a very small bird?..." — couldn't correctively interject En Tiberi, for he was also struck dumb.

"You know, the pope, crooked highfalutin' guy vets all kinds of high-class murderers called bishops, and then sends them all over Earth to panic and terrorize the hapless populations with tales of a hell still more hellish than their own popish lands..."

The farrier's reference to the seven hills head of the assassins — invariably (then as now) a mafia-type, a disgusting thug, ready to make saints of crazies and reprobates, and make swift unacknowledged, slandered, martyred nobodies of every liberty-seeker and every scientist — incensed the mute, inexpressive master, now let go as an unwieldy package at the foot of a willow tree.

“Next time, if caught by a tempest, I'll fix the hollow howling winds around us, I'll fix them like the atrocious ocean of nothingness must be fixed once and for all. I'll (as per taught by you, master,) I'll fix, with my will only, those fucking-around far-off winds, so that they knit a tight cocoon around our holy enterprise dedicated to bringing health to an insane world of tortured bodies... Never fear, we won't ever again be torn asunder by any piddling storm...”

En Tiberi wanted to speak, say something like: “After hearing you speak, my lovely untutored galoot... And after so long with nobody realizing my genius... I realize I am no genius... For in you I truly hear echoes of myself... And your reasons are too ludicrous, even too proximate to lunacy...”

The big man was passing sops of snail-snot wetted willow bark down the open speechless mouth of the master. “If again alone, enclosed in a room, so deeply, deeply frustrated, (I could) I can turn my gaze after a span... With it, scan its vast space... The infinite space between what I gazed at before and now, just a fraction of a degree... Therein, I can freeze a gnat in midair... Like it was another old rueful suicided spider of awesome proportions... It stands rotting immobile in eternity... And the changes in the million landscapes in a millimeter are as little perceptible to the naked, sheltered eye, as when I have washed (I have watched) my spared soap, whereby my horse flies, my health-bringing relations, their wings shields against the reactions of the spitting sea, recognize me by my unmistakable odor...” — he kept talking, as En Tiberi's fever slowly subsided.

“Master,” he said then, “on the level, ok? I was ready to carry you to the local necropolis. Find, I told myself, a niche not too crowded and make therein room for the celebrated master. Pity I don't know how to write. I would've sung your heroics as nobody else's business, with cosmetic sesquipedalian sentences of virtually no import, but plenty fire-worky and so on, famously etched on the sumptuous marble slab... I would've carried the fucking flagstone from any quarry, whether sited near or far — or else, but only for expediency's sake, I would've stolen it from any slabmaster's mastiff-guarded shed... Who cares, the point is that I would've let my fancy run... My epical composition something to behold during a few lifetimes when available. Sorry to bilk the legions of third- and fourth-string followers of their alternative time at floundering in bed, among whores and such, switching partners,

smoking hashish pipes, trying different outfits, running off to risky affairs, gambling their existence away. But, of course, nothing more important than understanding the principles of the master. That once dead, eschewing all type of hindsight, commences the real endeavor — the building of the retroactively activating divinity. This we were taught (I would've written in amazing calligraphies,) that as we soar over the boundaries of being, as we flew in the flesh with the flimsy wings of desire, now, by the same token, we fly with our solid elbows elbowing our balking souls off and away, for we are due back to the womb of the father, a brick — a brick of shiny palpitating being, sentient and so on, nattering, nattering, nattering his afterlife away, so smug, and happy, and self-contented, a godlet in godly company creating the bulky, absolute, definitive one... And so on. But now I plainly see that I'll have to stick all those conceited nugacities of mine down my craw again, for, if my long service to mules serves, you will not pack it in yet... On the contrary, master, I see you thriving and kicking in a few hours, as though you had never been a bit below par, no way, no sir. Hale as a stallion and gnawing at vetchlings, taking pregnant notes on your daywatcher's log... For the further instruction of all of us simple-minded fuckers. Talk about a charitable truthful fellow, indeed..."

Stifling, En Tiberi wanted to shout: "Man, shut up. I don't teach shit — you only learn what you learn by yourself — the rest is indoctrination, catechism, filthy lies, moralizing shackles, the death of your soul — invaded, occupied, usurped by the dead demon of your teacher's — such a fucking creep, anyway — anything he tells you, rote and routine and repetition of rot — performing in death, like most circus animals — like those so-called heroes, dead carrion of some despicable killer (famed for killing lots) now carried along, stuck to the croup of a comatose horse thrust into the fucking battle... Ghastly, man. I regret that I ever had the faculty of speech, for I realize that if you, or anybody else, takes me for his teacher, I've really squandered the bloody, bloody gift..."

And then the farrier turned teacher, alas, spoke again... A little mental torture, if En Tiberi by then couldn't have switched his mind's attention off to grateful sleep. Almost restored to full grace, almost regained for the cause of the forwardly aware, almost something-something, plug-plug, snore...

10.21.2004

Last but six

Last but six:

If Something Had To Fall, It Had To Be The Eggs

At Elx, where he had traveled in order to rest his weary bones in a companionable protracted embrace with his childhood sweetheart, now married to a prominent Elxian merchant, En Tiberi struck out.

No Elxian volunteered any hint as to the whereabouts of the missing family. Due to lack of funds, En Tiberi was unable to bribe anybody, not even those degenerate pimps, the clergy. He tried the rest of the stock characters, the thugs in the caserne, the straitjacketed in the asylum, the jerky old idling on the benches under the palm trees, the attendants and the shit-carriers standing guard at the different jakes of the city, the indispensable housewives and sellers at the bazaars, the futile writers sourly prowling around corners, the pilloried, the gravediggers, the trick-makers and snake-enchanters, the talkers and squealers, whose autonomous tongues could turn into enchanting snakes also, even the hopeless zealots and banshees coming out of mosques and churches flapping their lard-encrusted blinkers — always, their heads spun, right and left, denying, too emphatically, any knowledge at all as to the existence, past or present, of such a lusterless cluster of people. “The who?...” would all fidget and reprove, awed, in exaggerated grimaces, as if smelling a rat, acting like they all were auditioning for a position as would-be bit-players in a medieval mystery play, “man, never heard of such as those...” — and would rush away, as if ousted by the invisible hook of a superior force.

Routed, having miserably flunked in all his researches, En Tiberi wasn't ready to surrender. Though, to allay suspicions, he made believe to everyone he asked that the issue really didn't matter that much — after every denial, he shrugged and blew off whistling nonchalantly, saying, while chewing his own teeth, that he forsook the useless search, that after all, he was only own a trifle (the promise of a cooked goose) by the unknown rich Elxian slave trader (as exchange for a piddling service rendered once, long ago, maybe, now that he was considering the question, in another town far away...)

But he pursued the matter still more diligently. First he retreated to the outskirts of town, in case bandits, shepherds, axmen, lepers and fringe fishermen were more forthcoming... But none of those knew shit about the thing, they were genuinely out of the loop, most of them too preoccupied with daunting follies, their minds severely thwarted, unusable.

So, well, apparently his surrogate family, the Nins of Cannel·let, were no more; disappeared without a trace... They had either been forced to move away, banned and unmentionable for ever more, after let's say being struck by a horribly infectious disease, or, still in the clutches of it, they and their house had been burned to ashes and the ashes ground and dispersed over the fields, sown with their virulence to take care of every bug... Or yet the family as a whole had been annihilated, officially and revengefully, after who knew which mishap, a political spat with the ruler, say, or following some envious accusation on the part of a trusted foreteller, who had the ears of some of the boss's wives, and had surreptitiously been employed by a competitor slave-trader, more eager in his tax-paying duties anyway... In fact, exactly: who knew?... Who knew who had been of their lives the destroyer, or even, who knew if they (partly or as a whole) had yet managed to escape, say with an assumed name?... Or what about if they all or some of them were still held as prisoners?... People reappeared after years... Strange resurgences happened all around all of the time... Returnees from far wars, escapees from places of thralldom, fellows rescued from pirates, bonded guys released by the bizarrest of circumstances...

Without trying too hard, En Tiberi, a stickler for patient method, was able after a while to waver away many of the myriad possibilities for their disappearance. One evening he heard in a dark square a story about the pearl-eyed lady — a beautiful woman whose eyes were pearls or diamonds, and who was exposed, naked and in a trance of death lasting already several years, in a ramshackle fair shack in an adjoining state, where the nationals were a lot freer in their trends and mores... The story had it that robbers often assailed the shack and raped the lady of her precious eyes (meaning they extricated with nervous clumsy fingers the eyes from the face of the sleeper,) but that in this case the eyes dissolved into the hand of the robbers, forming on the robbers' hands inerasable stigmas, while the inert lady on her part overnight grew bigger diamonds (or pearls) in place of the brutally removed ones... The description of the fair lady with her striking eyes and his remembrance of her former sweetheart were too coincidental in En Tiberi's mind not to educe in his spirit a strong wish to assay a thorough probe of the issue... So on he went to the banks of the river in order to embark upon the ferry that could take him over into the county in question...

On board the ferry now En Tiberi was given to understand that the passage wouldn't be so straightforward as so thought at the beginning. The boarding was easy enough, you paid and got in, but the unshipping promised to be very complicated. He heard a mundane lady dismiss two of her suitors, both of whom had followed her even here, and now, one at each side of her, were furthering their gentle courting, he heard her telling them that upon arrival that would be it. She had a passport to enter into the land at the opposite shore, while the two lovers perforce had to be left behind, unless they were ready to risk their lives. The swimming among the immovable points of the anchored boats would've been easy indeed, but easier still the treading on the gassy corpses of those that tried before them to chance an entry without following the strict rules. Archers were posted to thwart any attempt of unlawful, undocumented incursion.

Now I'm fucked, he thought, for I haven't got the papers.

His spirits slumped; also, his stomach was churning. The clasps that held his bowels in place were coming undone. A shameful emergency would go off, if no remedy could be found before. And yet, in the middle of those rigors, he had to admire the equipoise insouciance of the courtesan and her two rich lovers, the three of them talking leisurely about love and at the same time smacking their lips while ingesting on hollowed boards succulent haslets and drinking from tiny goblets perfumed liquors... From their stoicism he took heart, he resolved to undertake a braver tack. Without trying to think at all about his discomfort, he shove and jostled among the crowd on board until he arrived at the stall of the medicine-chest man. "Man, what have you got against seasickness? The swelter and the hallucinogenic glare on the surface of the river, the jittery stewing, the frantic hollering of the airworthy canvasses atop, the twinkle on the points of the arrows of the sinister smudges beyond, upon the enemy shore, have me got off-kilter indeed..."

"Against your fear I've only got some more chickenfeed," the callow pharmacist, clucking, mocked, "now, against your tummy-trouble, that I can really remedy — for instance, buy those clumps of filaments dried from certain toadstools, or ..."

But then En Tiberi saw another stall, the stall of the **torsimany** (the scribbler-translator,) and knew that from him his quandaries were more likely to be helped into wise resolution. "Friend," he said, switching, to make his point, among five or six languages, "I'm one of yours, I'm also a **torsimany**, though not in direct competition with you, for I work elsewhere, way up North... What I lack, unless you'd be so kind in providing forthwith, is a scrap of paper that enfeoffs me with a legal foothold, albeit transitory, in this next yonder land situated upon the contrary shore... On my return, we'll partake of my gains, for I'm aiming to make a bundle on a suddenly emerged chance that I'll lose if another day delayed..." The fellow

scribbler-translator obliged, while greed shone in his eyes and teeth, and, tickled to the quick, gave En Tiberi a perfectly forged passport, all at once accepting in pawn En Tiberi's professional seal, to be redeemed upon payment of plenty. The parting of En Tiberi with his signature ring wasn't that traumatic, if truth need be told — actually he loved changing personalities — wherever he would next raise shop his new seal would flaunt a different name, and a new twirl, totally divergent from the previous ones, hey, and that would be it. He wouldn't thrive on fame — the prospect infuriated him, reminded him of a festering corpse nonetheless still walking.

Oh, the forbidding ramparts, he said, as the vessel was drawing nigh to the enemy coastline; between the merlons, loomed the shifty archers; a few fumigators were geared up for the wholesale disinfection of the newly arrived; they stood restlessly put, prostrate upon the bare ground, nudging each other, with their pumping machines held in midair as small battering rams — as soon as anybody from the ferry set foot on their territory, they would jump as though impelled by a gigantic spring and without remorse nor restrain would fumigate each hapless guest to their country as though he were a big bug whose virulence had to be forestalled at the root, before it escalated to any real danger. Ironically, those wacko harbingers of the delights to come (the eager fumigators,) were actually the worse part of the ceremony of acceptance into the hypothetical land of opportunity — the remainder of the relevant steps ran in a perfunctory and skippy manner — the dank passports were waved with nary a glance, and, after a narrow passage, one found himself at the other side of the ramparts, in the middle of the tussle and scuffle of the host city — fairly populous and easy-going indeed. En Tiberi inquired immediately about the pearly lady... By different hustlers he was told to shy away from such a boring spectacle, and choose instead the one each of them were severally recommending. Either a severed couple whose lower parts could be interchanged and attached to the upper parts of the other's body, so that you had a very udder-rich woman with an uberous balls-and-cock set, or the contrary, a bearded hunky chap with a dainty glabrous cunt and nice round feminine rump... Or he could go and see on a naked lawn (no tricks of curtains and such in an enclosed shack) the fading of the cherished naked ladies, twelve or eleven lesbians who all of a sudden kept at bay by the menace of a few disguised beasts of prey just disappeared into thin air, melted into the green of the lush naked prairie... But En Tiberi insisted and at length was rewarded with the factual encounter of a representative, a shabby shill as it happened, for the impresario of the diamond-eyed dormant lady.

The fake blind sleeper of a beautiful woman wasn't a bit as Na Zabel-la, the honeypot of his early years. Disappointed, he was about to vacate the sparsely attended tent, when he bumped into a youth also intent on leaving. "Hey, buster..." — but then he recognized (or thought he did) the impetuous boy, "but wait, aren't you Na Zabel-la Nin's elder?..."

“Never heard... And in any event, who wants to know?... Do I know you? Who the hell are you to prod freely into my life?...” the suspicious lad, though addressed in Catalanian, pretended to want none of it, in case all was but a spy’s hoax.

“Name’s En Tiberi Çontiberi Guix, your mom’s (if such should she be,) your mom’s first friend of the heart back in our common birthplace, Ripoll.”

“Why would you be here, En Tiberi?”

“I heard in far-away Elx, where I counted on meeting your family, about that beautiful lady, and, remembering the bewitching eyes of your mom, here I am, hoping the lady had been her, alas.”

“Alas, indeed, for almost the same experience had happened to me. But this sorry joker inside is obviously not my mother.”

En Tiberi was glad; at last he had traced the whereabouts of one of the Nins. The older of her former darling’s two boys, named, he learned, En Ça-sarriasses Roc, set him up to day as to the critical occurrences. It seemed that only a couple of months hence a fat crazy frankish knight, until recently kept as a slave of the ruler, and lately committed to prison, had escaped from his cell and, slinkingly marauding about town, had arrived at the Nins’ manor, thence he had penetrated through an opened window and, once inside, the former frog warrior had carried out all kind of mayhem. Only other servants and slaves were in the manor at the time, roughly the middle of the day, with the father at his office near the nearest harbor, Na Zabel·la visiting friends, his little brother at school, he training with his racing red cart, a racing two-horse chariot... The first to arrive back home had been the little brother, a tyke of five. He had hidden and seen most of the carnage operated by the cowardly frankish thug. The little boy had seen the knifed bodies of all the household help. And then he’d seen the mad marauder gather all the books from the father’s library in the middle on the inner courtyard, where he then started a big bonfire; stupidly, it seems, that then the crazy idiot had burned his own paunch, shouting that he did it in order to avoid having to go to next war, but the pain must have been excruciating... With his midriff in flames he had flown the manor. As a fiery exhalation he’d crossed the road toward the forest. The curious little boy had followed him. Alas, it seems that sooner or later in their hike across the dark forest, in the thickest of it, the twain had met. Better trekker, the norman knight turned cowardly lunatic slave had caught the boy from behind, and, never mind the burns, had raped the boy, with the particularity that he insisted that the boy sing him a martial song or otherwise he wouldn’t be able to enjoy himself to the full, and hence the ordeal would continue much longer. The song [echoes from the colonial future

here?] was the one that goes, more or less, as follows: “*Triomphalement j’irais me baigner dans la rivière du... Mekong! Du... Mekong! Du... Mekong!*”

And here, in this “Mekong,” is where the moron insisted that the raped boy sing most melodiously.

—*Du... où? / —Du Mekong! / —Encore! / —Mekong! / —Le quoi?... / —Mekong, Mekong, Mekong!*

He was assaulting the tight ass of the little boy, and probably hearing, with each *Mekong*, “mes cons,” “mes couilles,” “mes culs,” my cunts, my balls, my bums... Which stimulated him enough so that he finally came, and could then slay the victimized boy. [How all that was known by the racing lad Ça-sarriasses En Tiberi had no clue, he perhaps assumed that the family had found the little one still in his agony.]

Be it as it may, the thing was that the ruler, as soon as apprised of the actions of his slave, for which actions, in consequence, by the fact that they were the misdeeds of one belonging to his household, he was legally bound to pay reparations to the Nins, had ordered the preemptive strike of eliminating the whole family. The house had already burned. And the little boy taken care of. Now the father had been killed in his office swift sicarii. And the mother tracked all over town, same as the racing lad, who with his chariot had flown the city at full throttle...

“But did they get your mother, yes or not?...”

“That’s what I’m trying to ascertain; same as you, man.”

How strange nonetheless, En Tiberi said, the opposite destinies and yet mirrored destinies of them both. He said: “After my brother, my protector, killed himself in his last race, while endeavoring with his red chariot at full throttle to finish third, only the nabob, whom I heard crying behind a door for my brother, at my brother’s ceremony of cremation, offered me a job as one of his *affables* — young fellows of his immediate company. As an affable, one of my duties consisted on laving his sanctity the nabob. To be one affable of the laver persuasion one had to become himself the cleanest imaginable. That’s why I and my pals were always near the taps.

“The corridor that led to the subterranean taps, where water incessantly rolled, or at least trickled, was a crowded one. Not long ago, it happened that a mouse had appeared who frightened a dog, and that cowardly dog came directly at me, with his razor-sharp teeth at the ready, as if the presence of the frightening mouse had in

any way been my responsibility...

“Then, as I was kicking the maddened dog in order to avoid being hurt — maimed or even killed with a go of his teeth at my femoral and so on — his mistress arrived as a blizzard, with guards at her wake, and discordantly accusing me of mayhem and such.

“*What?...* But she was shouting so much that for a moment we were all spooked. The guards at last reacted. One of them picked the whimpering mess of the dog, done almost away by my terrified kicks, another guard tried to pick me by the nape, as if I were also some kind of straw-filled puppet, or scarecrow.

“*Hey, watch your hands, buster,* I said, shaking him away. The guards were mystified. Whom to obey, the affable laver, or the mother of the representative of the fucking nabob for foreign affairs?

“*You are wasting your time,* I recriminated. *Meanwhile the spoor of the mouse withers. Neither you nor any of your shitted pointers will get him now. I think I’ll tell the nabob, ok? Better yet, I’ll write a report of the case on the spot. Boy!* — I shouted, for a carrier was passing with a cartload of provisions. *Come here. Let me impound that sack in the name of the nabob.*

“It was just a paper bag full of flour, with only that name outside: FLOUR.

“But on it, on the other side of the FLOUR statement, I was going to etch with my nail the diagrams that described what the awful situation had been. The designs I drew: one for trickling water, another depicting a rusty tap, a third with lizard hands, then a jokey mouse, a scared dog with nasty teeth, a hardy shoe kicking, a crazy woman shrieking, finally two cops signing my sketch as visual witnesses..., were really evocative, hum, of the recently elapsed reality.

“*That’s the best of my writings up to date, in a packet of flour, I said. And proud of them, you bet.*

“This later I told my friends at the bathtub before the nabob arrived, while the musicians behind the veils were assaying shreds from their forthcoming barcaroles...

“He, the big boss, was there presently, and naked as we sixteen lads, his lavers and bathers... Later, alas, we were wallowing in the tub, when my soap flew away and down all the way to the floor. Now, the floor wasn’t a matter of a four or five spans from the rim of the tub to its legs. No. The real floor was feet and feet way down, for

the bathtub was stilted up on sturdy stanchions, and once the ladder off, we were the seventeen of us together and out of reach inside the tepid tub. If one of the boys fell or was edged out, he was sure to break something — the neck, or worse. In any case, he was permanently out of the game.

“The nabob was a severe fellow, even if rather frisky when laved. Upon the incident with the soap, he peered at me with a furrowed brow. He barked: *Fetch!*”

“And now I was scared; I had to get down without the ladder, all slippery and lathered, with the very actual danger of breaking my neck or worse, as I say, becoming a cripple and a beggar.

“One of the stanchions was smooth almost as a firemen’s pole. That treacherous pole I had to embrace and trust that, by slithering on it, it managed to carry me to the bottom more or less unscathed and with my two balls still there. Easier said...

“That’s why I turned rather to the flour bag, which I had ensconced under the bathtub...

“*Sir...* — I said, hoping to divert his attention to weightier matters...

“*What the fuck’s that?* — the nabob replied, immediately rejecting the offer, thinking maybe it was a bomb or some type of poison to poison the water — acid, maybe, or magic powder.

“*No, no! These are my complete, my best works!...* — I was protesting at the top of my lungs.

“But, shit, the packet of flour was already dead and smashed on the floor beneath. And now my head was to follow, for the sixteen of them were coming after me, the mother hen and the fifteen nicey duckies crowding me off the vicious nest...

“I could grasp the pole before they all came like clawing furies on top of me and sent me down without the assistance of even any stanchion. In an accelerated second, I reached the bottom where the shapeless soap and the dying, bubbly flour, were already stamped.

“And then I had to run. But as you see, I was an exile for evermore. No more cleanliness for me...

“The army became my only extricating issue... They taught me some survival expediences before I deserted, of course.

“But then... This escape from the tub... In no way epic-worth... What a weak out for such a brilliant glossographer as me...

“And banned forevermore from the court — ha, ha — otherwise I could’ve joined the amanuensis corps — one more in a bunch of inept scribes that chronicled every fart the nabob made.”

En Ça-sarriasses laughed with his new friend. He found his friend’s story not at all comparable to his own, but no matter, perhaps En Tiberi was being consolingly facetious.

Presently, they entered a covered suq. People were shopping in throngs. The two companions were buying a few figs from an old kindly woman when, after a muted smashing sound, at the adjoining stand a woman’s voice remonstrated in Catalanian: “*Shit, if something had to fall, it had to be the eggs!*”

Answered En Tiberi, first in Amazic, then in Catalanian also: “*Oh, beautiful mothers! If something has to break, let it be the eggs!*”

Most of the women agreed, most of the men didn’t probably get it. As opposed to the chicks, sentient beings?... Got it?... Anyway, who gives a fig? What mattered was seeing how Na Zabel·la, the mature egg-seller, splashingly alluring in spite of the eight verecundious veils, and her stripling son impetuously embraced. And how En Tiberi joined them. The old amiable fig-peddler said (and more power to her) that happiness was complete in this enchanting, plenteous suq today.

11.01.2004

Last but seven

Last but seven:

Destruction and construction of the body

Quirky hucksters praising to cloud nine their rickety wares. En Tiberi passed, morose. He had been living as a husband to his lost love Na Zabel·la — couldn't cope much longer, his crotch adrift, benumbed, almost startled, forever more, in a painful seizure.

Also, Ça-sarriasses Roc, his foster child, a chariot racer, had been endeavoring to teach him how to drive a chariot. Very hazardous and tiring, going up and down straight (and then suddenly curvy) venues, launching the horses one way and then bringing them to a crushing stop to change direction, and next losing the reins and falling on the lords-and-ladies and the switch grasses at the side of the dusty country roads — or flat on disgusting horse pats, already half-digested by armies of maggots.

Training on the track had been a torture (psychological also,) when around every bend, behind the cane palisades, some of Ça-sarriasses Roc's racing cohorts were laughing their heads off. Wasted Sunny evenings. With the bony barn boys excitedly going to call on the idle longshoremen at the wharf and down the ramps toward the big dark stately houses to inquire if their condign residents would care for the eerie show, a phosphorescent punk taking sundry spectacular tumbles, heading unswervingly for the pylons and only at the last instant avoiding sure strafing death for all involved by taking a catastrophic dive but in the process crashing over the row of protective trestles and converting them into a rain of splinters.

Or worse, as the lessons advanced, bestriding the leading steed over the slippery shale of the shore, and the horseshoes skidding and the whole machinery spilling and his teeth becoming a paltry addition to the myriad fragments of the immemorial number of discarded porphyritic shells. And worse, and worse. Down the muddy steep slope, in a day of ferocious pouring, the chariot loaded with precarious piles of flagstones to give it ponderousness, sliding down the movable scree, trying to avoid the massive boulders and the unpredictable stone croppings — trying only to survive the useless ordeal, the dire duperies of family life...

He was out, concocting his escape... He'd lost the woman in the throng. Now that Na Zabel·la could boast again about having a (nominal) husband, she had settled down to being again a lady — instead of selling fruits in the suq, she'd become the rich elegant shopper — and En Tiberi meekly in tow, dragged along with the faced of the spanked, laden with bags. In fact, due to the last storms, with old majestic trees felled by bolts and rolled about by the winds, the fresh stuff was rather poor,

half rotten even in the poshest stands — that's why the searching had today been tougher and in consequence the providential straying easier. At first rattled, his blood pounding on his neck, for fear of being called back, soon the coast was clear, plenty of bodies in between.

He greeted Na Priscilla, the ichthyologist fishmonger, her pasty freckled face and hands besmirched with the iridescent scales of many writhing, baited, lurid creatures, from the depths of the silver maws of whom a sepulchral spittle silently, but with which lugubrious din, voiced incessantly the injustice, the injustice, the injustice...

He unplugged himself from the witching preachments of the mouths of the fishes and haltingly strove to detach himself further, reach farther... In fine, after what it was like going up the scrubby treacherous scree to the longed-for airy summit, he managed to eject himself from amongst the suq's huddled and milling masses.

The selfish peddlers were now dwindling — their wares (triggers, drugs, poisoned daggers,) more easily snubbed. The meticulously delineated aisles gave place to a snarling mess of blind corners and narrow alleys. The amnesiacs, the unfit kleptomaniacs, the pipe dreamers, the sniveling uptight perverts, the jittery clandestine ox-gorers (edgy fences for the rustlers,) the over-sauced, the cowering flawed freaks (not good enough for the lucrative fairgrounds,) all the rumpled queer genossen, the not-quite anonymous ciphers gathered in uncomfortable proximity...

He eluded another rabid mathematician explaining it all with his doctrinarian gobbledygook. Then he entered a tavern. Neither accepted nor rejected, but alone in the throng. He looked at the clay jars and the kegs balanced on the steel shelves. A saintly halation surrounded their crystalline contents. A drunk parrot shrieked, it was perched on the shoulders of a deceitful high official who, not busy, was whittling his pen, alone in a table at a corner. En Tiberi drank random samples from several of the kegs — most tokens tasted delicious, a few proved slimy and nauseating — those he threw away — he soused some olives in others, tangy in the extreme — then, when paying up, the master taverner even gave him another one, gusty, on the house...

Now he was out again, on the narrow crowded streets. A strange radiance also exuded from his body, as if his head had another hole through which the tenuous, lucky, magic shine poured to envelop his chosen, well-balanced shape. En Tiberi, the selig racer of yesteryear, now, ecstatic, declares himself a veteran of all races, never to race again, blissfully retired from the exacting sport, and from now dedicated instead to see the garlies grow, a garlic seer of mystical dimensions... And so lissome for his age, nicht wahr, and this after so many murderous trials on the

pitch where the balding lawns are bloody from the destructed bodies of the previous racers.

Ah, yes. Now everything was clicking in place. Joint on joint, row of teeth on row of teeth, the armor sharp and without seams, all cogs and gears well-coordinated, spike and notch excellently caught in each other, indeed smooth going...

A gleeful merchant assaulted his senses — his jiggery-pokery was confusing, the greasy crumbs from his beard stank, the tapestry he was holding in front of him, scrolled out from a sturdy spoke atop, spoke to him of nothing but renewed troubles. The gaudy scene on the hairy arras was highly erotical.

—Is this true, he asked himself. What rare synchronicity! Does fucking increase the loving link with another (the fucked one) or, on the contrary, it diminishes it — it gnaws on the bark of tenderness so that soon the frayed bond threatens dissolution...?

The rug supplier staggered back a step or two and quit nagging.

En Tiberi, uninhibited by the drinks, carried on. “Ah, the smooth stone banister leading up to the door of our abode — don’t you know, it also is carved with ruttish images — as are all the banisters of all the houses of the main street, at least those on the side that slopes up the mountain side — and the very boles of the sacred trees up the avenue — and the walls and the lintel stones, hewn with obscene markings and lecherous inscriptions... All extolling the fucking club that heaven’s gotta be... Heaven, all shining floors, and clean glass walls, and silken beds, and glitzy kapok cushions, and plush recliners where naked women smile and wait — houris tucked and untucked, houris flared and bulging, and throbbing and mucky wet — bold and even overbearing expensive whores with perfect skins never scarred — houris skilled in all the amorous arts, spineless when convenient, something to goggle at, their backbones so elastic, so elastic the muscles of their cunts — their cracking sinews kindling on the happy sinner riots of ecstasy, his wincing evince how scandalous is his pleasure — and the groomed perfect goddesses still crush his balls a little fancier, as they warp his body to wasteful extents — the awful thuds of raping female thugs as they screw the poor fellow up — vandal fuckers, always for a welded red-hot rod starved... Houris through my ears, sir! What an oversold scam! Do I want to belong to it, the heavenly fucking club?... I rather not!... I rather not, sir, after so much bailing my orphan and schematic tail out in a last heroic out-thrust for salvation, man!... Listen, vermin abound in the toothed underbelly of the beast, and under the bed the crawlers crawl, hungry — their cankered teeth imitating those much bigger that lurk all along the passage of the odious rat’s nest... I won’t be lured and snared again, the implications too obvious now, no sir, no way;

steadiness, doomed to domesticity, sex at all hours — caught a fleeing glimpse of it — that fucking club heaven — and it looks too much as another, more myalgic, hell.”

He heard the heels of a princess of the evening on the cobblestones. His rueful eye followed the pageant of her buoyant teats and buttocks. The beauty was moodily sulking. A blunt stone-cutter became suddenly subtle in his appraisal of the apparition. He said, pulling himself back to his gritty workshop by the nape of his neck, “meseems that I would have as many qualms as if I broke a porcelain figurine...”

—Nonsense — En Tiberi wanted to scream — they are all nothing but pretty bodies leased to a blight of ugly ferocious devils never assuaged — but he checked himself. His sleuthing eye had seen the soul of the marvelous young whore, and it shone (her soul) full of caring inclination, her big shapely cunt sewn up with threads of consoling spit, the copious aureoles of her cone-shaped teats trickling sweet milk of alleviation... “Mama,” he said aloud, for he was back, no longer the culprit or the adult, but the innocent or the child, in his family’s bosom.

There he was, old-fashioned again, raiding the reefs for crabs and mussels and prawns, or looking at the girls bathe. And moving with his parents into new whitewashed quarters; ah, the shiny Sunny halls, he’s a baby again; his window opens on the dock near the delta of the river, where the merchant ships mill around leisurely, only a few bursts of busyness erupt every month; and sees again his gorgeous mother prodding around, with her magical stick checking the trip wires; his apollonian father, so skilled with the curtains and their intricate ropes; the grandmother, smartly dressed, her hair redone and tainted raven black, her face straightened through enigmatic means — she’s the clue to plenty of money to be replevined, she’s hidden the papyrus she found floating down river, once while she was trekking up the tow-way; she knows where the expensive old translations lie hidden between worthless sheaves of official reports, and where the rubber seal collections from the dead high officials are kept, where the old coins rescued from the slimy mud of the drained pools remain... She knows so much, the old whore-typed woman...

Back, he wants back North...

His eye was full of longing. For a fact, he was ready to re-emigrate.

Hm, felt something tugging at his sleeve. Came to his senses. Told the carpet hawker to scam. But the wicked moor insisted, he mumbled... “Let me sell you something. Please, please. My family is starving. My eleven lefty sons need some food, they are all too young to apply their wild inventions of progress for humanity.

They are all less than five. At six some of them will devise something great... I know that is vile to be a lefty, to use the hand we wipe our shit with for higher purposes of learning, but, on the other hand, everybody knows that lefties are especial people, a cut above, heterodoxal, quite intelligent, leaders of men, messiahs, saviors, the underhanded cream by which the drab pitiful concoction of creation improves... For a piaster I'll tell you the method to turn your child into a worthy lefty..."

"Do you trephine them? Do you blast the unholy crypts of their craniums, stem the flow of liquid brains off the hole with two hollow stalks of straw directly connected to their nostrils, and meanwhile cram their ears with fulsome sutras trying to beguile acoustics to turn into the sonorous mallets that chisel the mason's glue of their inner mass into reformed figures, so that the corresponding cerebral abilities support better replevined bodies?... Is that the prescription?... Wouldn't be surprised. I've seen plenty smooth angles of that cranky kind in my life. But I'm curious..." — he said, handing the scoundrel a piaster.

"Well, man, let me lift your soiled blinders; from our intercourse I predict that you'll emerge enlightened to such a degree that you'll need another kind of prosthetics. In lieu of blinders, spectacles with winding, unceasingly spiraling doodles on its glasses, for this is how you shall see the universe from now on: as a constant marvel. From having no inkling about anything, as now, to a fireberry blow out, an exploding multifarious parade of self-evidences, and an elated upheaval of the senses; you'll pass out every three seconds at the very least long, every hour guaranteed... Let's all nod in agreement, unanimous in our joy for the harmony of the world seen and unseen... Etcetera, never again dejected, neither you, nor me, nor any of our innumerable lefties... And next tell me if I haven't earned the piaster that many, many idiots before yourself have so mistakenly begrudged me... But now take notice, and you'll understand that life's much easier than predicated by any mind-debilitated guru, any seller of guff and utter rot having to do with stuffs divine and so on. That's what I do. As soon as the tykes are able to wear any kind of cloth, I present them with sundry items of wearing the left-hand pocket of which has always each at its bottom an in-built hole through which the fingers of their hands can thrive, while the right-hand pocket is always at the end of its udder blinder than a blind cow. From their tenderest years on, they jiggle their tiny peepees non-stop, thusly their left hand acquires the perfection and handiness, and their brains the great development that accrues with left-handedness. No?..."

En Tiberi didn't feel robbed. A piaster? Come on. Wouldn't be the first nor the twenty-first one he's lost. He's lost coins to make a legion of beggars wealthy. The change drops away from him all too easily when out of inattentiveness he put it in his left pocket instead of the right one... There's in his left pocket his handkerchief also, En Tiberi being of course a lefty, and polite as well, blowing his nose with a

piece of cloth for the purpose, never squeezing his snot with two whipping fingers (**no fa mai setze**) — even if treated as a **estotjamocs** (a snot-hoarder, a snob) by the uncouth mobs of the different countries he's visited.

But now he is back into the steppe, walking North, purposefully.

9.06.2005

Last but eleven:

Watery creature reclaimed by the sea

—I know you know I'm sad, that mycelia of sorrow river me. That I left my children stranded in a hut, behind, coping as well as they could. But I had to cross the desert, reach the wide forbidding river, find the bridge — a little hanging logs-and-planks blue footbridge far in the horizon — at the end of what's seen — me and my friend fighting first (with wise witty words mostly) the thugs and bullies at the beach — we saw them retreating, depleted, bickering with each other, gesticulating like vergers in a temple a-brim with vestals and whore-girls. And so, more trustful now, knowing now that, behind, only the nice harmless people had been left, more alive than ever, as if awoken from a deep long slumber, ah giants!, we proceeded, like champions, our talons denuded, our chests too, as we mutedly swore that the future was ours.

—And now the thong of a sling twanged and a stone (or was it a dry turd bought from the wily pure-finders?) whistled by. I told my friend: "Wait, ignore it." But she bovinely turned and stared. And now they growled, miffed.

—I said: "Run, run!" For they (the hooligans, back from their huts) had brought their dogs with them, and us naked, with no pitchfork at hand, and no store in sight (where, though everything inside be dearly payable, at least is obtainable) and everyone morbidly guessing the score — with us losing, not two ways about it.

—Do we all stink the same? Not to a relapsing perpetrator, not to a killer canine. There were humps in front of us, humps with holes, and me (as I stolidly strove to

thrive) thinking in which one would I fit...

—I don't know what my friend was thinking while being devoured by the pack of grim devils.

—Like an eel, I put my head in the hole of one of the earth humps (they looked like bollards lost in the middle of nowhere, where the sea or else a mighty river fed by creeks and brooks, by torrents clamoring like magma through a megaphone, once might have arose), and lo, under it started a never-ending toboggan. Topsy-turvy and upright and every which way I rode it, with webbed feet and hands, and bristling head and padded ass, into the old hardened membranes of which plenty of new notches got inaugurated, and at last the tube, long as the bowels of the planet, vomited me in here: **the antipodean lands**. I wish I could say I jumped for joy and nimbly, but in fairness I must own that every bone ached excruciatingly. Stodgily I trudged above this sodden new motherland.

—Thinking: so that was why the bollards were there...? As a sign, an indication to the other side: the conundrum understood only by those who are ever able to.

—The liquid ashore croaked as if in pain as you walked on it. The water was alive. Pickled in it, I befuddledly saw, were shriveled morsels of my friend's old body. Touched, a knot on my throat — Osiris on my mind, I tried to reconstruct parts of the badly digested shape I loved so much especially in times of dire need — Gilgamesh in my mind, and as I strove to earn from the entangled often half molten gristles some semblance of verisimilitude — also on my mind there lurked that ensnaring bogey-guy Narcissus, why...?

—I was glad I had survived. Oh how sinful, and yet... Better me than she. My family larger. The children I had to rescue more numerous. Narcissus, then, yes. Narcissus of the purty pearly world. Bury me with a stake painstakingly driven into my heart. Ha-ha. Such a narcissist!

En Tiberi, buttonholed by the ferrety bard, endeavored now a diverting maneuver. He send two types of symphonic pleonasms, first of chuckles of appreciation and simultaneously of the grinding of gears, for his knees were ready to flee.

He said: "Sir, we are all ambivalent hosts, guests, in this foreign world."

"Sir, you translate me badly, you traduce me..." — the nibbly rune-runner countered. "If I had my druthers, don't you suppose I also would inhabit the point of view of the others...? Unfortunately, it, the neat trick, ain't available to us mortals; a godly thingy, not a mortally one, if I might say."

“Look, man, not a skilligalee in my pocket... Otherwise, you’d be famously paid for your efforts. Now please wane from my horizon; I’ll be late where I’m waited...”

“You must be a monk: is the edifice where you are due brimming with gargoyles? It is true monks worship devils — slues of them, orbiting the bell-towers, such obvious symbols of the phallus, ok? With the tolling signifying the orgasm...? Or maybe the murder of the little babies...?”

“Look, you must be egregiously right about everything...”

“Wait! What about the point of view of the scorpion as he (the scorpion) bit the neck of the girl he (the man) wanted to have a diddle with and who (the girl) died there, on the sand behind the naked rocks, in a sudden coma from which she never awoke...?”

“Was that the friend later eaten by the crocodiles...?”

“Ah, the traducer! Again, in what awful opprobrium by proxy does he not make me sink. I talked about the throes of fear, that she and me didn’t either have even a wallet, let alone a damned dime in it, to oil the palms of the pursuers — and of the squeaks from the nails on the toes of the devils scratching the micas of the beach, and of the emphysemas setting in, and of their hands sparkling with the new bloods of the babies recently eaten raw. I talked about us being as doctors or better, healing the souls of the natives...”

“The antipodean natives, you mean?”

“Fuck, no; you’ve got the story all in a state. In fact the first antipodean native I’ve met is you. The natives on the beach...”

“Which beach? Didn’t you say desert...?”

“All deserts are the wide beaches of a mass of water or other, man, you don’t listen. Eventually!”

“The mass of water in that case being the river where the crocodiles ate your wife...”

“Never named no wife, never named no crocodile; that’s what I was getting at! You antipodean don’t really get the language, vague longings of wistfully finagling with its intricacies, of finally getting the hang of it, and yet never attaining the lofty goal, the while appallingly confusing this with that... Mining camps with doohickeys, the

trophies of calligraphy with the cloacal peristaltic acrobatics of jissom and live pellets of excreta, the very hurdles of surviving with silky aneurysms...”

“It is true you talk like a doctor. Look here,” En Tiberi said lifting his skirts, “I was sleepy, I sat down on a tuft of soft moss, it proved to be the pregnant tummy of a concealed dragon, or big bitch monkey, take your pick, she plumper, healthier than any woman back in civilization — wilderness doing wonders for you, you know, taking it easy, mixing with the landscape, green and brown, resting on her back...”

“Did she bite you on your fanny then?”

“Nope, she wanted sex, of course.”

“Because a bite of a lady-dragon carries fire with it... The entrails laden with unsimplified flames...”

“Aye, aye; tell me something new; don’t I know as per experience, a pot of coals brewing in their innards. The upshot being that now my sexual apparatus itches like hell is presumed to, inflamed by swarms of lice or crabs, or what have you — trying to scrub it clean, depilating the too tousled grim kinky short hairs...”

“To which avail...?”

“Disdainable.”

“I should’ve thought so. Those new batches of parasites are cleverer than their ancestors. We in the medical profession shudder at their naughty snitchiness... This they’ve devised, to burrow under the epidermis and snuggle underneath, partaking of whatever you have to offer in the way of nourishment, and into the bargain peeping all the time into your obscene shenanigans, whatever they be. They carry you to the verge of frenzy with their clawing so that you have to masturbate almost non-stop, thereby providing them with wild entertainment while they eat you alive too — you the spectacle and the snack all at once...”

“How brilliantly diagnosed; sparkling acumen! And is there some sort of nostrum for the case...?”

“This is what we told the children. You are stuck with it. Only a solution, and that’d be: leave the life of the insect run its course. But then others came without breath that we had to save the most religious of them, those that bugger each other for their particular idol, I don’t know exactly which paltry behemoth... Of course, an everyday occurrence then: a couple of couples had ruptured themselves and each

other. I believe they drug themselves, before the act of worshipping, so that they be still more obedient and faithful, how d'you call it, stanch to the rules of the ceremony. Fucking savages.”

“You mean the antipodean to us now. The ex-right-side-ups, as it were.”

“Hm. Exactly. Well, they were ruptured in several places. Blood everywhere, lymphs galore. Not only their rectums and sphincters, also the internal organs, several: the spleen, the pancreas, the shocked adrenal glands opening the sluices to the juices; all in all more of the same, and hallowed on top of it, the bloody buggers, the bishopric elements in toto gravely interpreting the raping marks as the sacred bestowal of stigmata, the excrementitial bleedings those of the martyrs, always the requited crazy effort of the bigoted fanatical debouched believers, preconceptions naturally being easily agreed to in the end, the righteous worshippers never contrite and, in fine, all their native uneducated shit flat, splat, pit-a-pat... We said, let us assign specialists to every case, you know, because we didn't want the responsibility of all those children dying for their god, and then the angry parents somewhat frustrated, even if the tots and tykes were now saints and icons to masturbate in front of, but you never know about the odd sudden atheist, frantic with sobbing and ravenous for revenge, and then blaming and sacrificing us instead. We were already back-broken... Our backs were already broken with the case-load we had... We were pleading to the children who were still waiting in line to bugger each other in sacred glorification of their god..., we couldn't well tell them: *Screw your clumsy parents and murderous bishops; let them fuck themselves*. We had to be more diplomatic, well camouflaged in our sham devotee mode, if we wanted to keep our heads above our necks. Instead we were lamely lecturing: *Be careful, won't you, a single wound inaugurates the plague*. . But they (the children), nothing, already victims, stoned, stunned, petrified, as stone deaf to our entreaties, only itching to have a crack at it, at their cracks and newly cracking viscera. Soon the beach, not the beach, the desert rows, were strewn with ruptured patients... Getting sicker and sicker. The corridor-like rows formed with scorpion-ridden rocks a-brim with corpses. We laying them as laying track, the rails, the sleepers, the eternally sleeping... No wonder we had to run for our lives...”

“And then you lost your companion.”

“Sadly.”

“Eaten by...”

“Not crocodiles!” The bard screamed, almost overturning the reviving kit which he had been carrying aslant his chest and that he had deposited on the floor near En

Tiberi's crotch to rummage inside (the box) and find embrocations useful in relieving the crawling and gnawing sensation in that tender area (of our lay saint). "That's the plight of the creator, all right? He composes in generous drudgery and then releases and offers the product of his travails for the assuagement of the ills (specially psychic) of his contemporaries. But what happens with his wordings, either told or written...? The letters (already enduring, stoical, steady, unmoving bugs now) decompose into sundry great flees, each going its own way, like unquiet bugs singularly named, with a letter each on their backs, skedaddling fast away as soon as the bugs have been read — often even as the bug is being read, sometimes a little before the bug is about to be read or told — hey, and no going back, the corruption an ineradicable plague, impossible to correct one's first impression of what has been read (unless the suffering author is on hand, as of now?); on the contrary: one must rush lest the rest is also gone, one has to go forward fast on reading if one wants to understand what is written, if one wants to have any chance of reading up to the end, for the disappearance of the bugs, once the chain has started, accelerates..."

"Is all that an incantation to chase the pestering dug-in parasites...?"

"No; it's an artist complain. My hope dwindles — everyday I'm alive it's getting a little bit worse, fading to splinters tinier and tinier... Even in the antipodean constituency, which I don't know why I thought it would have been somehow somewhat of an improvement...?"

"Look, don't be so somber. Let me be the healer in turn, and gratefully so, if you'd be so kind as to allow me to...? In the dead garden of your life — everything can be reborn with enough work and dedication. Shirking chores is never good medicine. That's what I go by if by anything. Whoeverthefuck said take it easy and everything will be ok was a sybaritic privileged son of a bitch in a rare moment of quiet well-being, perhaps after a fine fuck, in a state of slight inebriation. Surely soon he had to regret (if at all conscientious of having said or written the rubbish) the shallow statement. Anyway, the rest of us have surely to ride it rougher, terser... A character-studier, a leisurely though relentless world-walker like me, a medical artist, a lyrical warlock like you, we are clearly more serious. We don't fly into tangents of nugacity, our words carry some immediate weight — they restore some healths, that also makes us happy, so everyone's all the better for it. Acupuncture with the point of a pencil, no doubt you know the technique... How appeased appear the rattled and the snarling after it! And those harassed by the delusional imageries, how nicely respond to the teasing whirr of certain alleviating weeds as they slowly burn (the herbs.) A whiff of 'em and, from the throes of superfluous gloom, how well they adapt (the whacked visionaries) to the promise of a softer apparition, more in tune with sweet kittens, and jangling ankles of belly-dancers, and colorful

pillows piled on and lovely riots of glee, all absolved... Instead of the sneering masks of the rough enforcers pushing you to leftover perditions, with them finding yourself betrothed to a prosthetic device — and not to a man with a dowry, bound to the pantheon.”

“Saying no to the wedding, yes to the engagement for a compromise.” Underscored the bard, in synch totally with the well unguent-painted master.

“A few words of hocus-pocus, together with some hot stew, a bit of skilly, a bit of slink, a taste of gallimaufry, and tepid slumgullion, maybe a fig for dessert, and pig on ice, copacetic, the almost-coffined are again about to hatch up the hatch, you’ve coaxed the half-dead from the corrupt slops back on deck, where the air is fresh. Get far away from the wacky noises, and you are on your way to recovery. Back to the excellent partitions on the earth, again to the jolly peripaetia in the snow, where erst you throve. Do it now. Retrace the hideous steps away from the hospitals, where, as you flee along the corpse-aligned corridors, you can glimpse, afloat, the visible pestilence, and where at each turn the blind apparatuses interminably idle — with nothing to see but much to hear — alas, the never-ending, crazingly annoying whirr of static.”

“The secret is to realize that the thought is always scarier than the deed. I had a young patient (a little girl) afflicted with lathyrism — she had been fed (**massa guixes de mal coure**) *too many tares or vetches too difficult to cook* [there is a pun here somehow, **guixa de mal coure** means also *an untamable child*] — she had spasms in all her limbs, completely uncoordinated, too nervous, insect-like in her sudden moves, always running off to where it was cold — always sticking her head into holes in the frozen ground, where you kept the food cool — well, she fell and broke her leg — they thought I had done away with the child, too unable to cure her, so I had to convince them she had to be somewhere, that I had not buried her — I went outside with the kit — hidden under the mantle, in order not to impress too much the children — the useless brats, ready to denounce me, only for the joy of seeing me burn at the stake, and they nonetheless not even worth a groat, incapable even to mow the hay — my sworn enemies — are always afraid I’ll poison them. So, almost in stealth, there I go, crossing the eye-hurting, glistening, waterlogged shantytowns, rank (they, not me) with all kind of hovering diseases, almost tangible, in truth. Found the girlie; anent the leg, alas, didn’t quite manage with the reviving kit; on the other hand, apparently quite easily, feeding her my own potions, her symptoms receded. She was lame — with the leg, totally failed there, nothing worked, nothing really revived. Now, with the utterly complex trunk, and the head on top, now, that was different — she became so beholden to me, poor child, one of those famed langurs, little monkeys that ape a devoted servant and never let you down — she became as one of those, such a precious commodity, always wary for

my safety, telling me about the plots to do me in; at the end nobody slew me, as you plainly see — by dint of listening to her admonitions, never missing an announcement: narrow escapes aplenty— all those that wanted to diddle her also, every native boss wanting a crack at her (**volent-se-la fer espetegar**) and couldn't mainly because of my highly considered protection — the bailiff presenting me with cyanide in a cigarette, her custodian with a gadget à la strychnine — a phony patient with a hatchet under his sash, apt to chop off my head as soon as I budged with my eyes averted, heading down in order to auscultate his falsely wheezing chest. Unstoppable trend, everybody out to hang my hide. The couvades a nest of schemers scheming my murder, the fake skirmishes among pseudo-enemies occasions to parlay the devilish misdeed; every new writing out a how-to to make me a definitive has-been. Every heyday not any other banal celebration but of my foreseen demise; the nun's farts (**pets de monja**, dainty cookies) given to me by every lyingly indebted matron (having healed another of their undead children) just a mass of appallingly sickening toxins. No less the apple-pies, the figgy puddings..."

"Ah, yes, the figgy puddings..." — dreamily said En Tiberi. "The harried, hurried, harassed and starving poor, scanning in a beautiful syncopated rhythm: *We want a pudding figgy, and never be too jiggy; we want a pudding figgy, and never be too jiggy* (**volem pa amb òlit, i mai no anar de bòlit; volem pa amb òlit, i mai no anar de bòlit**), ah, delicious loose threats also of my unraveled youth! We antipodeans are not so different after all!"

"She, the lame monkey girl, was the envy and the cynosure for the hatreds of the town, worse and worse after a while. They couldn't get me, maybe her would be easier. Bickering curs, as soon as they saw her, all the children's rages, their bleeding fangs denuded, veered against her as she jostled across the fields. She was a whorling, whirling red truck baiting the censorious curs to panic and confusion. Every time she was given short shrift, and yet somehow, playing a soubrette's part, a congenial leer above her comely, blond-tangled cheekbones, she'd bewitch the lot, their wraths squandered as worm-stricken pine-cones, or, more a propos, as precocious ejaculates. Her glutei moving so nicely; groans of variously, abruptly spent sexual desire following her straight up to our orchard. Where the biting of an apple, the protracted licking of grape or two, would tease the frayed quarry to excesses of gritting teeth and self-inflicted wounds, the which redounded later in an escalation of loathing and mistrust directed at the heroic pair of us. How relaxedly we watched them, damned rednecks, from the window, the while having our sparse, private kicks! Me finishing her apples, grapes, strawberries, dates."

"The antipodean fruits so very alike to ours!"

"I took her in my visits to the hospital. Her lameness increasing her innate

comicality. She became the silly comic enlightening the terminal wards. *Get a grip!* — she'd jump and tell unawares any of the worse gone patients. *Get a grip, thrice!* — she'd shout, funnily and savagely — *get a grip, get a grip, get a grip!* — and in jest but so firmly her claws would close on the heart of the hapless heart patients, on the balls of the hapless orchitis afflicted, on the necks of the hapless throat blighted, her scissors-like hand, thrice snipping, snip-snip, snip-snip, snip-snip... Before many could contest the point, three times too roughly caught, they were already dead. The fright, the frailty, the open wounds and so on. Most of the mourners not too amused. *Doctor*, they'd grumble, *at the sufferance of whom the maintaining of such a pernicious clown aboard...?* I told them: But it causes such rejoicings, and so improves the moods of the tiniest! They countered, right as rain: *It ain't right to make fun at the expense of the dying, and less of such serious things as suffering and deep loss.* Alas, the patient rebellion worsened. Bye and bye, we were being assieged. Bit by bit, the neighborhood disappearing. We two, muted, in gloom, every morning watching through the upstairs windows as one of the erst surrounding building was newly gone. A big hole instead of the old house. Robbed every night. Nobody living around us. Each abode condemned. Tunnels, bridges, ample roads being constructed in place of the buildings so suddenly vanished. We were sleeping together our lasts nights. End of an epoch, my love. All our points of repair abstracted as by the evil art of the abhorrent dark enchanter. Not welcome any longer in these parts, nothing to base our attachments to. Tomorrow we elapse, elope. Nonetheless, in our everyday disguise, that morning we assist still our infirm, as customarily. Duty calls. She's caught that day. She's brought to a wall, they place her as they intend for their misdeed to apply... Bang, bang, bang... Her long nose is stuck to the long white wall with three slowly driven long nails. Hammered in, long in coming, the laughter theirs all the way until the three nails are firmly in place, through her honker, deep into the wood... She not properly crucified, as most well-meaning dreamers, but all but. During the night I rescued her, strong pliers, a fine rain of anodynes, disinfected her still larger schnozzle, and, paired, limpingly, ran, ran for the river, across the sands..."

"Great touch cleansing and disinfecting... The bugs again. All this talk about bugs and crinkling parasites, I'm hungry."

Fond of literate fellows, En Tiberi invited the traveling medicine-man to his hut to have a bite. Chance encounter developing, after a predictably rough patch at the outset, into a passable friendliness, even a fleeting friendship. The day after, each had to head into contrariant destinations. One required deiseal, the other widdershins. A thoughtful grin of recognition. Wistful insight... After each had half spun the sphere, maybe another adventitious get-together was on the books, or was (let's say rather) secreted somewhere inside the constellated writings to be yet cryptographed by their respective fast effaced snail-like trails...? Who was to say...?

But, anyhow, go they must. Shirking chores never. Duty calling. Called each to different (and yet how akin) avocations. You bet, here giving faith of it, we the witnesses, for a fact.

2.10.2005

Last but ten:

The shelf-sitter and the self-shitter

En Tiberi came out of the theater a bit flustered. All that talk concerning such astringent violence, plus the beverages imbibed and the smelled smells of the ovulating women packed nigh, had put him in the mood for a rumble.

Mocked the saga-telling fake hierarch his unlearned audience: “**A l’ambó, l’orifany torsimany; enjondre, els paons cloc-pius**: On stage, the elephantine traducer; in yonder, the puling peacocks.”

And everybody lay back and more or less knew that the story involved (though what else?) animals. There would be a confrontation of some sort. The excuse minimal, forgettable. The scowling would come next and the who-blinks-first joust. The baroque preparations for the end game battle. The roping in of warriors and wrestlers, and of the odd joker too: the scholar such a choice creep, “the toucher, I mean, the teacher..., ha-ha-ha...” Abacuses resting on their umbilici, the recruiters’ caucus decides, assigns salaries and grades for each new hand, and then details him off. From the sinks of the galleys and from the sculleries of the slammers arrive the more robust postulants. They’ve been scrapping with mice, rats, beetles, scurrying little beasts, for so long, they are lissom as gazelles and yet muscular as rhinoceroses. How brilliantly they stand out near the spent boxers, the dying pugilists of old... Such a decrepit bunch, and to think that their prowesses awed the dead historians of yesteryear. *Fugitiua gaudia* indeed.

A frequently heroic veteran of the rabbit wars gone by, now scruffily in mufti, haunts the recruiting grounds — he’s picking up all type of tiny measly imperfections he guesses are somehow lying on the floor — every time he picks up what he imagines or sees is a wrongly placed speck of something, he counts it,

subtracts it from the total number of reckoned flaws that plague the floor. He's saying: "43 million 621; 43 million 620; 43 million 619..." He hopes when he dies his slate will be all clean.

But the rest of the rabbits grow restless. The old guy with the badly worried pelt gives them the creeps. They accord to get rid of the annoyer. They hoodwink him. "Here's a spill, bud. Proffer thy hand and cop the package, ok?" Deadly thimblerriggers, they've plastered him first with some vitriolic apozem, then given him to palm, not the pearly world of a ball of wisdom, but a booby trap; thus, the ancient befuddled rabbit runs out with the exploding thing, an uncoiling obdurate adder, in his bitterly bitten hand — and a rushing military carriage runs him over in the middle of the street. Such crude, martially lewd comments now on top of it. No pangs of conscience whatever. Hey, geezers, make way for the new.

But wait. Internecine fights to adjudicate who should be the helmsman would now indefectibly break out, at the homely camp as well as at the fiery opponent's. Finally, after the excruciating snarling, and the barrage of abuse, plus the expected welter of broken nubs, knobs, noses and crowns, over the freshly dug graves from where the hoards and the dead dragons and the skeletal hands of the losers would gruesomely peek, a leader would be bound to be contracted and acclaimed.

Let's get ahead of ourselves. The victors will subdue their foes. Ultimately the carnage gets somehow stabilized. A band of beasts licks another. The second somewhat more addled-brained than the former, and let that be the moral: to be a winner reckon with common sense. Dismaying. Always such bromidic homilies.

"Thy body to replevin," En Tiberi had heard then the bard tell a so-called hyena ectoplasm, represented by the bard's flighty, yellow-gloved left hand, "thou must first give up those filthy habits of thine."

"Know that in a thick of vegetation located thereabouts toward a neck of the woods, just at the very center of the wide sunlit prairie, where the wold and the world collide, next where a whorl of weld saucily wibble-wabbles, often by the wind wielded thus wildly — or maybe I'm just saying all that because it sounds quaint and I'm indeed a bard — the fact is that a family of beastly hyenas dwelt.

"Theirs is a life dependent on circumstances, made of fair weather and also of the unfair variety, and of joys and dejections, of highs and slumps, and so on... One thing they know, that for some types of heartache the spittle of platypus on the wounds does marvels. Better than smoking eleven hookahs at least, or enjoying a massage with luffas and a posy of pubescent girls with bare nates and tits, or even being poked by a pencil-wielding master acupuncturist on the enigmatic, cadmium

and cobalt spirit-connecting points of your body-soul combination even before you've become angelic as you are due to be if you believe your eager authorities. But hey, don't mind me and my mania for helping assuage the aches of sensitive folks. At any rate, I'll plant a few flagons on the auction block as soon as I'm done and you all are still madly applauding, too delighted with my verses, and oblivious to everything else, so that the teeny bottles will go to whoever silently prepares the heaviest pocket of coins or the thickest wad of property-pledging obligations... So, forget about it, and let's on with the story.

"Nestled in their far-flung cities, way off-way-way off, the other hyenas live, packed. The field hyenas are able eventually, I mean, now and then, to smell, though never make sense of, some of those repulsive whiffs that from the cities hie their way, and they can also hear faint warped echoes loosened from some mighty wondrous happening or other that on final analysis, not even stretching the point, one could never make to bear on their particular story. So better skip it also.

"Now. What the fumble do they mean, the bloody noises, that added to the noisome stinks, one is obliged to suspect that they are eating each other, and moreover that what the bunched bunch of them eat is already carrion...?"

"But let me tell you, the original bard here was wrong. Like the rest of them hyena bards. What the fumble do rube hyenas know of what goes on among the illuminati in cities ranged and arranged...?"

"So on with the story, oh thou spirit mine, and hark precisely, for I won't be able to repeat whatever the fumble I say, for 'tis the night and I've got no lantern with which to see where the fumble the paper and the pen art, I mean, are...

"See? Let's not follow so slavishly the foreigner raconteur. Let's ameliorate. Our local crops and harvests are more colorful. Sunnier for starters. With a parrot feather dipped in psittaco-fulvine, the hyperborean bard kept on writing in the dark, the while mumbling his story, boring as always, that the baby hyenas, falling asleep, listened at more than to...

"But not we, do we...? Of course not. Because here all is transformed for the best, the to-do is now with Catalanian hyenas (*Hideous Hyenus Catalaunicus*, their more or less scientific moniker,) and this is why anybody in Europe can approximately understand what the hell the bard is talking about... Not as before with the bloody hyperborean darkness...

"Do you not then...?"

—We do, we do... — sang impatiently the audience.

“Crumble down the slopes,” he said then, with highly dramatic verb, “the remains of spent obsolete mechanisms, hot-rod shibboleths of old now in tatters, some of them heavy as motors from strange blimpy flying-contraptions, or smashing as spiky-wheeled ironclads. As they fall apart down the mountain-sides, the appalling noise is as frightening as their horrendous manifestation. As they crash, they crush underneath the new objects that tried awkwardly to climb up to the castle where the lords lorded it. Occasionally also the beings (the bulk of them virtually unknown to us or to anybody else for that matter) who tried to pilot those lighter vehicles up the slope are also flattened by the cumbersome, murderous debris that keeps on rolling down.”

—Were those weird beings in anyway hyenic...? — a baby hyena wants know, meaning of course if the brave new beings intent on conquering the tyrannical castle were like themselves, were hyena-like.

—Hyenic and hygienic enough not to interrupt — answered the poet.

“As it is only natural for communities the size of this one, it mustered a whole array of diverse characters. As it commonly happens, none of its individuals could really be called heroic nor villainous either, not until some sort of crucial revealing event manifested itself that put to the test the authentic mettle of anyone involved. Some would react this way, some wouldn’t. Whatever the case, at least during the most momentous trance, you saw or intuited where the intimate temperament of a few members, made conspicuous by the life-or-death event, stood them.”

A giggly fool among the audience asked point-blank were those flattened forlorn hopes at the foot of the tumbledown steepness shitty foreigners or properly labeled citizens? He wanted to know, because in the first case he would cheer and in the second maybe mourn.

“Only a jeering guffaw, an ugly sardonic laughter was still hanging around the desolate place. The grim echoes resounded under the metallic vault of the sky when the first unwary wayfarer kept coming fast to the monstrous sign...” — said the bard, paying no heed to the interloper.

—Listen to us, baby, in deep melancholy sunk — another hooligan blundered.

“Said the sign: **Watch out, objects falling.** Only, the strange little verdant beings couldn’t read the lingo. Was it latin? It was.”

A flatulent dawdler, for long stewing the ingested booze, quit dozing suddenly, and glowed angrily, flipping up his gun. “I’ll mow down the whole litter of sonofbitches unless I’m told they are kosher bonafides certified verified pals of ours. All those oily mercenaries come in droves to fuck up our girls I hate ’em with all my might.”

“Shut up, sanctimonious residue from the turdy hirelings of yesteryear...” — another countered.

And the bard impavily went on: “Impervious to fear, all those simple-folk personages, each deeply involved in his or her occupational duties, still pushed forward, and upwards. Up there the castle was teetering on the brink of defeat, the throne itself was about to be catapulted, transformed into another oddly protruding projectile down the collapsing scree. The critic — a hyena given rather in excess to the spurious euphorias of mocking the efforts of her fellow citizens, wouldn’t stop jibbing as a feckless mule; her snide nature and unusual ill will afforded her no relief now. She was crying her head off, while nobody paid any attention. Scared shitless, she had been veering to and fro, until she’d found a perfect place to hide, spider-wrapped into the underpinnings of the seat of the throne. As if nobody were the wiser, she had been left in the lurch. And now she’d been launched through the airs with the object of her covetousness. (*What, the shitting ass of the lousy monarch...?* quipped another irresponsible oaf.) Our tell-tale finger points in awe at the flying seat of convoluted gerrymandering. There it falls, it smears itself (like tar and suet on a terrifying wound) on the lintel over the entrance of a hut. On an engraved shingle which sports, written in a rather flowery hand, a proud motto that says: **Here liveth a witch**. Maybe not the most ideal way to advertise one’s wares, but who knows, among hyenas, maybe that’s the ticket... Anyhow, out comes with her nitpicking harpoon at the ready the harpy, the crone, the fussy hussy...

“—Who the hell, she wants to know, does hinder the tinder?, for I think she was attempting to no avail to light up a fire in order to withstand the chill, for it was a windy day and the fire would easily scatter even indoors?...

“The wind was already spreading the ashes of the dead and burned. The answer was written in the lines the gusts drew. The answer to the billowing question: **Why, wha...y...y...?**

“But the witch didn’t need to read the lines of ashes in where the also billowing word **zero** was written an infinite number of times in innumerable eddies of dust and cinders. What she sold were precisely readings. Madame fortune-teller or Sister diviner and even Mother palmist-inspired, those were her self-attributed titles. Her clients preferred without a doubt somebody full of assurance for that kind of job. Although the number of clients she enjoyed on a regular basis was, I’m told, rather

small, it was her superb venture that those few that came to her door were in the main very faithful and reliable. Trustful and civil too by all means. They were not past rising to defend her name from the typical taunters and scoffers, even to the cost of putting their own physical well-being in jeopardy sometimes. More than a black eye had already put paid on the strenuous faces of those exceptional paladins so devoted and honorable as to stand firm on the forefront of her defense.

“Jackals and vixens of various stripes stodged for miles on end to come humbly to listen to her nefarious formulae. What attached and remarkable customers, in faith! And more during the chaos of the crisis period. As in today...?”

“In point of fact many of them were co-gossipers. After paying the witch, they stood put in order to remain in the loop, as it were. They would crouch together and shiveringly would lambast in hostile lucidity sundry and all not present. The cruel forfexes of their teeth and tongues would transform into nauseous chyle or else punching dough the highest and biggest blowholes whose political capacities eschewed them out to the exposed fore. Ah, the envy — such delicacy to be savored in ghastly sublimity. Nobody else is holier than thee when thou smashest in whispering whirlwinds the psoriatic paracletes. Nobody is nicer than thee if so meanly thou stochastically takest aim at the most encumberingly elevated and, after a bit of sciamachic shadow boxing, the glistening bullet or the abolishing fist clamorously does the sucker in. No fluke involved. Too pent-up, now you let loose and you wedge him one that otherwise would’ve smitten any other gigantic boulder used for chiliads as the bourn divided one world from the next. The world of excess from the one of dire dearth. No. Everything’s new now. The clarion call of counterrevolution rings true across the land infested with erst spurned phalanxes of remorseful nobodies, but instantly reborn into resilient head-severers, whose proclivities are bloody retaliatory indeed — too much resentment for too long stored, too much sentiment all a sudden restored. Particles of zeroes congealed into a congeries of thousands. No longer arguing, misallied allies. Guillotined, the pendulum plummeted — time hath no measure left. The interwoven collective puke mutinously billows forth from the deprived kitchens where only garbage was consumed. Shove off the hordes, with murderous intent, like swarms or better schools of hellbenders with flames in their bosoms and links of magnets on their goose-stepping ankles. Every damned spot a troublespot now, baby. Every worn out, fairly done for hyena, until today loath to even groom, shuffling about in shreds, cowering in despair or flinching at the most trifling movement in the dead air, as if the hand of a wicked shadow loomed in punching disproof or in neck-slicing hatred..., now lo, how greedy for action, how amenable to join the verdant forlorn-hopers in front; no longer petrified parodies with the gait of doves and covered with rags and centos of flaws, so nervous that each of them had already half gnawed off his own balls, now they’ve donned gruesome masks, and racy baubles

the women, and subtler poisoned canvasses the color of disease the werowances (**cappares**), and there they go, forward, happy as if to a junket, and not precisely to where thunders the onslaught, at last kings of the road.”

In fine what was the meaning of so much grotesque animality, En Tiberi wondered. What the guy related maybe had something to do with nuggets of what some people dubbed metaphysics — to wit, the realm of stuff beyond the perceived nitty-gritty of what one can confidently bring to the teller and bank as actually existent.

“A special vice the ectoplastic hyena had when alive was showing glee when something appeared misshapen or had been messed in any way, let us say by the elements (wind, rain, a twister, a tempest,) or even by nature itself — a runt of a tree or one that failed to grow straight or one that developed humps on its main branches..., a bird born with one of its wings somewhat shorter or with its beak full of teeth... A woman barren, a cowardly man, a bard, a pharmacist... Then her sneaky tee-hee, or neck-twisting chuckle, or her savage scream of a laugh, or yet her sarcastic guffaw, whatever form of displaced mockery she chose to apply on this particular instance from her extensive repertory of teasing and offensive signatures to her own despicable remarks, always managed in its exaggeration and brazen untowardness to put off even the more idiotic animals of her entourage.”

En Tiberi looked around the theater. The bottles of booze on the shelves looked back at him, bewitchingly, with eyes of many gaudy, dazzling colors. They had all been widely solicited and obviously proud of it. Except for a tenaciously pathetic shelf-sitter. Nobody wanted to drink off it. Was it maybe a purgative, or on the contrary an antidiarrheal only a self-shitter would dare ask for...?

That was a more profound quandary than the one that befell the ectoplasmic hyena, En Tiberi decided. He got up, but the crowd was thick around him. The bard had them all in a spell now...

En Tiberi managed to reach the rear door, pushed hard and went outside. He's intention had been to reenter the theater by way of the front door and then approach the shelves, which were near the entrance, far from the stage, which stood at the bottom. But now he had to pass through the backyard, a flat dark reeking place where people exited to void their bowels or bladders, and here he got waylaid.

Never knew what hit him. When he woke up there was not a glimmer in sight. From heaven came no aid, no curious phenomenon, as elmo's fire for instance, no commotion of coruscating planets, nor the least moonshine. Down to earth, meanwhile, only some small verdant or phosphorescent critters seemed to rummage around the dismal esplanade, or else it happened that his eyes were

seeing wanton lights or his brains were still trying to mend their damaged electricity. He was lost in a waste land of hard excrement and smoldering coals, and sizzling vipers, and radioactive or highly infectious dark blobs, swimming in sulfur and sludge, everything brown and black and the rusted color of shit.

Slowly he recognized the place, rediscovered the lines of the houses demarcating the jakes he was encased in. Now he had to manage to emerge from the inimical territory. He was walking like a lubber, haltingly and slipping in begrudging turd turbidity. The concussion had opened vistas of his past lives, while obliterating the harder facts of the present one. He didn't really remember who he was. Was he again one of those pugilist children who even when a decree demanding their extinction was publicly read kept on playing...? Yes, he was, as the mothers, overcome with rabbit fear, pulled them underground. All those racist mafia types risen to positions of prominence trying to kill off the forbidden offspring. And in the subterranean passages all those rushed guys hiding secret moneys with weapons at the fore, wanting to subdue the witnesses, to blind them at the very least. But he's no chain link, he's the shiny cameo all the fucking links try to hold on to. He can perform great feats of endurance, stark deeds of heroism. He's no longer the **marmessor passerell** (the fledgling executor of the race's will,) he's grown into a superenforcer, the feoffor of liberty to all the timid quacking feoffees, mostly mothers inextricable enmeshed in the self-closing fetters of panic — where the more you fidget the tighter the irons set. He had celestial flashes of insight. He knew he was the one. Came unscathed out of the penetralia of the pagoda of all mysteries and imbued with a clean-cut purpose. He walked up to the dais (disguised with the livery of the drudge,) and shot the lying truthsayer, tawdry depraved mongrel whose hortatory obfuscations about hyenas and other cheap predators only protracted the contemporary chaos. Who needs to condescend to brutes, to flesh eaters and blind adepts at carnal pleasure as examples to human permanence...? Everything will improve with my stabilizing balancing. No flesh, no brutality, no carnality. The abiding vitality equilibrates itself with the long pined-for rest of eternity. The sedate, sexless devout atone for the sins of the lavishers, the profligate and the assertive — **and contrariwise**. The passions are curbed with the vivid example posited by the well-being attained by the affectively equidistant, hovering in bliss at the other end, in the summits adrift among the benign clouds. When the despaired lie weltering in lienal goo, lo, the vitalists enjoying their roses (pink sphincters) and wines. When the besotted lie wallowing in dysentery, lo upstairs how healthy the abstainers... And so on. Always the looming harmony of the opposite. Who the fuck needs animals other than for the natural observation of their unexemplary, quite amusing high jinks...? They seem reasonable enough and of a sudden they are so brusquely grotesque. They are all tarnished predigested clay. Nothing so moldable, malleable, perfectible as we, the bettering mirrors of ourselves.

The bettering mirrors — that brought into his recuperating mind the bottles on the shelves in front of the wall-mirror inside the theater house.

And then he realized: the shelf-sitter was the self-shitter. The fat slob of his ex-wife's brother. Always naked about the house and on the yards, unable (and unwilling) to move other than as a lumbering quadruped. Anyway, he couldn't have walked straight even if he would've wished to. Too much weight to carry on his monstrous stomach. And then his compulsive masturbations. His cock protruding nonetheless (big enough to emerge from all the blubber) (to the awed salivation of most women) and he then coming on top of whatever he happened to have in front. A book, a meal, a tool, a mirror, herbs, a dissected owl — wisdom spoiled. Never enough time to manage to make it to the jakes. Always beshitting himself. Taking him once in a wheelbarrow. Carrying him to the fair, not to show him as a freak, but to show him how vitally people could live. The jugglers, the minstrels, the acrobats. And then having to park him in derelict space, on the unsteady verge, just above the precipice. He would have been stoned by the mob. Such a stink, beshitted, masturbating. En Tiberi went into the ramshackle, badly propped house, a church of sorts. The priest is such a saintly man. Praises to heaven the filthy blob, enthuses about his possibilities of redemption... If only he could tinker a little while with him...! En Tiberi said: But only with his brother-in-law's acquiescence, of course. He talked to the grubby splotch, he was still alive. The priest wants your permission to celebrate on your body his saving ministrations. On my dead body, he says, and threatens to throw himself into the abyss. The priest says anyway that he loves your ideas about the benefits of overindulgence, even if they are diametrically opposite to his own of extreme penance and deprivation. But that you'd thoroughly enjoy them if applied with passion. That passion redeems any vice. Actually evaginates it, flips it in reverse somehow, makes a virtue of it, and so on...? Maybe you want to talk to him...? He accepted the priest's visit. En Tiberi saw it all, amazed, at a distance, from a tall booth where **auques** (blindmen's picture stories) were sold. Always a sucker for a good story. They embraced with passion alright, the two of them at last hot winners. Each of them redeemed in the other's passion, falling to mutual elision down the chasm. En Tiberi came back home empty. Just the light wheelbarrow. No picture stories either, too expensive and worthless those left. The well-priced and the witty or amusing gone from the beginning. Too late arriving with the dead weight of his wife's portly unportable brother whose body lay at the unfathomable bottom of the jagged cliff — the food of a pack of non too critical hyenas, probably.

2.03.2005

Last but nine:

Last but nine:

Sycophants afield

...that's how it happened; he was walking by night, a little bit tipsy, trying to get from the tavern back home and, out of a window a statuette suddenly flew out, only to crash on the center of the alley, and missing him only by inches, of course.

En Tiberi picked the object up. It was as I've already stated a statuette. Badly chipped now, due to the fall. It showed a good-luck dragon, sticky, happy, holding a ball, maybe the world. Mentally, En Tiberi marked the house and the window from where the dragon had flown. Then he hurried home.

By a taper's light, he saw that the stickiness at the statuette's foot was blood; with the blood a few black hairs and even patches of scalp seemed extant — maybe proof that with the statuette (of a milky green jade, perfectly polished where unscathed) somebody's skull had been cracked?

In the morning, in fake nonchalance, maybe even whistling, he passed along the same alley where the occurrence had taken place. He realized the window in question belonged to the house of the renowned miniaturist (and no less celebrated wittol) En Tòfol Nàpols, whose wife N'Arsinoe was a massive beauty, with the imposing airs of a dominatrix, a disciplinarian goddess practically, well-known in all circles — even the churches' — to indulge in chained fornication almost daily, but who wouldn't forgive her? — the chosen too enthused and grateful to ever betray her, even the winking priests (both the pious and the fuckers,) at whose paintings and sculptures (of her as the idol virgin they adored) they all, and that daily, at the very least genuflected and kowtowed, too awed both by her eerie beauty and her skills both at sacred and worldly disputation (including most notably chemistry) — for N'Arsinoe, of course, was also a woman of letters, a stylist, the writer in fact of every edict (veiled or manifest) the city elders cared to divulged in placards, pasquinades and other wild recitations by the town crier.

No matter, the point was that either N'Arsinoe Nàpols had done away with En Tòfol (and had hoodwinked a lover to get rid of the corpse) or vice versa (in which case

the miniaturist, with no strong lovers to be able to count as one of his strong points, still had to deal with the idolaters' body of spiritual matter, namely his sculptural, rather gigantic wife, and it wouldn't be by using her as pigments for his miniatures that he could use her away any time soon.) Anyway, that's what En Tiberi did: he knocked downstairs, opened the heavy door and climbed the stairs up till the notable couple's floor, where their quarters were, at which door he also knocked with the same answer as before: none. That's why he climbed one floor more, to Tòfol's studio. There, upon knocking, somebody opened.

And indeed it was nobody he had expected it would. For it was N'Anna, N'Arsinoe's mom, who opened wide the door.

—Well, here you are again, the simply copacetic older woman said.

For a fact, Anna and Tiberi together again, what phantasmagoria invented by a miniaturist of wild leanings, a caricaturist at heart, as En Tòfol undoubtedly was!

—The last person on earth I thought I might meet behind that door, lamely En Tiberi, for once taken short, stammered.

—Well, make yourself at home.

—I came to see my friend the exquisite painter?

—Went to the fair with Arsinoe, trying to sell some **little** pictures, you know.

—Indeed. They went yesterday? This morning?

—A week ago or so.

—A week ago or so!

—She put her dandiprat in one of her pockets and out they went. With the humpback coal-dealer's cart, the fellow's loaned them the more or less eluted, washed down carriage, you may imagine in exchange of which kind of favors.

—Hem. 'Tis true Tòfol's not big as bodies go, but his mind and his skill tower over, eh...

—Not big! He's a Tom Thumb (**un Patufet**), big as a pestle in a mortar, as a pawn on the chessboard... The forked creep's not bigger'n the woodie of most of Arsinoe's wooers.

—Well, of course, I wouldn't know...

—Even than yours.

—Mine?

—A fistmele and a half (**xem i mig.**)

—You remember well... I'm touched. A less deft doxy might maybe have scorned to keep in mind for so long such a paltry, useless item. In the realm of blandest foods available, it must not qualify as even palatable. But anyway, the guy's small, you are right.

—The guy's a fart.

—Or, let's say, a latent homo, and... And... And as big as a lucky dragon's statuette...

— En Tiberi thought that the long-prepared punch had landed squarely in her staggered plexus, or as the pliant sallow lands on the naked butt of a cute schoolboy.

—A what?

En Tiberi thought he perceived a shift of unquiet, an inchoate careening towards a mental abyss in the beautiful woman's lineaments. Following his loaded silence, it was her turn to stammer. As all firebrands are devilishly scared when left alone in front of danger, her face also swelled, as if suddenly shot with paraffin. Her eyes woefully bled. She couldn't any longer squelch her feelings of agony. Raked by chest pains. Her heart fought at squeezing and unballing itself, but, try as may, could draw no blood. The woman was in the tightening grip of mortal horror. "We've spawn another Satan, a female one, a she-Satan, for a worse virulence still..." She finally spurted.

—**We...?** En Tiberi was taken aback.

—N'Arsinoe is your daughter.

"You lie," En Tiberi, rather irked, wanted to retort. But he felt immensely proud of even to be thought the dad of such a magnificent specimen, the urbi-et-orbi goddess of the times, worshipped at home and abroad. The one who at every fair invariably managed to sell the entire production of his crappy husband's crummy "art." And also, moreover, in addition, besides... it was true that he and Anna... twenty years ago...

There was no dearth now of mutual, consoling patting. Petting galore. They had fallen into each other's arms. And then, entangled, fallen atop the mattress on the floor, fraught with tiny masterpieces one just couldn't care less about.

And later came the slow, deliberate, delightful evocations. She was again contently granny knotting the strands of his hairs in a horned hairdo... As he recounted how still rankled in him the rumbles of war that long ago had separated them. Where were they this day...? Back from the suq. Loaded with booze and groceries. Walking to their neck of the woods, where the mayor's son shack stood, where they and their coterie met, where the philosophical orgies took place, in the buff, in nature, behind heavy curtains, and each of them became a shepherd or a little peasant girl, and everybody could put into play his silly, lickish foibles, and everybody was much obliged that he could. And then (suddenly! its cacophonous screeches!) that fatefully cornet of the town crier and the edict to war, where it was predicated that every able male had been drafted (the anorchous screamer said) willy-nilly into the army... And here is where En Tiberi flew, took to his heels covered only with a glaucous curtain. And where N'Anna remained, at the moment under three or four ithyphallic studs, exposed, and deaf to the shouts and dissonances of the hunched interloper.

—What are you drawing? — En Tiberi asked of En Tòfol when he opened his eyes and saw the midget leaning on a low table hard at his miniatures.

The artist didn't reply, probably too demanded by his task. En Tiberi got up from the run-down mattress where he had fallen asleep after bonking Anna and approached the table where painstakingly the miniaturist was at work.

“Are those numbers?” Annoyed, En Tòfol did a spate more of those. His paper was festering with them already, but he went on adding, he foisted on still plenty more of these pink squiggles, until the whole surface brimmed with them. Then, when the paper was full and not a single more squiggle could be squeezed in, he answered: “Ants” En Tiberi, very appreciative, nodded, but as an afterthought the artist amended: “Clitorises.”

“Oh, now I see... By the way, how did it go, at the fair...? Did you manage to sell all your images...”

“Yes. The most lurid zincs went first, of course. Those with harsh strict women teachers punishing the little girls. So exemplary, ok? They plant those on chapels and churches all over. One of those days they'll make a saint out of me, bringing all those people to the faith. For sure... But I'm fed up with the trade. All's going to pot.

Such shoddy business. Obsolete beliefs, nobody is duped any longer. So overlaid with fallacies. Soured on the lot, I am, and everybody is. Proselytizing demagogues, wanton gluttons, phony chanters of psalms, and under the soutanes they only think about the cordite on their balls. How best to explode and exploit.”

“Such melancholy. So impromptu. It couldn’t have overtaken you all that of a sudden... You must have been incubating it for a long time...”

“Can’t stomach it... I only go along because... Inertia, maybe. Nothing inspires me anymore. Unless is one of those wives that now and then still bowl me over; today one... First, almost mischievously, she hove to off the shallows of my derelict soul...”

“Been jilted again, that it?”

“On the contrary. Never been. I’m not you. But anyway I’m dejected, it’s true... I... I saw a murder, you know. I don’t think I’ll take this way again. This train can go on without me from now on. This road’s forbidden. I don’t believe I can ever again head this way...”

“Sorry if I sounded glib. It seems mightily grave...”

“I knew the woman. She would sit on a chair, or on the bare floor, near me, next stand to mine — I’m selling my art, she’s selling hers. Telluric, indestructible forces, overflowing from the quilts, the paper and rope patchworks, fearful stags sewn on reams of old bills, **old unpaid bills**, imagine the subversive nature of her art. I hear her sobbing. Courting attention, as always — first I thought. Everyone plain knew her thighs opened with such ease... She’s looking imploringly, her eyes ask for my help. We went to the makeshift chapel almost simultaneously. Our hands met on the door knob. Instant attraction. We want each other furiously. The stimuli makes us pour. Only coition could reconcile such climaxing excitement. Jump away as if forcefully plied open the hasps of the coffins that encaged our budding, bubbling little sexual pips. We are embracing in a corner, man, not far from where the peasants are confessing their innocuous secrets, all their venial sins of buggery... So horny everyone, long waiting for the fair... Playing possum for the big day... Shriven in order to be able to freely fill up the sheet again. The preachers, their throats brimming with slurs, and hatred for other peoples and religions, and explaining in their bizarre, animated lectures how-tos about torture and rape; and all those professional whores, depraved decoys, with the pardoners as pimps, afterwards selling the indulgences, but first inveigling the unwary: *She’s all healthy, virginal, a goddess, the best*. Soot on their livid, bedizened countenances. Hiding the bleak illnesses. The snoods, the girdles, the frayed petticoats enticing the denizens from the lowest rungs. Their savings gone on diseased cunt. And she and I

looking for a place beyond, maybe behind a bole in the woods. But here comes her man. He's drunk and he's armed with a long shiv. She screams in fear, in the presence of the slaving priests, drooling babies, nursing with their gums their erectile thumbs. What a jolly show. But now the barbarian husband shouts louder. *She's damaged goods! She comes back home and her asshole has scaffoldings, ziggurats of ruptured veins. And her thighs are hell maps of bruises. And her knees and back are bleeding, and her siphonophagous mouth's distorted with so many hoses she's unstuck. I'll kill her!* Why not, urge the priests, too busy now under their soutanes. But I intervene. I climb a box and deliver myself of a deep-felt paeon to the loose but divine, charitable, generous woman. She's never damaged goods. She's just a nice woman back from some god-conferred pleasure. In a few days her scabs on elbows, knees, small of her back, will heal and fall, and the skin will be again new. And the tiny, precious buttonhole of her asshole will again be well darned and whole, a little tiny naughty eyelet, and all's well and back and rosy as it had been before, no blacks and blues, nor bruises nor swellings, all as new... But in anger he comes, and under the applause of the mob, his shiv pierces her liver, and her spleen and her heart."

"Poor Tòfol!"

"Now arrive the lecherous sentries, chewing their festics, fudging with their crotches, at a leisurely pace, down from their trestles where the whole spectacle was better seen, and they mildly scold, blame the philanthropic husband (ridding the world of such a faithless wife,) but also taunt the cuckold, boast of having each of them fucked the bitch, to which the priests certify: Really, and such a hot broad, a regular cockpit (and slyly add: We only know because of her interminable, repetitious confessions, of course,) and I meekly retreat, gnawed by a new distress for which nobody's yet invented a balm..."

"What did Arsinoe do in the meantime, where was she when...?"

"Who?" Infuriated little guy. "You still with that shit? No respect for my grieving, is that it?"

Now En Tiberi was verily flabbergasted. The candle had been lit, but its light was spectral, phantasmagoric, yes. He took as witness the pale crescent beyond the pigeon cotes. He rescued from his pocket a copper coin, chewed on it — no marks. "Am I dead already...? I'm a-living in a parallel reality...?" Then he shrugged, noncommittally, smiling, or with a fair attempt to. "I always thought you two had married..." He finally said.

"You are so gullible, shit. (He dismissed, almost good-humoredly.) In Florence I

was taught to look fixedly at the birthing (not the fading) Sun; after a while, you look back at your canvass, and **un'oggetto appare sotto l'occhio** (he said in florentine,) an object appears under the eye **that wasn't there to begin with**. That's where and how Arsinoe was born.

“Never existed but on paper, on design, on canvass, on the artist's hallowed construct. In this miniaturized shape. In those myriad sacred stamps bought by millions and that have made us three (dear Tiberi, for you are as family) so immensely rich. She's the garish, ostentatious center of attention, she's the mother of all religious (and libidinous) sentiment. She's the one dreamed all over by every male. The mother, the wife, the daughter, the lover, the boss. Ideal, idealized. Fount of release, and peace, and softness and sweetness, and the enveloping resumption, revalidation of all-reshuffling death. She's the bestower of graces, and of the ultimate kiss of suave scattering. The pleasantest kiss. She's telling us good-night. And the body gratefully melts under her breath. She's death venturously disguised as the goddess that nicely accompanies us back to square nil. The queen of heavens and clouds. The Sun impersonated who smoothly blows on our ashes. Dispersed, gone to our personal heaven each of us. But when awake, we also love her. She's then our vague memory of perfection. We are drawn to her, all our cells craving her, erect. She's our only aim, a live statue of the woman of our dreams. Watch out here. She's also the virgin whore, my creation, the creation of the Sun fixedly stared at. Arsinoe. Whose fresh beauty carried to Anna's riper body; in all likelihood, the likenesses so neighborly as to cause the ubiquitous mistake. Anna and Arsinoe are the same woman — we share, though at different epochs, the same wife. We are the luckiest men alive. She's fucked half a world (the male half,) but only we two are certifiable as having had her according to the law. We are somehow immortals by her sake. All historians will have to say: Ah, yes, and the idolaters' cynosure had been married only twice, to a couple of artists, one of deception and false beliefs, the other of caricatural dross.”

—Arsinoe and Anna the same woman!

—There's no daughter of yours. Only in your dreams. As there is no wife, and no mother, and no lover of yours. Only in your dreams.

—But I fucked Anna twenty years ago.

—And who hasn't?

—She told me Arsinoe was the product of our... love?

—Exactly, the product of our love, our all-encompassing love!

She came back. She'd been downstairs in the kitchen, maybe.

"How's it going, boys?"

"Was telling him about the ideal phantom. The loved lover, wife, mother, daughter, and so on... We all love her, I said, because that's how the linking soul works. We are linked by the love of her aloft and so on."

"Quite. As I love god the father, the son, the lover, the husband... Or the husbands... Come here, you two."

As the she-wolf that nursed Romulus and Remus, she stamped to each one of her tits their gaping mouths. Couple of suckers, of course.

3.05.2007

2 rednecks asking for directions!

Committed to bumpfing it on.

So, that was it, I'm walking, and a short truck with two rednecks inside stop asking for directions to a house where something of a certain value might be in sale; I said that I might have heard about such an address but that I didn't think I rightly remembered offhand; maybe moseying on I would find it but out of the question inside a vehicle where I certainly would lose all sort of coordinates, that if they cared to wait there at the pumps' snack bar, I'd be with them in a little while telling them if I had found the house or not.

Actually it was easy to find: a spiffy mansion behind a grove with pecan trees. So I was going back to the pumps' cantina, when the rednecks'

truck was coming up the road against me; I made some signs with the paper on my hand. Even when they had bypassed me, they stopped and reluctantly it seems then backed up to where I stood, bathed in yellow dust. I said I had found the thing. They looked rather morose and pissed, brooding and spiky-egg-sitting, with some sort of grudge against me annoying as I say their shithole sphincters. I climbed into the rear of the cabin, and sat down. They continued their converse in total ignorance of me (inconspicuously ensconced at the background.) I had pointed toward where the house was, and now I never opened my mouth again. Their converse was fascinating if only when considered in its unaccountably high degree of stupidity. It seemed that some shitty princess from one of those little shitty states of shit with princesses still and shits like these, a princess in Asspain, was pregnant and nobody knew who the fuck the father was, the princess being nothing but another spic asspainish whore. But then the two rednecks, what would you know, there and then they solved the big problem for the rabid tabloids. Slowly, they arrived at the conclusion that only one of either of the two commoners more at hand during the critical period when the whore could had been impregnated, namely: the cupper or the kipper, could had been the culprit, the guilty party in fecundating the whore's stinky spawn. The kipper either being a mispronounced or badly spelled keeper or just a kipper-fisher or a kipper-canner, or both, or else who the hell knows, not me, being a fucking foreigner besides anyway, only that does it matter, no, I wouldn't think so either.

The point was at the end that only the kipper could be the engenderer, I mean, there it was, too obvious, at the bottom end of the upshot the kipper being the dad, for, get this, the cupper was in fact a woman disguised as a cup-bearer or what have you. And the confirmation of all this is in the letter U of cUpper, that shows a vaginal hollow, or plainly stated a cunt with all its back-hanging machinery; while the I in kIpper is a cock, and not only a cock but an erect straight-backed cock, and the punctuation at the tippy top of i the jizzm fiercely spurting, you bet.

Congratulations were in order. They were patting the backs of each other's vast powers of reasoning, I mean, actually banging each other's scruffs of the neck.

Hey, and with this we had arrived. They went through the main door while me I went again through the gardens behind. Soon I heard the truck going away again, with the two rednecks probably contrite, their tails, their crooked shrunken i's tucked inside their festering thighs, for having dared to go so much over their heads – and me meanwhile freely rummaging across the rich rooms; robbing nothing, mind you, cause I'm no robber; just a nosy quiet guy. Rounding a corner, some of the rich invitees even taking me for one of them, asking me to reach for some towels for those ladies at the pool's brim; and me complying graciously, you bet. Then I smelled the perfumes, I touched the diamonds; the tampaxes were pink and green: the green for the greenhorns, the virgins if any...? Who knows.

Spineless mole beholden to no one, whipping its way here and there, among the blushing spawn of the rich; since I've never been steeped in rancor for them or for that matter anyone else (I hold everyone in the same embers-like steady-fire contempt,) the orthodox liturgy I go through when meeting any of them, even in their tenderest years or even in their doddering old age, as with the rednecks, all being a matter of tact, they remain convinced that whoever penetrated their intimacy was a frayed dream of a little nondescript guy who would never recount their silly stinky cunt shenanigans to anyone anyway. (But maybe to some ass-wiping bumpf nobody'll ever read of course.) As if who would listen to him, let alone remember him or whatever the fuck he said, mostly in his native language: a mumble fleetingly elapsed. The yellowish waning fainting afterimage of a transient humming hobo bee...

As I exited, I did it through the front door, heavily guarded by German guards and slaving dogs. I greeted them with a another mumble of my own, in what they thought might have been German but was my native language: spoken now but by only a select minority of sneaky lizardly fuckers, indeed. And no one the wiser, not that it mattered a whit, then or now, I'd say.

3.04.2007

For my Verushka

Kam pènjon! (*a prose poem for my dear wife Vera Baratinsky*)

As we were getting out of the pub, with my wife already out of the door, talking to somebody, me still inside, a woman came to me with a lipstick on her hand. She'd been talking to my wife. Now she told me: "Here you are, a cocoa-cream lipstick... For your wife to fuck your ass with..."

I said: "*Kam pènjon!*" (which roughly translated means: "Let them hang me; for I can't believe I'm not the luckiest man alive!")

Smiling, I took the lip-rub, the chapstick of cocoa's fat, and went outside. Now I understood why they were laughing and looking toward my side, the woman and my wife, while I was there listening to the deadly boring explanations of a deadly bore about platonic ideas and the inter-atomic sub-particles... They were talking about me and my

delicious pseudo-perversions.

As we were walking home from the pub, I said to my wife: “Look what your friend gave us.”

She laughed. “I told her how you lately like it for me to fuck your ass with one or two of my fingers, and how your asshole suffers so from the friction of my nails, while I mutter into your ear how my lovers can fuck me for real in the ass (something you’ve never been and never will be allowed to do,) and how they talk filthy to me while they do, the nasty insults they hurtle at my head while with their big pricks (five or six times bigger than the little shit you call a prick) they hurt my ass, and how I enjoy their fucking though they hurt me, and how you enjoy my fucking and my repeating to you the repulsive abuse they throw at me: *You like this, don’t you, you fucking whore...? I’m gonna fuck your shit out of your eyes; you are nothing but a sorry twat eager to be fucked; I bet this little shit you call your husband would love to see you now, swallowing my come till it comes out of your ears, you disgusting bitch; what a dreamt bounty for the cuckquean.....*, you know, and so on.”

My ears were all red. I was so proud of her. And the woman in the pub (how deluded) pitying me (I hope she tells about my enviable plight to as many of her friends as she can.) Nothing excites me more than my wife’s wild teasings. I was fumbling with my tiny appendage through a pocket of my roomy pants... She’s so masterful in dealing with me, I’m her puppet, her marionette, the strings limp as my wrists... Me following willy-nilly, at a distance, the strings never so taut: she never pulling me nearer than a mile when she’s in action, not wanting my impertinence to sidetrack her target-centered pleasure... And yet, she knows, over there I’m her lap-doggie splattering with eager saliva at the mile limit (or more when she travels abroad,) waiting, at her blessed head-bursting return, for the mistress to let drop a drop of her delicious crumbs as they crumble from her overfilled quim or the tiny panties soaked... I’m panting after her stretched holes... I love her smell indeed as she comes back from another tryst, her panties a source of bliss while

she snores upstairs and I'm rummaging in the hamper where she's tossed the underwear upon arrival... Ah, and all those months that she doesn't allow me to put the cuckoo cocky anywhere near her, while her holes are all aflame with the fucking of her vigorous fuckers... But then... The great reward. All of a sudden, as is happening this last week or so, she becomes so charitable, and for instance, as nowadays, she seems to enjoy fucking my asshole with her sharp nails, and deigns to repeat what the fuckers tell her, and how together they occasionally laugh at me...!

She was a bit tipsy tonight. She wanted to go to see some cinema; the three o'clock a.m. session down on the village. We fell asleep on the seats. The music was deafening. The voices carried into our dreams. At five something we were out. Dawn had broken and we were still walking upon the park, a slope it was, full of brush and bushes; I found a drinking pumpkin made of green plastic, with suckers all around the sphere, same sort of sucker you find on the legs of a giant octopus. What we called a gurdy (assuming that the hurdy was the "handle" and the gurdy the "pan" o "pumpkin.") I sniffed inside. I said: "Ugh, the smell! Wouldn't drink that for anything in the world; who knows who's pissed inside..." But then I remembered how I always pestered her when she was just back from some lovers' tryst, begging that she let me drink the dripping jizzm from her twat or her ass, before she went to wash it off at the bathtub, and how she always refused me. So I tried a little blackmailing then: "Unless you let me suck the come from your asshole next time you come back from a fuck with so-and-so, I'm going to take a sip of this..." And I held the pouring tip of the gurdy to my lips. She knocked the gurdy off my lips with a slap. She said, enthusing: "Look at the landscape of the sky! The skyscape, yes... You remember the film...? That wide sky with the spread of spare clouds...? Look now how it interlocks with the actual sky we see from atop here...!"

Panoramic, the semicircle of the sky seen in the film, could be found now here, as if superposed over the actual sky, with the other half provided by the actual sky, as I say, finishing the circle. I was amazed. How do they do that...? All those men, such great technicians! That's why they are so cocky, so confident; they know how things work, the sky, the cinema, the world, and their pricks are commensurate to their

knowledge and savoir-vivre, and that allows them to fuck around, the wives of the deprived chiefly. What do I know about how to do anything...? My cocky is terribly small, my knowledge nil, my technical prowess a blot on any echt engineer's diploma. Of course my wife fucks around, of course she hardly allows me to smell her twat when she's had her fill outside. What's a poet good for, worth at...? I said: "There they intersect, the two skies! I've discovered the seams. Over there, the cut on the right, just perpendicular down the magnolia tree: see how the big pale pink flowers at one side and the other of the intersecting line don't rightly fit...? And to the left, the long falling live iron of the thunderbolt, how it twists at one side and the other of the overlaying line in a wrong pattern, the elbows all askew, as belonging to different remote storms...?"

She said: "Boy, are you full of shit."

We had all Sunday before us. I cooked us a hearty lunch, while she had a shower and a nap. I was stirring the ratatouille, and started thinking about that chemical oddity: the spontaneous combustion.

At lunch I was asking her: "Spontaneous combustion, you know. What do you think causes it? Which kind of mishmash howler must provoke it: a clash of which chemicals, you know?"

She sent me a withering stare. I knew she was in a bad mood. Better to shut up. No sex today, no nails up my asshole, no endearing words from her abusive males re-laid to my eager ear. I turned into a maggot. I went into the zombie mode, assuming my robotic situation, a matchstick figure walking to the gallows. I washed the dishes. I spread plenty of foamy antiseptic upon the rugs. I gawked at the birds on the yard with my pirate's spyglass.

I heard the phone. I waited. She was in the bathroom. I picked up the device. The voice of a man, a lover. “Is she home...?”

–Certainly, sir. A second, please.

–Give her a message. So-and-so is waiting for her at Bla-bla street. She knows.

–Ok, thank you, sir; no fear, I will, sir, thank you.

She was glad when I told her. In fascination, I looked at her getting dressed and painted for her lover. I was fumbling with my pesky midget across the threadbare lining of a pocket.

That was the rest of my day. Fumbling and dreaming. Waiting for the early hours of tomorrow, when she’d be back, so exhausted.

There were the poems building themselves in my mind. The fluttering lines... I took a paper. I wrote some of them down.

–Assuage with the pomade of your tongue the fistulae in her asshole.

(The pomade of your tongue, the words of the poem...?)

–Clearwings kittled the cullions of the corpse.

(I picture myself dead and the ash of her lovers' cigarettes falling on my exposed penitralia: so insignificant, so laughable, and now deservedly burned...?)

–Slimy weave... Woven like lace from her asshole, splendid rivulet of his semen.

(My tongue a snake's, rehearsing the words of the poem in honor of their love...?)

(. . .)

I had dozed off in the middle of the poem, its embryonic state looming as another child in the womb of my wife – whose that time...? And bound for adoption by whom...? Hm.

(. . .)

[last chance in my life to see them win

and they blew it.

they fucked it.

oh ah.

no appearance in the annals

no show even in tomorrow's tv:

they would let dangle this bit from the program.

my old playful wife saying again and then again:

“well, they fucked up

they really did.”

last chance for them to appear in a program

our grandchildren as the starters

and...

“they fucked up, fucked up...”

her voice trailing,

and then everybody’s;

the whole public joking on the bleachers:

“they fucked up

fucked up, fucked up...”

so that now the whole hour of the program

was precisely that:

the whole stadium shouting “fucked up, fucked up...”

no use delaying the program,

nor eating just a fragment off it,

for the entire program was such a kirmess
of fucked up wallowing.

that was the fun
until the end of the hour
of the swimming championship
where our grandsons swam
so badly, oh, so badly
so badly, though
a disaster.]

(...)

What was that...? My dream. Something to do with all those wasted
spermatozoa...? Each with a face, each its temperament, each a
biography...?

The night fell on my head. I was haunted by my customary spirits – the
grotesque devils that you can only see during that dark interregnum
that bridges sleep and fright. Stochastically dancing, those shady
monsters, on the inner wall of your lids. Or worse: on the walls of your
pitch dark room, with your eyes feverishly opened, your pupils
penetrating like sharp spikes the utter darkness until they crash into
their misshapen suddenly lit forms performing their sick
shenanigans...

I screamed no, no. I called my mom, my mom.

It was Monday morning already. My wife, whipping herself up and down, dressing for work, letting some florid oaths fly by.

–Dear, I’ll do your breakfast. Baloney and cheese...?

–No time for that. My plane’s in an hour.

A week later, she told me that, among the crowd of her lovers (for she also imitated the manners of Faustina,) she had found a man so well endowed that...

Despondently I said: “Can’t compete with those guys.”

She said: “Would you believe it? In the cold of the winter night, the guy complains about the quality of the bed – sheets and mattress – about some clothes or stuff bunched together, anaphrodisiac bumps, he calls ‘em... A bit disappointed, he is.”

I said: “Which guy was this guy...?” (for I didn’t know there was a new one.)

She said: “Oh, nobody; one I knew at the convention. He wants us maybe to hitch up together.”

I thought: *Married away*...? I shriveled altogether inside my clothes. Such an insurmountable bereavement I was the victim of.

I said: "Insurmountable odds. Can't compete with such gifted specimens. I know I'm a poor substitute, but... who else would serve you so well as a simple scansorial implement, and as a contubernial comrade, and as..."

A defiant flash in her eyes. I crouched: "You don't want to hit a nun!" (Only that she probably did, as who wouldn't.)

I was jealous of him. No for his cock, for I loved his cock. But his flair, his fluidity in dealing with the public. "He's another James Bond," she had said, under his spell.

The injurious rays of the silent tv, the smoke, the clop-clop of the horses' hooves... I felt dizzy. "Will you have the house de-polluted from me with a high-powered hose...?"

She said: "What?"

—Sorry, the poison of me, I meant, not really the pollution, if the word incommodes you...

I saw behind her the frames of the two gigantic doors leading to the

temple of nothingness: it was one of those types of temples you find sometimes in the middle of nowhere. You climb up there, and there you remain for moths, in a space not wider than your body, flat on the lintel of the stone door; you eat the grubs and the insects that crawl around the ivies and the mosses, and you drink the water of the rain that gathers in the depressions of the stone...

How are those monks or buddhist in Nepal called...? Wouldn't it be fine to be one of them? Oh, see... Here I come, to the stand in the bazaar, a hot bishop at 87, selecting chocolate bars with his daughter and friends; affably buying tigernuts at a booth in a fair; neither bloodied nor hooded, chewing gum not grit, subdued, at peace, unhurt, rebounding beautifully.

A sampler of twats. As long ago, of yore, his wife-that-was also happened to be such a sampler of cocks. He's done well in the publishing world of Nepal and thereabouts, he's the editor in chief, the bishop who nihil-obstats the full amount of stuff comes to the offices of "*The Gyneco-Religionist*" – a specialized magazine – "*All About Cunts*." How the quims stack up against each other. All types and lasts and shapes. A triumph at the newsstand: plenty of oafs leafing at the numbers: stammering approval; their lengthy, delighted oinks inarticulately speaking of unequaled success; thronged, spellbound, seething herds oiling their rusted articulations, dusting the cobwebs off their soaring eyes... How well one feels doing good!

That's it, quit dreaming... No more the handle of her to hold on... Gone the cushion of your legal wife to fall on... She bailing you out every time... In front of the immigration officers... In front of the thugs at the borders... "Ma'am, are you sure *that* is your husband? How could such a classy beautiful lady as yourself show such poor judgment in the choosing of one's mate...?" I'll have to find a real job; the jig is up.

“Well, sir, your honor,” I’m telling the judge, “you see, is like that; though I am not a homosexual, that’s what I’ve become by dint of a major force, if you get my drift, your honor... Now I’m one of those well-intentioned nice boys who suck cocks for the photos and the films; some of us instead have to give blood for money, your honor; you earn your life with what your capacities and what your circumstances decree; there I am, all agape, and when the jig is up I’m down on him; he discharges profusely (in the capacious vagina of my mouth no less); taking milk beats giving blood, your honor, at least accordingly to my admittedly scant wits; they love, all those oafs leafing through the magazines, all those oafs at the picture show house, they love indeed all those milky sperms, or semina, streaming from one’s mouth. So poetical, it seems...”

“No, my honor, no!” But he throws me to the dogs.

Here I go, out again, a writer beaten up, who nonetheless vows to continue writing in the sky his quaint novel about key personages (supreme judges and such) in key positions across the teaming cities of the east coast – with their tacky flavors, pleasures, exotic dubious gleams, revealed – roman à clef where as soon as the larcenists’ crimes occur, they are written up in a sky language – only the initiates can comprehend its intricacies – no projected letters, just fake clouds stuck with words, later released up to the welkins... Released in all their lambent, lambasting intensity. Everybody with a knowledge of the rules of skywriting can read the exploding balloons filled with sundry stinging revelations – the exploit of the writer in his prompt cloud-sending is also lauded universally to the skies (by the common people, of course.) The sky’s the target for the eyes of those that want to have a handle on what’s what. Its letters a boon – a bedazzling miracle indeed. And now we really realize what’s happening – (everyone is saying) who’s shafting us, and how.

In the throes of guilt, my guts tainted with the bullet lead of ubermensch impunity..., in the guts of the quilt, my throes, as I

bemoan, and croak and groan, stabbed by the self-punishment I'm shoehorning into my soul, for how could I be so callous as to... No; even Hercules yields to odds. How could I go against the world...? I submit. I apologize to all and sundry, my honor, I take back each of my inhumane stings... All in a knot, pleading in bulk, pledging my oath... Never to be again so self-derivative...?

And she, meanwhile...? After marrying that successful sadist of a creep; damned impostor; not a puppet, a puppeteer. Slapped, unfree... At home, taking care of the kids, wiping the floors... The girdle stained with indelible blots... Where have all those hot big shots available at every homely trip and every convention abroad gone...? All those James Bonds with their cock at the ready for thee...? Au contraire... Contrary squalls. And with the cold breath of time at the tattered sails of her large, long skirted behind... Alas, now she is a frail grandmother propped with a cane, as a scrawny crane on a high branch: "Sit here and don't move, granny;" but she leans, she falls, she splashes... She's down and no one near. And here's the gray roof of the sky falling on her. Those darned inventions of those young damned Chinese scientists! With a machine to lower ceilings, they've done it, reached for the stars; reach all you want and then pull back, yes, shit, and what do you get...? All the spiders, hanging, teetering, titillating on your head, millions of them – the shouting, the terror...! The immobility from the paralyzing fright: the attack en masse from the hairy beasties... Your neck under duress, torticollis; your plight wrongly pegged; your haggard, worn out, nagged arm groping in the emptiness, flinching from a nefarious lump of... What's that! It's that my molten hip...? Feels more like a big turd. Age's lamed me, it always hurts like the devil... Woe is me, so low and deep I've fallen, without him, my prop, never malapropping, haven't I...?

And the old house, vacated by the old dame... Who would now buy such a shit? Everything disguised as working and moderately clean, but once you start digging into the grime, worse grime appears, and nothing works: the faucets once opened don't ever shut again, the fetid sink hole is stuck, the shelves fall all over, there are mummies of little boys crammed into the recesses of complaining closets; all those mummies never went to school, they have been sleeping all those decades in filth,

with rats and cockroaches; poor mummy boys, never could wash, unless the flooding filthy waters soaked everything; could never have breakfast, with the shelves all collapsed, the food splattered on the floor, feed, fodder and bait for the toothy rodents and the chortling coleopterans...

Let instead the house burn – like next hotel – vacationing, conventioning – trying the photo booth for the elevator – whacking the buttons to no avail – the floor boy telling you: “It’s the photo booth, ma’am, sir.”

–Fuck, you are right, and we two adulterous galoots taking the flimsy contraption for a fucking lift!

Frustration circling the swamp of your rotting relationship like a hawk in no conciliatory mood.

–Sorry, I’m frightfully superstitious today. Where’s the throne? I have to eschew therein my backbone, the backbone with which once, long ago, I thrive; indeed, I once thought it was even sprouting wings...

Was I crying? Indeed, shut in the bathroom downstairs, bawling my eyes out, sobbing into the startled trite specters of my utterly depressed handkerchiefs.

Ah, on the wavy meadows above the hills, a quasi silent congregation of all the inhabitants of the surrounding towns – the girls to identify the molesters – I know I’m bound to be one of the fingered; doomed to be shown out – I must smile during the whole of the proceedings, I must

put myself as one of the many, incognito, another nobody, mixed among people of my own complexion and style, confidently to the fore, a body is as good as the next, and what the fuck know the silly brainless girls anyway...? Harsh I must become, obscene, specious. Void of angst. Tough as another of those gangsters dare fuck the bourgeois women, and kill the pleading craven husbands into the bargain. Undiscovered ever, were it not even for a gangrel body who has nothing to lose and talks...

So I called one of my goats to me, for I knew them all, and milked her into a wooden bowl. Ah, to swim in milk, like a champion fly...!

I remembered, didn't I, how I found my wife's whole family rummaging in my room; at first I was sympathizing, friendly enough... But then I ordered them all out; what if the wife had a tumor...? Her gangrel body, yes! Her gangrel body of a gangrenous body aching and hurting all over – she'd mowed my garden to bold places – and left naught – all my odorous plants dead or razed... But she had nobody but me to care for her oozing wounds... Who but me with my artistic taste could chose a better wig for her bald scabby skull...? The fashion in hair topics at the time had to be observed, and to top it all what if it happened to be something as weird as having one's hairs in shags thrown behind, and, on top of the head, a badly shaved half void, in tatters, as if mangy everyone...? Everybody looking repugnantly enough, and smelling hideously too, thanks to those fashionable perfumes...? Well, who better then than me to chose, as I say, with my poetic nose...?

It was me now who rummaged their chambers. I have the old pictures of your mother spread-eagled. Who took them? Either your father, or a previous lover, or the fake agent who pretended she had actress or model potential, of whom she always spoke dreamily afterwards, saying (ever I heard it) that carrying you as a fucking fetus marred her figure for ever more...?

A pall of purple suddenly fell, engulfing everything; the little bits of wan dough-people melted in the unwieldy murk. Afraid to the core, I was shouting for my mother.

My wife forced the door.

Top citizen of earth, emeritus meritorious shapely one, daughter of god, immune to the frothing glitches beleaguer us commoners, mired in dread. Bestow on this finicky flunkey a modicum of circumspection, so that he'll be able at least to beseech thee with his obnoxious dull verbosity stilled somehow... Would that I could add some interwoven songs of the linnet withal...!

And forthwith I acted, I compelled my abject woes to meekly be dislodged from the festering corners of my mouth.

She said: "What's that?"

I said: "A charnel-house habitué hasn't seen more horrors than I saw during those two last nights that your were conventionneering in frozen Geneva. In ravenous dearth of tepid company, I rattled like the dying snake of my strangulated neck."

—Your what?

—Are you gonna marry this enormously endowed guy...? Are you tossing me into the inbred garbage cesspool of nevermore?

They laughed! They laughed, and I knew their quims were therefore soaking wet; women's quims humidify the more mightily the heartier the laugh – crying obtains the same result – the fact is I love it when they cry; the wilder the tear, the more productive the lovely vaginal secretions: all so mish-mashing, the cunt wet-tissimo, and the stewing, the taste, the smell!

Hamstrung witling, I smiled, my homespun ears a chintzy red, knitted in a motley of foolish tatters, stewing themselves, fuming with inklings of revelation, sworn to boomings and beyond, their edges nibbled by alternating squads of the heathen mice of friskiness. I'm a little naughty boy. My asshole itches, wants to be slaughtered by the grumpy nails of the crucifier, the punisher, the great fucker goddess herself.

She was showing me the cream of cocoa lipstick. Who'd be so damned daft as not taking the cue? I dug not in, but vividly I leapt and flew, my trousers down to my ankles.

–Coo-coo, Jack Cuckold; coo-coo, Jimmy Wittol, look what I've got...!

The magic wand from the pub fairy godmother shone enticingly from two of her strong long-nailed fingers. I was spying from a chink among the layers. I was buck naked, shrunken under the sheets.

She screamed: "Come this instant!"

And I almost came.

She said: “We might, I thought, be passing over the surface of your anus or some other far bizarrer smooth planet where sin had never alighted, and therefore no fucking redeemer, thank god, had to either.”

She repeated: “You like that, don’t you, fucking whore...?”

She said, more or less, or else is the poet in me slightly elaborating: “Indulge, my racy pet, in the smooth pleasures of this nutritious little dildo. Wince in lucid fondness at the vicarious ordeal for soon all your coy comfy universe will crumble into an outrageous cataclysm, and you’ll be ravished in whole pageant by the forked scepter of the aggressor – same, alas, as your poor virtuous wife does suffer daily the cocks cuntwise, and this most underhandedly, for when she feels best at ease and utterly and rhythmically contented, the steel crested cocks, without warning, turn evil and bristly, and pierce asswise, flanked in their savage attack by the foul thunder and fury of the blaspheming gigantic devils their lords, bent on mayhem, and who, as I was saying, fuck her hard they really do do, boy, and how!”

She said: “Does it hurt enough, greedy little shit? Is your cunt stretched as wide as it can get and more now...? Should we rake a little harder, filthy dirty whore, with the steely crests leering at the fore of our forked fingers, and cruelly bent on paining the fuck out of your non righteous rectum...?”

When out of smutty ideas, huskily I gave her pointers. My vocabulary being vaster.

Until, demurely, I only piped: “Ow, ow.” So gratefully.

5.26.2004

Ludmila am Apparat

1. Ludmila am Apparat

I must state at this point that, though I was born in Nebraska, my father (an apt and hardy counter-espionage agent decorated now both by the Sudan and Thailand with their highest orders,) shortly upon being appointed (I’m talking old days, alas,) to serve in the plains of old mother Africa, took it upon himself to reclaim me to his side when I was just a toothless calf if thou wilt, only aged, oh, at least between seven and eight, maybe more, and then something as traumatic again had just taken its you-bet-no-mat, unwelcome place in my unseasoned life.

Dudley Senior, my dad, now counselor so-called to the American legation, had assisted to one of those trustees’ trysts that often take place in the more exotic of sites where CIA-cum-NSA agents of stature dance with the more apothotic of the autochthons — daughters and wives to the chieftains mostly — and had decided he wanted the job. The farthest from my mom and her snatchings, her extortions and her character assassinations the finer, we guessed. For a while, I quit feeling like a tenuous cork continuously heeding, idiot-like, contradictory droughts. Son extraordinary to my powerful begetter, I leered at the days with the sad sore eyes of yore no more, but like a singular bird of paradise I peered rather at its fancied sylvan glories...

So, anyway, off to Africa. For to see the elephant, what. Meaning, my god, listen to the piss-a-bed pedant, are you fluent with idioms?... Meaning, then, the wriggling universe, of course. An excellent start, if not more. Later came the glitches — when you find yourself undersold — a piece of bunting refused, discarded on the burning sand?... And hugging the hindrances?... Hoping they’ll turn to smoke, like simple specters?... Why go on, everybody is aware that promises are bound to disappoint.

Be it as it may... What impressed me above all in that first alien environment was, behold — certainly the nightly cat-callings of these enormously stertorous and most

unwieldy beasts. Their squeals turned sparks in the frightened whirlpools of my wide-opened retinas. Oh boy, oh moy, how he trembled (Rimbaud) if, from fifty miles hence, already he heard (in lieu of the faint engendering scents of secret wayside blooms) the rutting behemoths whose cutting whines were thick as those of specious maelstroms.

“Some afreet on musth,” a tinier servant would rasp of an oppressive dour night, and would slither to a coign where he too’d smothered himself knotted into a clattering shell... Gone on a rampage across the market-place, outrageously ravaging the pawning and haggling stands where the cream of the population earned its porridge, the single Troy beast had belied a complete Hun horde.

Next morning even a sudden sneeze was sufficient to rout and dispel, all wheels at a gallop, to snigger removes, both the jittery rubberneckers and the forlorn, of further illusions just weaned, quite spilled, split merchants and lenders. The shame of their inconsequential race bestridden again under the dark, crudely browsing Sun: “Knee-jerking ants,” it must’ve thought, if at all, burning with arrogant indifference, what.

Foul nasty animals, screeching acromegalic mice, my nightmares were no longer ethereal incubi weighing down on my innocent chest. Now the flimsy mares were ponderous dragons. With it, consumption was taking its rotten mycelia across my lungs.

Soon everybody saw I was dying faster that could be remedied with the warlock’s potions both of aborigines and colonial doctors. Only new pure airs away from the stench of the curoms or the cureloms could still save my paltry infant life.

Turned off at puberty. Africa the skeletal cow-elephant, twenty-two months in thy womb. All was as it should’ve been. Yet, the same day I was due to embark toward the capital of my kingdom, namely New York, a high priest or his sicarius kidnapped me while I was napping, ensconced among my wrinkled luggage at the corrupted wharf on the edge of the lake, the river, or what.

The totem pole on which I saw myself tied as soon as my eyes opened resembled in my stupor those I had perceived strewn among the tasteless adornments of my parent’s home. (Parent, eh? My dad. There was there his woman too, a nuisance of a conceited romantic abnormality running around sheafed in a panoply of useless pendants, a woman Hemingwayan, senselessly fond of shooting ivory, of safaris — the whole killing caboodle elicits disgust on anybody cares at all for any of the other, nobler, less waste-making animals — those don’t put themselves on parade while on their destruction sprees, at least — fair game, all said and done, with all those

automatic submachine guns, what, gazelles, bushbucks, hippos, zebras, giraffes, the nicest, what, let's fold.) Those curved totems at home were smaller, though, a great deal so, and appeared, of course, carved on the teeth-shells, or tusks, of slaughtered... elephants?...

Hum. Was I the victim of a misled revenge intended originally to be wreaked upon the grown-ups of my family — supposedly those more responsible for their acts?... Was I the weaker link of a concatenation guilty of a crime I should have been against anyway would I've been privy to its commission in the first place?... In other words: Were they attacking me because my parents in their fortress were too strong, let's say impregnable?... I didn't know the answer to any of these then, and hardly do I now know much more. One thing is sure, though: I survived the ordeal, that first ordeal when I remained tied to the sacrificial totem-pole and couldn't hope indeed to continue alive once they folded, after they were done tinkering with me, their upside down newborn, what, frightful coven (akelarre, biterna, she emphasized) terrifyingly dealing with a deadly sick, morbidly dilated, ah, unarousable buck.

But, you see, an unexpected allied fellow came to both attempt to deliver, and then make a bit less complicated the quandary I appeared to have been thrown into, by both explaining the situation, and, first thing more important under the circumstances, by proceeding, with a sharp fast knife, to slash onto the cables that by then had my wrists almost butchered to chunks.

This ally I next will assay to describe, though I strongly doubt anybody will believe my tale.

Her skin was toad-green. Raw warts all over her body added to the impression she gave off (once one could distinguish her from the lush background,) of belonging rather to the batrachian family — unless of course she was perfectly camouflaged with expensive rubbers.

After we had called jambu to each other, I realized she knew my own language. "My shrunken plum," she murmured to the corner of my left ear, "let's escape before those vicarious representatives of the elephantine priesthood find out to their drugged fury that their dark lamb elopes."

As I knew cunctation wouldn't do precisely at such momentous an episode, I rushed behind her. But, naked and red as a worm as I happened to encounter myself to be in, just when slithering among the jungle decor, prickles and venomous trickles got me soon looking (as pertains to cuticular wherewithal) almost no better, though certainly no worse, than my otherwise svelte, stunning savior, of whom I was

growing fonder by the wriggling second.

Oh, I must have been by then, what, eleven or twelve years old... Enough anyway to feel between my thighs those shrill yearnings that amid the delights of danger become indomitable, you know... And so, wasn't I sputtering as I walked behind her incredibly luscious croup! A sputtering, if all's got to be said, which helped not a bit in improving my outwards-facing figure. It added powerfully to the batrachian slime and it made me, I suppose, more and more like her as the trackless hike progressed toward the deep.

I was enjoying the re-abduction like no wanking-dream before. With this difference, the image wasn't only vivid now: it was alive. In consequence, no arduous wank was necessary, all came dinky-dory of its own non-stop. Actually, the trekking became fleeting as if my ankles, what, had developed wings, or I had been lying on a fuckable cloud, become part and parcel of her floating aureole, her perfect-woman-ultraperfumed-ultra-ripe wake...

"There is a clearing here with a pond undefiled yet," she murmured over her glaucous crusted shoulder. "We'll refresh before entering the camp."

The camp?... All of a sudden I imagined the thugs over there savagely competing for her croup, and I coughing my teeth in a bloody corner after I've been shamefully swatted off even before the contest has been sounded off — hey, even if I wasn't even impinging, even if I only planned to watch!... And then I thought: *A bath!... If now she is beautiful, wait until she leaves her immerded cocoon!*

She only drank, though. She was still green, sticky and warty all over. She told me a thing or two then, though. That, perhaps in distant time-removed imitation of the imbecile Siamese and their blind moronic ludicrous devotion to those earthly dicks, the white proboscideans... (Misguided unnatural love that ultimately proved their ruin as a degenerate nation, as still now some adore, what, cows, and tacky plaster painted saints in churches and TV screens, and shall also, and pretty soon at that, fall into the same ruinous circumstances reserved to simpy idolaters...) That that pathetic Secret of Life was a secret society of jaundiced Africans sworn to save the elephant, their totem and taboo, of course. That, contrariwise, she and their horde of frog Amazons... Amazons, gulp, my heart leaped to my brains and proceeded forthwith to dislodge them. With some success too, for I went crazy for a while, crying for nothing, choking with emotion, undergoing a few spasms, almost blowing my top altogether — she kicked around my crotch, pushed me over to the frozen water — excellent cure all, thanks, I felt much better already, she needed not go on...

"Belonging as I do to a still non-freed minority, I can understand even less that

idiotic obsession with the goodness of hugeness. Nobody is that upset when dispatching, to its particular brand of kingdom commy, a louse, a tick, a chigger, a flea, whichever more or less microscopic bug you care to fetch to colloquy — even if beneficial in anderen Umstände at a pinch. Remember Jove’s monkey descended among the mortals, sent, caduceus and all, to impart the high verdict that settles for good all natural quarrels?... To his wise experienced eyes, ad-libbing, whatever: Ants, bats, flies, spiders, rhinoceroses and proboscideans, the meanest and the loftiest, all, all are each equal unities, equipoised figures, that’s right.”

She, the plastic fanciful maid from Lleida, and her friends, the lot of them Occitan wenches from an expensive college either this side or that one of the Pyrenees, had decided to expend their vacation visiting with the Tuaregs, another nation temporarily occupied like a shitting-place by some slow constipated shitters bound to die some day of the shitting-place malaise, namely: a perforated strangulation, or something to that effect — you puff up like a bored bomb and then pluff, shit all over the place.

Anyway, they fell in love with old matriarch Africa. Followed South, to the tropics. Then they had encountered these ruins... Frustums mostly, bases of columns decorated with stranger more artistic carvings than even those of the Maya — the Maya, due for rebirth any day now. Imperialists beware: the terrorism of five centuries is about to rebound home and explode your criminal spoils-crammed capitals. We remember too: Corsicans, Catalonians, Basques, Bretons, Sicilians, Welsh, classical champions with more memory than the gawking money-grubbing occupiers. And memories of authenticity too (nothing doing with their inimical, groundless lies and media-hypes) what maintains us alive and waiting to jump over their moribund out-stretched grotesque carcasses, eager after such an artificially protracted and annoyingly boring (in freedom utterly forgettable) span.

They were only eleven girls, the discoverers. But pretty scientific (apart from pretty, period) the lot of them. They were able to make out some of the stone chronicles... The people in the frustums were wiped out not but any illness from outer space, that time. The elephants — with whom they paired it seems, after a herd invaded them — those were the virus carriers... The pachyderms were fleeing a better enemy, maybe fire, or lions, who knows... Came running amuck. Destroyed here and there. A regular catastrophe, you know. After a while they simmered down, started eating the granaries. We are here to stay, there’s plenty of food, the climate is a jewel, the vermin scarce, nothing like the infertile rubbish at home...

So they tried, who wouldn’t, intercourse — sexual, that is.

Women with bulls. Men with cows. One of the strongest more resilient traditions of

humanity — fuck what moves, and the unmovable too. And again, as the dirty disgraceful spics and frogs, not syphilis and catarrh and whatnot that time maybe, but textually, accordingly to the carvings: “A leprous skin condition sends us packing to the burying grounds,” an “elephant plague is leaving not one of us kicking to kick them away; we have defiled all the lakes and springs to liquidate the monsters after we are gone, pretty soon now — bye-bye. It is because we wouldn’t like any other good nation ever to get ensnared into the same animal trap, that we’ve done such an infamous act. Meanwhile, never take the invaders for anything else than what they really are, not more advanced civilizations, not godlings, not liberators, but ignorant frail despicable slave-traders, crazy aggressive morons, insulting parasites.”

When the skin of the girls started peeling off and filling up with malodorous purulent wens (malodorous, I wouldn’t exaggerate; women smelling a trifle more natural yet, to my taste at least, that’s all,) then it was decided as a communal entity to skip going back to school — horses, fashions, marriages and stupid play-boys. Shun tedious society they did, of necessity at first, or else for what could they hope other than being carted off to diverse sanatoriums, imprisoned all of them, separated too, even, and avoided indeed with supreme disgust by former friends and frightened families. Objects of experimentation and occasional ridicule.

And yet, here, soon what a pleasure it turned out to be, the freedom, the wilderness, the killing of the infectious beasts.

Then, one day, Ludmila, Aurembiaix and their nine other friends had to face their natural human antagonists. The Secret-of-Lifers had already claimed over the decades the lives of several explorers, hunters, zoologists and agricultural and ecology researchers — lost, mislead, solitary parties of whom never more was ever heard. Lately they had infiltrated the cities, where they murdered the elephant traders: butchers, magicians, ivory-sellers... Craftsmen working on that prized material weren’t spared. And now the owners of the bibelots. Society-ladies, and such. Actually, they should have started by them, frankly. The museum-agents, the consumers, the procurers, the greedy, the bourgeois... My parents, no, what about them?...

“Yes, my dad, a whole collection — long, curved, impossibly deformed huge teeth, elegantly or sillily carved, your choice; totems leaning on every corner of our well-guarded embassy fort,” I revealed.

“It figures. You, his son, are on their black list. They will not rest until they get you, ever... Unless, of course, we win.”

“But why did they tie me at the post?... I was afraid they were going to eat me: cannibals?...”

“*Eat you?*” Lud seemed to doubt about the puzzling statement, then decided favorably on the plausibility of the possibility, “well, maybe. Although the worst had to come before: the terrible religious rite — the execution of the goat.”

“Goat?”

“You. They chant and preach, then the high priest rides you.”

“Rides me?... Am I a crazy goat or an ass?...”

“Until you drop. Then they pull off your incisors.”

“Do they have the proper dentistry knowledge, the hygienic tools?... I wouldn’t trust their medical style; septicemia was bound to take foot in my mouth...”

“Yes, shut up. Pull off your front teeth. With a crowbar.”

“Wow, that hurts!”

“Next, a second high priest, a lesser one than the first, though, tries to ride atop your exhausted ribs.”

“Fucking fat priests, always riding for free on everybody’s already stirrup-wounded sides!”

The oppression (a scaring landscape where rinsed with renewing drooling we stretch in protracting incubation,) the disorientation (the crippled pussyfooting around wistful ominous hobo markings I can’t grapple with try as I may with all my declining might,) the empty stomach then, the total loss of my appurtenances, those green sparkling haunches sidling unscathed across the foreign thorns, the comatose reflections of the bilges where eyes of caymans lurked, all that and no doubt more was derivatively dialing some vertiginous sickness emergency in the mirthless merry-go-round of my brain... As soon as we’ll idle, I’ll stall, go dead...

“Equality before the Law,” lied, good and crying down the jambs, a verdigrised garland of thick relief letters under some intricate mandala stuck at the center of the lintel. “Neither stilts nor clogs, madam, sir,” the sentry enjoined. We bleated all and in we trickled, tiptoeing, amazed. I remember well.

Molded residua of my breeding mind, da. I was again in Central City, chancing down, crammed inside the lift of the County Building where we had gone to fetch the christening pater (oh lord, don't let one more of them fluttering fat hieratical shits try yet to squeeze in — that surely would bust the shaft, spell judgment day for the luckless lot of us).

Now me, a sesquipedalian dwarf (what, maybe less tall than all that still; a runt, ok?) my brittle dark grandmother, her shuttling, accommodating, ass-lapping son: my dad — the darling flea-like trio of us were embroidering our respectful jump-steps behind the uniformed troglodyte, a grotesque snarling minotaur, an unsteady hippo backfiring a sickening collection of creepers, soon reaching for the frozen platte and skating, careening rather to the tenebrous hole, balmy ruffles around his con's throat (rope bruises and sizzling cicatrices yet,) a black cartilaginous skirt, a tangible scent of carrion growling, bumping up and down his roller-coaster-sized aureole, he suddenly calls me converted!, heavenly choirs, what, and raids the unransomed sticklebacks, stabs the looming wincing dinguses with my ferret of a sinewy nose. Head first into the ice he's flown my earful pumpkin and the lousy scavengers below wonder, what folly, darlings, at the richness of such rogue loaded bait. And they bit and gouged, you know, inch by inch; some creases in my soluble trunk I've got for show still, kids — a cocktail of mysterious initials carved, the raw spoor of thugs, unserifed, no farther frills, and rupellary-style friars adoring, and cow-elephants too, some periplanetary blobs with obvious ganglia that smoldered, hove and writhed, fly-struck beasts like himself with maggots huge as rattlers entrenched in the stench of their meat. With teeth as stilettoed rongeours, they triggered themselves and snapped once and then again, ouch, jolly snags, ambushes in the streams of my storming memory.

He's pumping me into the exasperated zoo underneath. So, agreed, that was it. Murdered again, what. Baptized by immersion and so on. Thank you, preacher. May the stork taste as good to your plucking wife.

I balked then as foretold, ducked, retched, disemboweled further by way of mouth. Well, yes, I knelt and let munificently go. Then I leaned my spinning head on a pitch-blossoming stone, some ebony-textured stone, just in season, as it happened. Lancet-wielding ephelants and woosels again (like that day that as a prize for surviving after all, I was offered Pooh,) danced like swarms of peris or discombobulated angels (hacked, hacking eidola of my own all told,) over my real frame, my frail frame again.

Similar experiences were recorded not only in Winnie's but too on that other joke of a stinking sheaf of snotty tales, the Koran no less, esoteric surah 105, if another of my father's servants wasn't as mendacious as most of them, out to take revenge on

the tyke while life's bubbling and so on — “of the spindly Fil (Al to its friends.)” Some forgotten jerk called Abraha. Fil is his elephant. Out on an ugly razing mood, to leave no pebble over pebble of the Kasbah, oo-oooh. Swarms of comical ephelants and woosels did drive them away. That done, both emigrated then. Abraha became the red-neck beadle to some ward, Fil did better, crowned pope of the corresponding stake...

Never I, a stalwart, and more so after all those meretricious experiences. I stood and exercised. Mosquitoes, fighting ridiculous charred-necks, with a few fine-tuned swats I'm whole and infallible again. Strong. Shoot. An old Arab saw (slightly amended) diaphanously characterizes the unslakable wound of my yen. Three things are insatiable — spacetime's desert; the grave, and (here comes I) the brains of the brave. Futtering girl too, as you've tactlessly poured yourself to see me well, allay my fears and flatulent pangs, I've spied the discolored ivory of your tacky most intimate virtue. Now I've been able to pierce, albeit for just a narrow spare gash, the secret harness you wrap yourself with. Hustinee, cow elephant-woman, rabid beast in musth in regard to sex. No work, just joy, rising riding joy like a never-weathered Sun. I'll see you yet too. Shoot, unleashed dyspareuniac, shoot.

“They swear by Ganeixa, Ganesha, or Guneyshah, I suppose, by the way. You ought to be acquainted with the stuff, scholar. God of artists and creators?... Chief of the servants to the overgods. The younger priests will spray his statue with spurting ivory sperm — another of those worshipping manias, you know. Four chubby arms, elephant head, riding a perennial mouse (just his right-gauging thing that must be — pedestrian symbol, uh?...) Masturbation to the number e, inverted.”

“Gulp. What do you mean?...”

Marching indifferently. Pregnant with a thousand definitions of the Moon inside her, though disdaining to prostitute my throat any longer, I shut up. By my bells and other relics, I as well was swearing in my mind, repeat, I'll get you yet. Enemy territories. And I kept fixing eye to eye my intercrural hyper-hypertrophied Cyrano. A mucknah with a dunteelah, contradiction of terms?... You are in for a surprise. (Mucknah — tuskless as yet baby-elephant; also ephebus, ingle, infant catamite. Dunteelah — a tusk; also a large swollen prick.) For a charged moment, I hardly was listening to her advanced avant-gardist discourse.

“...they gathered someplace the information that by the express orders of Hannibal (the Carthaginian conqueror, famous above the rest of the elephantry generals,) his strenuous lithe resilient mountain men split the skull of the elephants who could march no more, too tired or loath or sick. Mallet and chisel were the implements the diplomaed pachyderm exterminators held ready for the task. And that's ironically

what they use even now the *Secret-of-Lifers*: a mallet and a chisel pat on the head of the winded-out sacrificial goat: namely, almost yourself today, if not for providential me... Every church-goer applauding, the pontiff so smug, rubbing his hands, dripping with blood atop the *taula*, maybe the *naveta* — a more dignified block for the ultimate ritual, the cracking of the nutshell, no?... In fine, all in all, a complete success, vis-à-vis not only the worshippers, strictly, but the rest of the pygmies as well, streamers in the grandstand, a bumper crop, the peanut row leading the cheers, chanting the creed, what, but meanwhile you were spectacularly dead.”

“Thanks very much,” I said.

“Mallet and chisel, remember. Their infiltrators are always ready. While on route, they leave their typical droppings strewn along their paths: clumsy elephants carved with their liturgical kit in the more unlikely places of the world. It means they are close on somebody whose head they very much want to make double by half.”

“Understood; I’ll be on my, uh..., most guarded?...” I replied, gulping the second of my balls.

She laughed: “You are much less cocky then presently. What, somewhat spent?...”

“Hungry,” I answered, with my baby voice.

“We’ll soon reach the camp, warrior. Lieutenant Aurembiaix’s waiting for us.”

“There’ll be plenty to eat, one hopes.”

“Meats galore, worry not.” And here Ludmila, my delicious she-toad mischievously winked to add, “and the ability to rest without fright.”

Warrior-Amazons, my thoughts revolved around those two mythical axes. And she was smelling so nicely. I wanted to sleep, almost hypnotized — her croup which mesmerizingly tic-tic-ticktacks — almost narcotized, in bliss — plus the pheromones she vents away, and leaves softly floating behind as she leads so masterly... She’s my teacher, what, and her opened two thighs — a balming vision and a wafted essence at last, in truth.

We were traversing a cave. My silly smiling face hears the unending bells of midnight. I’m ready to fall and snore. After all I’m only a kid, what?...

“Let’s halt. I can’t anymore... Unless that be the lair of some panther, eh?...” I

proposed with my last drooling thread of voice, and, oh, miracle, she heard me too.

Agreed (“let’s, at least for a shorty while,” she ordered, seeing the state of exhaustion, ready for the chisel, eh, I was in by then and all,) we lay embraced...

I was dreaming: I’ve laid with a woman, wow — and at the same time, what, I was only dreaming reality.

“Look at that,” she told me when I awoke.

She was kneeling on the floor at the center of one of those many small side entrances of that extremely long and narrow cave — kind of ingrown ribbon winding around the borders, spiraling up the base toward that Kilimanjaro-like peak of a mountain. I wish I knew exactly where we were, and then that I knew enough geography. A clue is all: dad was stationed around the Tanganyika; Burundi it was, yes, no plains, mostly mountains?... What were those? Abandoned vestiges.

“Dudley Junior, witness the finding of a finding.” She declaimed.

“A what?” I asked.

She complied, explained — it was unmistakable that we’d stumbled upon the forgotten site where a famous archeologist had been digging hard at work to discover, bless him, a more rational way of existing embodied in a tribe of naturals.

“Sir Peter Debaix in his book about lost civilizations makes almost the bulk of his deal about these same remainings. Look, everything’s still here. The tunnel, the imbedded particles of pottery. Observe, how amazing — the ostraca with the lettering he unriddled... I can read that!... The book of Sir Debaix was fascinating!”

In another word — she was so enthused — we went down the funnel to investigate — a least little bit. I was only following, what.

Of another sudden, against the tapering background of clarity, my fingers were flashing ten heavenbound roads. No way. As I was awkwardly poised on the thick air (my naked baboon butt an inflated sail wedging the alien atmosphere,) a whole moment had to elapse before the critical realization dawned on my reason that yes, I was falling, lengthily collapsing down some humid hole.

It must have been, what, the chimney, the shunt, the vent, of somebody’s kitchen, I assure you. One thing I guessed: we’d landed over a loaded table. Earthenware, of the same type exactly as the one peppering the cave, kept smashing itself atop the

scrubbed hard floor. Those plates and jugs, though, were new, clean, immaculate, by a dutiful maid (or at a pinch housewife) well taken care of. For, in fact, we'd gotten, what, inside the mountain — well, maybe further down — tobogganed one of the Great Rift's nether claws that continually grapple at the telluric bowels — mother Ge, alias Terra, as an add-hag heartburn sufferer?... A bellyache, exactly — a fire at her center asking only for a base, what.

Presently, the two women of the house barged in, cursing in a strange tongue. They took in the mess, upped a rebounding yell, and in a trice three armored armed unenamored couples invaded the premises.

Ludmila and I were prisoners in two contiguous cells. She was the adult, remember, but the crash having KO'd her, I became temporarily the most likely candidate for interrogation. So one of those couples commenced babbling with the patent intention to catch my attention. But, of course, not one of their questions or proposals of marriage, or whatever, came so clear that deserved better than a shrug.

“Look, mac-mac, you've got the wrong guy. Here I'm only the incidental understudy. Arrived today to listen, not to talk — a limpet seamlessly cleaved to my oceanic star; what she knows I'll know only after I perceive it from her heart — a sap-sucker, no more, and now you've cruelly severed as it were my life-line...”

What else, mush of that type I spouted to mask the total eruption of my fear. For, though they didn't look a bit alike, I wasn't all that sure that I wasn't dealing with some off-shoot branch of disguised *Secret-of-Lifers*, wow, ok?

The coupled elements of this subterranean crew, however, were nothing like the seedy, threadbare savages of the surface. They looked and behaved rather like good honorable Indians lost in a rare sensitive movie. And they treated their top-of-the-billing host infinitely better.

When the couple realized I wasn't willingly uncooperative, only plain ignorant, if not stupid, they retreated. There was a pallet on a corner. I laid myself down and mused. After a while, a couple, unarmored (two girls?, two boys?, half and half?, couldn't ascertain,) left a bowl of food, rare meat of rat with raw roots, and a jug of mineral water by my side, and left, giggling like school children.

I dreamed the solution to all my problems. Unfortunately, though I marked my mind to remember the sequence of master strokes, as soon as I awoke all was forgotten. Now I wouldn't dream of recovering a single loose end of that marvelous web. Most probably, I was kidding myself all along. But at least it made me start the new day by the convoluted bowels of the earth with an optimist mood. I moved with

supple movements.

But hark, the door of the cell was open. So I went out for a walk. The room next to mine, where I thought Ludmila lived, was empty. Where she'd lain, now a spent flameless void. Instead of which the market place, at the center of the city, brimmed, a fanfare. Everywhere couples of Indians engaged in all those kinds of businesses other humans engage in.

Then I thought I spotted Ludmila. There was the snap of a split-second when our eyes met. She immediately averted hers. *What!* I shouted her name. But the Indians, coupled, unwittingly formed a formidable chain. With eager glances, across the shifting crowd, I followed every feint she made. *Hey, hey!* She kept none the less blatantly ignoring my face. Some Indians laughed at me by pairs, in tandems, a ha-ha precisely punctuated by another ha-ha. Here and there I elicited a double chuckle — maybe for my fumbled style of wearing their dresses, for my silly accent maybe.

But she nothing — on her separate way, overtly faking no relation to me, nor the haziest of acquaintances. Once, by one of those chances, two different waves of people brought us really close. I wound up with a jolt of anticipation. I'll be able to touch her, as she goes by. However, she didn't even deign looking that way. Swiftly proceeded past my reach, her attention elsewhere. For all the meanness, I thought, and left for home, full of spite.

Home? Was I crazy? I had no place to call my own in that alien environment. I was no better than lost in one of those tawdry science-fiction planets. Guessed not a word of the language, understood none of the mechanics by which the society managed to survive on the reverse of the surface of the earth, what with no Sun, no seasons, no intercourse with the other cultures...

Thus forlornly I wandered farther and farther from the hub. Crossed the suburbia, headed to the mountains. From a lonely hut a voice.

"Dudley Junior," twice. I leaped with my heart: mom, I hoped.

But, though it wasn't so bad either, the voice belonged only to Ludmila. Only!... She was leaning from high up the window, beckoning, so I ran to her, unhindered by the clumsy robes.

The lonely hut, it turned out to be, was the hospital of that pseudo-Indian town. She was quite herself again. She accepted no recriminations for her attitude earlier on at the market. She concluded, mysteriously enough, that what I must have seen was

only her double... Ant it was true that I was seeing double all around. I honestly acknowledged — the consequence, I gathered, of the effects fancily garlanded by this internal atmosphere in my brains, if not, simpler, of that recent bump on my head.

Our idiotic foreign prattle annoyed the two other patients, so with the recommendation of the galen, a white-bearded ancient, we went out to take a salutary stroll.

Among the sporadic vegetation, which, on bulk and on an individual basis as well, mirrored without too much distortion those fancy antediluvian plants often depicted to accompany the illustrations where dinosaurs are involved, we found a squat tree whose huge broad cradle-like leaves attracted our commentaries. Was it peradventure the elusive acocanthera, out of the bark of which the sweet poison is extracted the pigmies dabbed their arrowheads at in order to pocket their enemies the leviathans?... Or were we talking alien altogether?... Delightful test of idle wits — we left everything hanging, as well we might as it was nothing fetched us nearer the exit.

After we had cuddled in the best fitting leaf, well tucked all around with our ample garments, she waxed slightly lyrical to acquaint me with our fate. “What an outstanding scientist, professor Debaix! I always held that he stood taller than the best on the limitless thankless unmarked expansions of the archeological field. His disciples Na Doina van Doina and En Bernat Pudent garnered all the prizes possible only by sorting among his papers, once he had already passed away, and publishing snips and snaps of the little they managed to make out. Well, they missed the existence of the site we stumbled on, obviously! The last he must have opened, the one that gave him most of the incredible clues! Now we could prove the truth of all what he had gathered both by induction and in actual fact. I could talk the primitive language only by properly following the instructions we inherited from him and the two devoted researchers of his immeasurable work!”

“Another couple, eh?” I noted.

“What?” She was too ingrained in the velvet weft of her great thoughts to really listen to any of my useless shuffling platitudes. “He made practically no mistake: all his assumptions are reality. Each object he described is still put to use in the very same way he miraculously imagined. Every custom and tradition seem to have a perfect counterpart here. What a powerful mind! Out of a few letters or ideograms, he completed a whole language which as it happens these people actually use; from a few spalls, he detected a way of living that now corresponds, almost to a comma, to the life they live under our eyes. The MD’s given me a few particulars. Their

ancient chronicles talk about some mythical invaders (again!).”

“You mean elephants?”

“I mean invaders, charred-necks, nothing more despicable. Better armed, more greedy shit-stirrers. Religious supremacy seekers. The murderers, that’s it, why more. Their pestle covets to cover and grind to ashes every extant hole where life takes refuge. And any obstacle that impedes their invasion is reduced to non-resurrectable pulp — grass doesn’t grow back, grass-roots remain dead, only interlopers occupy without love a cheap earth they don’t care to keep clean and profitable for it never could’ve been theirs if somebody hadn’t murdered for them in the first place the original guiltless naturals, somebody: Alexander, Napoleon, Hitler, the locusts, the colons, the Martians, the viruses, any plague.”

Rocked gently by the breeze, warm near the beautiful toad-woman, I didn’t care a lot for all those history lessons. I’m sure I’m skipping a good deal of stuff.

“If there’s a species you want to eliminate there is no sure-shot single means as the simple single means of sex.”

Sex at this age, even nominal sex, always had that power, that he could make me be the most attentive of alumni. So of what she told me now I’m positive... “Damage their sex in any way, attach a sickness, degenerative or mechanical, to the generative act, and the generation that suffers it in its skin is sure assured to become the last of this species. Extinction in a generation, talk about a clean slate. This is what happened to them. Fortunately, before the illness reached a no-seams blanket situation of occupancy, before that point of no return where the expansion of the plague was absolute, the few untouched were isolated. Brought by achieved spelunkers to this center of the world, where they have continued propagating in a natural-paradise fashion... That is: never overreach. Count the space and what it yields nourishment-wise, and apply the numbers. Never go over the brink. Overpopulation spells necessity either of murdering the alive and already born or of invading the others’ space — the others, ay, perhaps wiser in their reckoning and in consequence happier — employed in more intelligent endeavors — ah, regretted troubadours of my ancestral youth!”

“What?” I punctuated again, for though I strove with my best strength to agree not only to her narration of the facts but even to the bellicose interpretation she tirelessly offered of them, never a rigorous propounder of atavism, those throwback justifications already, tender and all that I was, put me on edge — imagine owing everything, the whole of your makeup, to those two jerks — my parents?...

No; I was all for searching after my kicks anywhere but home — exogamy, yes?... If

not for this allergy to pachydermatous mastodon bullies, this, what, proboskidophobia (and now lurking, looming on top of my head as it were, their sworn head-hunting bodyguards, on whose black list, by some misfortunate error, no doubt, I was not only high, but missing too on top of it, and then too, according to know-all Ludmila, ordered indeed to be searched, captured and re-tied to the funny sacrificial pole, wow, exoticism has two faces indeed,) here, or even higher up, I could have easily called my native turf... Mammoth New York itself isn't too bad either. All kinds of insane never-seen-befores intermingling non-stop, with the mafia for crazy bodyguards, the strangest animals galore; ya, shirk the zoo, though, ugh!

Back to the hospital, it must have been, what, late in the evening, you'd say, only that here the light was always the same hue, a flesh chiffon, fire-light filtered by a veil, so actually there was no way of telling, so, again, I'm not going to lie, tell that we got lost because the light had subsided, that the strange paths looked so different under the Moon. No; no Moon, no Sun, no seasons, I've been through that routine already. What happened was we got lost anyhow.

"I wish we'd gotten our share of a guide, Ludmila, shit of a place. Nowhere you visit they lack such amenities as a couple fellows can indicate your way back. There wasn't even money to tip or suborn, you know; no incentive, no profit in sight. That's why nobody's cared to follow us see if we let something drop. We are alone as cats."

"By the bye, weren't you at the market? What's the wampum they used, or did they just barter?" The sociologist talked, even in the center of such an awkward quandary.

"Leery, watchful the whole of the outing though I was, I couldn't make out. Saw a couple, men and wife, no doubt, sample a lot of spigots over a stand had nothing else on the spread. Well, what, after a while of soft confrontation, each comes away with a different one. A greeting puts paid and period to the transaction. What?... The siamese sellers just smile. (Siamese, eh?... Slippery annoying echoes.) Roll the tips of their indexes to the opposite temples of their contemptible heads. None of your swindling palaver, they. Crazy customers, they seem to mean. Crazy customers?... Not crazier than thou-thou!... They got scot-free with two free spigots, and you, what, paid for with what, a poor fleeting performance; left, I bet, the twin laughing-stocks of your peers..."

"I see you're extolling the virtues of the common charlatan. Epitomized Capitalist to the core, eh, a well domesticated American on his short summer leave, another snooty never-wrong tourist. A watch-dog, on balance, barking privately at the

meagerness and freedomlessness, ho-ho, of those other crazy foreigners' trees. Must be quite acquainted with the proverb, are you?... With both enough patience and enough spit, even the elephant can stick it to the nit."

She preached something else in the Pyrenean lingo, I thought — a slight wind. But then, no. Some bit of dirt had stuck, so I jumped at the idea, showing off the only philosopher I've ever read by choice, rather than because the god-cursed curriculum demanded it?... "Maybe that's it, no blasted Communists either. Fourier to the rescue; the future looks rosy after all, what. That's what they did. You exchanged services. There's maybe no theaters; you are obliged, in order to be able to acquire any kind of good, to clown a bit for it, unless it's too scarce or expensive (same thing?...) in which case you've got to hire yourself as a what, a princely fool, a slave, all told. You know what I'm thinking? City of prostitutes all, from the elders to the newest newborn, the lot on a par, parking-lot of whores, any price."

"At your age, could you ever think of something wouldn't have the sound of sex in it?... Naughty boy."

"But wait. Next there they were, two big girls, on the haggly side really, trying to scratch the surface each with a huge ostrich feather, a bit of burlesque out of place, the swinging sisters are done with the show after a few passes, get up, grab a couple of sandwiches... The two waiters don't even attempt to get paid. Ask for money?... In exchange, what do they do with their hands?... They applaud. And they applaud nicely for a couple of passersby scatter some extra, what, gems, colored stones. The public pick them or not, each pair according to their necessities. And now, reminiscing and all, how come I only saw you single?... No couple for you when I saw you striding along the marketplace!"

"You are my couple!" She said, a little too flattering. That made me suspicious.

"No, really, what do you read into that? Are you sure you were not on a secret mission or something?"

"Ask Dudley the daddy. Of course I wasn't. I told you: you only met my double — nobody I have anything to do with."

"And yet I'm sure had I a double too, he'll know you anywhere." Sniff.

"Lover, lover boy!" She whispered, with her four sweet eyes by sundry smiles lit, and I was melting yet again, forgetful, forgiving, coming on my stamped hemp cloth.

"So... deliberate, Ludmila," I renewed my complaints once I had caught back my

breath. “Nobody’d guess you are actually lost in a topsy-turvy world. No coming upside down on your head, unhinged, undone and desperate, I can see that, no calling mama, will I ever tread the sweet gardens of my nation once more yet, will I ever blow on a hot spoon before I’m done, will I even ever see the Sun again, will wild beasts in an ununderstandable hell ever finish their meal of me?... You’ve plainly got a trump-card in your very settled quiet sleeve.”

“Perceptive, eerie scrutinizing-power,” she acknowledged, though I hate to strut after the blow’s blown for years and there is, if anybody, only the plaintive for a witness. “Perceptive and deductive; intuitive, feline, an architect pure-naked in the mind, his projections the pyramids of future past worlds. What, an excellent spy in flower, a better prospective archeologist. Careers of legs — the doors widely lifted for the free-running avenue to the cunt of life, or did I say marrow, tomorrow and yesterday.”

“What? Explain per adventure, if I’m not infringing on my liege’s hippocrene, oh muse. Something is cooking. I feel the pressure-cooker ooze.”

“It sure was better spelled very long ago by one of the saint patrons of the Gypsy Empire, En Pau Pic no less. Guests, like fishes forgotten in a sink, within three days are bound to stink.”

“Merciless lingo. I wish I had a healthy obsession too — ah, were I capable of imagining an autonomous machine — the universe as it should look like — and go, luminous and systematic, brave against all its glitches, enjoying, without any tough gristle of remorse, the artistic hangovers — mended somehow by a tilt of substance, after, when exploring the fringes, something else snapped — and next ah, the incipient trance — I’m crossing the barrier — I sense I can do it, or at least that can be done — I’ll map it, I’ll map it — here, implement it, my conquering race!... Etcetera.”

“The wizard spoke of some abandoned archeological sites of their own... Sounded familiar, plastic bottles and all... They had discovered long ago the forgotten existence of a very ancient queer society now, as then, plagued by the eternal overlapping of better prospects — more interesting long-gone inhabitants on these many levels of this multi-leveled earth of ours all on the introscope sight, get it?”

“No.”

“He pointed with it roughly toward *that* direction. I thought we could investigate here too; get luckier yet, you know.”

“Get luckier? How more luckier can I get?”

“Hope — always you can, you always may.”

“Fucking riddle, eh?”

“Not quite; don’t you wish it were, though.”

Astronomical depths sure are too deep for a child. I only wanted a piece of her pie; instead she delivers right and left unpalatable blueprints of utopias gone diseased halfway, dormant populations tragically awoken to horror, what else? The cumulative alarms have these effects on the racial psyche, they maim your sense of fair-play, dismantle your rare equilibrium, you are an ecological upstart, recant all your principles, become one of them — destroying parasites, soon what, coprophilous saprophagans — each reprisal a messier mess, all a morass, four big feet floundering about in the soup, increasing the shit in the bog, splash, enormous cakes, no noble moose left on a vertiginously deteriorating what?...

“That’s more like it, look!” She screams, casting away to the pits her dumb political pitch. To show me still what?... We kneel reverently down in front of a pile of your common garbage. “Isn’t it incredible,” she extols, rhapsodizes, “seek and find, for the truth always crowds over. Dud, we’ve done it!”

“Have we? Damn it, first news. I must’ve been sleeping.”

“So rise and shine; abuse thyself no longer. Look, but look!”

“What? At first blush, I don’t see but a bunch of rotten condoms, broken picnic paraphernalia, plastic forks, crooked beer cans, the shreds of packets of pills, drugs, frozen and processed foods, cadavers of birds à la crude oil, the rusted ruins of computerized toys, miniature telephone-TVs, odd ends of films, a chaotic mix of a couple of trash cans gone sourer with age, the first from home, the other one from villegiatura indeed, plus a few petrified chicken bones, the stones of exotic fruits, crumbles of worthless souvenirs, plastified IDs, strips of vanity, hygienic bondage, lace undies, what, tears from photos of hustling orphans, the shavings of tortured shrimps, bits and pieces forsooth, nothing wholesome, complete, an inheritance of rot and fragmentation, the posthumous infection...”

“Welcome to our civilization! Don’t tell me you are not happy. Slow, you are. Can you fail to realize that this is only the tip of the iceberg?”

“Well, wow.” And it really was.

4.14.2004

The Lolita Pope

The Lolita Pope

Cardinal Puça had missed being elected pontiff just by that little bit of nothing — bastards, a couple of votes and he was definitely in. But now his chances were shot. For a few days he'd been so confident he was going to be the choice that he had grown careless, he'd acted sinuous and screwball in front of the home press, showing off and so on, goofy, cranky, scabrous, climatic, in spite of his advanced age: ninety-two sharp.

And then, in retaliation, a couple of younger fellows in their eighties, much the worst for wear, failed him. He was sure they were in his camp, but, umbrageously, in a huff, in the last moment had jauntily defected — a couple of shitheaded Eyetalians. Rangy geezers even pretended, as a lame excuse, to remember the last time another Catalonian pope had been in the throne — the fucking Borgia, such a criminal ghoul of a guy.

—Truly, Puça wryly asked of his too-pious, holier-than-shit slaughterers, but are all Catalonians ugly and unrepaying and sons-of-whores and so on just because the fucking Borgia was one...? Let's not derail here. By the same token, are for that matter all Peruvians downtrodden creeps only because cardinal Pelé is a cretinous Injun, and all Bulgarians phony because cardinal Stojkoff is a smirking monkey, and all Canadians drunkards because cardinal Laphooey spends his sorry life in a padded hutch so that he can indulge himself banging away in his bouts with tremendous delirium...?

Now Puça was miffed. He said, "If not me, nobody, by golly!"

So he started plotting like a rabid dog, wheezing up and down the cloistral passages and musty, murky, dark underwater and subterranean jails, where the heretics still rotted away, in their shrines of torture, badly stitched where the cleansing operations had taken place on the stigmatized patchwork of their bodies; worse,

more grievously still, branded and stenciled with the most recent, abstruse, cryptic dogmas, so that they should never forget, as the butchers themselves would without that touchy sensible remainder in front of their bloodthirsty eyes.

Upstairs, in a gossipy, old-womanish bunch, the council of barren, cadaverous, unbearably stenchful, moldering pelts, still enveloped by their worm-eaten crimson shrouds, was deadlocked.

After much circumfluent sense of dire bereavement for the wits of the inspired and the graced, now seemingly jilted by the powers of the olympian heights, in fact after more base, wily maneuvering, in the upshot the rumors reached Puça that the loose ends were getting miraculously tied by that mystic disembodiment of a seamstress, the hideous, pig-faced Virgin Maryann, tutelary fairy for the Injun idiots, and that in consequence a spic from Southamerica was liable to be chosen, *faute-de-mieux*.

Shit, then, how Puça hurriedly ran up. He, an anti-spic racist, as most Catalonians, couldn't stomach the deadly punch. In a rush, he stormed the council: "What the fuck...?" he started.

Then he sat down, to recover his breath. The warren stank, as it couldn't but do. Claustrophobic, Puça nonetheless sneered for once at his own fear of infectious miasmas and deeply inhaled. The instant was crucial, and thus demanded even this ultimate sacrifice of his otherwise up-till-now fairly coddled lungs. Restored, he asked to be heard. Limber enough, he got up. Lapidary, to-the-point, invoking the powers ludicrously depicted on the far, gaudy ceilings, he waved as a demonic flag the torn and faded cape he wore, and resonantly spoke.

"Brethren, let's not wrestle with the malign anymore. Let's not succumb to his bellicose mania and always propitiate him like he's another fucking god. He wants war, we want peace. He's always putting all this interdictions on our way to be skirted as well as we are able to — alas, never too excellently, isn't that a fact...? We are full of guilt, irked by our constant failures, never succeeding on licking him; on the contrary, fetching a severe hiding every time we engage in battle against so many dreary obstacles the malign situates on our path to fulfillment. Why the fuck so many strictures...? I say, dear compeers, why is our race to salvation plagued with so many arbitrary, gratuitous, trashy impediments...? Who the fuck is putting them there if not the malign *par excellence*...? How does it all jive with our thirst for simplicity...? Let's stop such losing streak, let's not skid any longer down the abyss to the ridiculous overdoing of the difficulties, ok...? Indeed, let's do away with all the silly commandments that impinge on our clear path to all-dominance...? Let's appoint I say somebody that shall engage the whole world in following our drift in order to float up this negligent sphere over to the realms of placid felicitous

paradisiacal outrageousness! Here's is a girl! Let us appoint her for the job!"

The virginal vestal was produced under a fanfare of fifes. She was Lucretia, a daughter of his (obtained with the dumb collaboration of a laundress of his, a Neapolitan with no brains but plenty of ass and tits,) a gorgeous girl barely fourteen years old, and a saucy, winky beauty to boot.

Puça went on with his fiery discourse: "With such chaste, unripe, though clandestinely lecherous, womanhood, jiving perfectly with the sacred, archetypal remembrance of the White Goddess, mother of all (of us,) and of all (that is,) who is gonna be the sorrowful fucker not following us now, eh...? Plus don't lose sight that priests in general are supposed to go with their tongue hanging after little boys (in bulk, as I say, and truly enough, as we all well know,) priests of all hues are supposed to have it in for boys and their shorty peepees and funky sacra and assholes and thrilling pope's noses and such, and barely if at all for tiny twats..., hey, and wouldn't you have guessed it, all that (such flagrant unnaturalness!) has lately put many people off, and off the church plates, which is much worst. With a naughty girly at the top we subvert all those injurious tendencies... And we cause the joy to return to the temples, and the hope to the world... Plus, the malign, no longer engaged in trumped-up battles, goes a-mourning to a corner in a black hole for another eternity; no more battles for us, all rigged in his favor, for at last humans got wise. Humans came into their own and recognized that all those stumbling blocks put by themselves in front of their liberating paths were self-generated by the inspiration of the malignant force, and, once removed, as if by magic, Beulah's (where we tarry till summoned to the celestial locale,) gets perennially installed — perennially, or at least during the lustrous time where earth's allowed to rotate in the terrifying emptiness of the outsides."

By no means everyone endorsed this eminently healthy revolution. Popess Joan, best pontiff in history, also a martyr to driveling male numbskullery, was beseeched for numinous aid... Stated Puça, most forbiddingly: "Who but an awfully misguided devil worshipper would place more weight in a runty stunted appendix than in a bole of utter, most generous plenty...? It ain't the same the mighty tree and the worthless sucker at its side — any mother could smash her helpless baby — who is already so ungratefully senile he forgets it...? Indeed, who, but the by the malign most misled, adjudges to a couple of paltry piffly little testicles more importance than to the ponderous magnificence of a couple of big mammalian worlds...? And what about glutei...? Incomparably favorable to women! Let's not quibble any longer about stupidities; brethren, let's be done with 'em already — shit, enough, I say!"

A few of the most reluctant old-fashioners, otherwise too-stiff to bend and be

shafted by other means, were surreptitiously dispatched, in the hoary, revered style of the pontificate wars — they were mostly poisoned, with poison mushrooms, with poisoned pricks, with poisoned barbs — the vatican doctors are well versed in those techniques, centuries of practice, never worry for a trifle like this.

Later, in a word, the scrumptious Lucretia Puça became pope. Joan-Lucretia the First.

With such an enchanting lolita, the church was a cabaret. In addition to what, this fact only (her sanctity the popess, the alluring novelty, with all the immense propaganda accrued to the event — such a yummy figure to show, and constantly, in all the covers) soon accounted for the ecumenical preeminence of the erstwhile so uncouth catholic cult.

Beatus Puça, the happy dad, was in heaven; moneys started again rolling in. The pews were always crammed. With women at last (at last! — oh, yes, at last! — marvelous vindication — justice re-established) saying (as it always ought to have happened, always were they bound to do from the dawn of creation on, for, you tell me, for what else, if not that, were they designed to be, with tits proudly a-breast and rear cheeks in jellifying jollity to the fore by the grace of god the good one, and the one with the good ones (not the other, the cruel, false creepy one, of course)...?) chanting the women the merry masses, and in such scant, tantalizing raiments and attires, and with the adjoining and subsequent bacchanals taking place in the different chapels and cathedral partitions, where each accepted perversion was duly consecrated, hey, everybody wanted to put his naked popo on the pitch pine of the benches, and paying each according to his possibilities, the funds never a problem, the cushions for the knees going at extortionate prices, the pursuance of happiness finally blessed, Puça an instantaneous saint and so on... Everyone worshipping according to his lights, to all according to their needs, from all according to their means, the better proportioned taking care of the least endowed, verily, verily, true charity at last, not the shitty, despicable farce of before, to wit, before the sacred Puça reform, no, you bet, not any longer, not on your life, oyez, oyez, no!

3.15.2004

Resurrected, or the return of the nicely aged pedophile

Resurrected, or the return of the nicely aged pedophile

We were so glad when bishop Puça came back to the village. He came secretly to rest, far from the ubiquitous annoyance of the fucking paparazzi. We showed him full of pride to our sons and daughters. He'd groped us all, but so delicately, and so delightfully — my god, we were all young and good-spirited again, remembering the bounty of his loving caresses.

Rectum Chauvin, now the delight of chambermaids, and the rector of our rectorate, tidied the church and the sacristy where the bishop would spend a few days of calm. We all pitched in.

Puça waddled to the throne up in the pulpit and had himself sent our tenderest progeny — one by one, indiscriminately, girls and boys. He felt them up in his cottony, grandfatherly way, and they came all tickled and aching and yapping for more. But then the bishop grew tall and magnificent from up behind the forbiddingly decorated rostrum and, in tones a tad severe, admonished them to never see apparitions of ghosts and lousy virgins and crucified beggars, and trash like this. "Have you ever heard of something creepier...?"

—No...! — the children shouted, enjoying themselves much like little devils must do.

—Leave all that nonsense to the fools, to the crazy, the touched in the head, the rickety, the badly infected by the sneaky mites of sheep and goats, to the shepherds, I mean, you follow...?, of indistinct sex, probably raped by bestial peasants, and now too horrified to go on working their whittled brittle bones to the grave — in a word, alas, leave that garbage to the warped without remedy — or, as I say, the shiny frightening monsters, leave them to be mentally petrified simply by mimetic uncouth nitwits — the both virulent strains at any rate doomed forever to nunhood and delusion and boredom, man alive, what a silly plan of life!

The children came back enchanted by our homegrown prophet, who down over there, in Rome, the capital where his tricky, wily ilk met in unfathomable droves, was, had been, and remained to be such a big shot, prefigured as a saint and as a father of popesses and popes, and whatnot.

Later our father Puça chided our rector Rectum. He said: "How clumsy and unfortunate the all-seeing eye in this fake pantocrator you've got lately installed over the altar, whew, phew, poo-ugh, pish, yuk, so much like another tacky orwellian big-brotherish piece of crap, isn't it? Such ugly wastage!"

We all agreed, and how did we enjoy incontinently the ruination of the disagreeable idols with big hammers and cleavers and such. In a fell swoop, only with the presence and influence of the kindly pedophile, everything felt, and was, so much purer — the church itself divested of worthless chichis, and our souls laundered clean with his grace and the recollected sweet longing of the complete felicity gained from under his skilled and careful handling, goodness be praised.

Only a few too straight-backed (though in fact hunchbacked) disgruntled old witches disapproved. With moldering loathing, the envious spied behind wormy wattling and soiled jealousies, and what they saw, the clamorous triumph of the returned father-of-all, sent their burning envenomed whispers at random motion — without any care that they could tar and feather forever the soul, and harm and hurt the saintly inclinations of the very young — no, whatever — away they rumored, taint and wither to early dissipating death whoever fell under the bane of their sway. Sniveling losers, maybe they had to be taught the same lesson the witches of old learned to their detriment above the flames and live embers of the living hell they desired on others, always trying to thwart the healthy, innocent enjoyment of all of us — the loved by the pedophile — never the hated by the pedophobe. In any event, let them rot, nobody cared the fuck about them. We all left our curls loose (be they already gray or tinted, unnatural or even sickly turned stray strands of dubious wigs) and drifting in the good-weather breeze brought by the bland (never grisly, grossly gruesome) savior, oh, yeah, as if we were young, irretrievably young again. Many of us in our sixties and seventies, mind you. Our children's children's children running ahead of us, going to meet the godly noble figure of our best and more deliciously enduring dreams.

We were subsumed by the genial herd spirit — that's the one every sane fellah in every vicinity's striving for. And we had it, as though by itself, pulling nothing out of the ordinary, no sweat whatsoever, something self-ordered, matter of fact — and this safely accomplished only by him deigning to come again unto us, man, what a bliss.

Dudley's dad had been feeling pretty crummy for decades, but the other day he really took it in the chin, as it were, awfully tough kick in the balls, went down hard, as a badly weighted rock in an avalanche. Fell into a deadly coma. A stroke, a shock, or what have you. Everybody thought that that was it. And yet, would you believe it?, only a touch of the bishop and here's you miracle, if you will have it. Dudley's dad opened his eyes and smiled. From practically dead and done for, to another gamboling youth-like geezer with a sunny disposition. Gloating at his luck, and us with tears of relief and jubilation in our eyes. He had been craving, apparently without even knowing it; had been spiritually craving all those dim drab years for the touch, the loving, living, feeling touch of the bishop — boy, and no better

medicine. The wonderful touch again, as when he was in childish, paradisiacal nearness to him, and lo, well and shuffling again, like a spring chicken dancing the twist. Unshut now, on the contrary, frank and opened to the winds — what an amazing restitution! — sweating profusely, we afraid even, though laughing gratefully, if too much salt-intake from the sudden exertions wouldn't result all said and done in putting him back into shock...? But the fellow had become a djinn, an elf, a curt pimp, a pixilated fairy, a malicious dwarf... The mischievous joy, the bundle of brick crockery, the tricks, the high jinks!

Who knows why, and yet, after a few days of elation, he complained again: "No remnants left of the old resiliency. Somebody, something, must've amputated my clout... *Welcome, welcome...* — I must be flimsily told by despairingly bleating seamless insects, soon bisected, stomped over, scattered inwardly and beyond, laden with foreign matters, as such... Little balls of vermicious dung. *And welcome whereto...*? To their vast cemetery, I should assume. We are the ferment, the fertilizer of the buffer zone; across the girth of the soil, we sieve, damned both ways, the emergers and the submergers; we merge bosons, gluons, photons and then who. And then who... *Who...*? Inch by diametrical inch we are garbling and grafting an echoing constriction of millions. Continuous arsenal of nuggets or atoms or what... — briefly plug one, pith its neighbor, next the linkage's made, death segues into organic, often animated stuff; life segues to stone, oil, magma, hell."

Dudley's dad depression had come back. Probably wanted to be touched farther...? He was seeing the selfsame weather (the better one we ever had since his earlier presence amongst us almost eighty years ago,) he was seeing the balmy station as a scourge, fucking psychologically distressing, to say the least. That adamant steam (he pretended it was,) where soon we are better than cooked — sterilized.

And then (Dudley told us,) it seems that he was afflicted by another traumatic flashback. His newly rosy pate now white-red, and soon rather black, or altogether carbonized, as if lightning-struck. He lifted his eyes: sudden unforgiving cobalt, begetter of irons electric, frothing Jupiter hurling segaies, assegais — that's what he saw, as another fucking crazy mormon from Indiana or thereabouts.

"The shithead, converted to the enemy," we murmured.

He looked at us from the window, jealousy in his covetous verdigris-tinted eyes, their witchy peering, their hubris-steeped intensity... Wishing us all dead, we guessed. By a god-sent thunderbolt converted all to chaotic greases, melted in our high-fisted trunks — and listen (what for?,) with no panties underneath.

From the window (we are told,) the dissuasive, self-indulging klutz, the ancient ex-

janitor to the school, kept frisking himself. And also, clinically, around the blind alleys of his mind, as if trying to plunder secret treasures, wrack away to the light, unwrap and resurrect retrospective noisemakers from the chasms of amnesia... What a misled, self-deluded dude! Searching maybe for those innermost accessories stored under the murky cloak of his struck skull, the liquid palimpsest-like slate over the streams of his consciousness, eh...? When he would only have needed walk down to the festive street and rub his crotch on the croups of the other maypolish dancers, not true...?

Who is telling him (only his sick imagination): “Wipe those filthy paws off my essences, you fool. Else I will not enter into your too deludedly and unclutteredly unbolted will...” He sees us as corpses already, in lethal competition with the poisoned angel at the dumb head of the tomb — for the same favors allotted to from the caress-prone’s hands of the heavenly father.

Does he know the those hermetic coffins, over which he is uselessly beating a waking tattoo, might yet burst up...? Wouldn’t they, if too annoyed...? Hey, they might. There is a chance, one among millions, but who is he with his protective gear and all, so outlandish, to arrogate the credit when it is us then who are here to bear the brunt...?

And he puffed and miffed, pissed: “I’m backing off, I balk; all my rights, I will demur; fuck you.”

No, fuck you, we answered, dancing away, taking him out of our mind, wishing he had never been resurrected, the ungrateful turd.

At about that witching time, though much later in the bloody year, say a couple of months hence, in winter already, when the holy bishop was back in the middle of his political contortions and elegant acrobatics in far nightmarish Rome, suddenly catching the frail gadfly of one of those fleeting insights, which, in operation would right away stun, kill, starkly reduce to scraps (if extant at the time) even a mighty robot, Dudley’s dad, surely in darkness, unclosed the lids of his clouded eyes for a new instance, and, good and being still quite groggy, soupy inside, “Who is there...?” it seems that he asked, screaming in disbelief. What a weirdo; his son was really freaked off!

He pretended, the dad, untouched for months, that this existential malaise, that wrongness of being is general — was ecumenical, and no dispute about that — that nobody alive could go along for long and be safe from it; that soon, as we reflect about the real, inwardly enough, not any longer about the little daily garbage of material banality, it jumps, the painful knowledge, scary, on the center of the

unwieldy mettle we call, what, us.

“Anybody home...?” Called Rectum Chauvin, our rector from the parish. Dudley had asked for his assistance, for lack of a better thing, seeing as the bishop Puça was back into the world-cocktailing fray.

Whoever one may trust...? Wait a second, sincerely now...? Dudley saw that Rectum, if any one, was the one.

Not that Dudley senior would approve. He trusted nobody, not even himself. “We don’t even own zilch of ourselves,” he claimed.

Rectum countered: “But, man, why put together life and humanity...? One thing tends to blind survival, the other to ornery, low, nicely altruistic togetherness. As all the chambermaids are blessedly privy to, there is nowhere like inside a somber chamber, necking with whoever, preferably the priest. We are not stationary bodies, you know, no passive timber, no moldering, unlimber, forgotten lumber in the lumber-room.

“Life, blast it. Life is something, somebody else — the occupier, the invader, the immense parasite bound for highness, heights, progress, and glory, whatever, no doubt — but we are something else, the other, the friend (never the fiend,) much better hallowed and gifted — our hands testify to it, and our sexes, forsooth! Our best option, and our strongest happiness comes from cuddling together, and even now and then fucking a little bit, so softly, so sweetly, so honey-bunny-dearly, my boy — ‘tis a sin to doubt it.

“We are alright. Why not hire a substitute toucher, my man, a masseur...? Look here, I would even..., only that I go rather for the maids, you understand, even if I have to belie my name, Rectum, ok...? My pious mother though rectum meant not the poor grubby bowel but rectitude tout-court. Now, as to life, such an alien system by definition, n’est-pas...? Shitty thing, the colonizing principle at work at large in the universe — the seen there, the unseen too, indeed the unseeable, the unfathomable, the incredibly unimaginable, at least for barren golems as those that are invested with it — the fuckers going unthinkably where...? But not we, my boy. Life and us, nothing to do.”

“Maybe the alive, doctor Chauvin...”

“Rector Rectum is fine, my son.”

“The alive perhaps they go... Eh... You said, where would the unfortunates burdened

with the curse of life hie to...? Perhaps out on any available limb to replace maybe cyclical matter itself, eh...? Explode periodically, oh, trillions of years, what, pat in the handsomest middle of the all, explode hell in order to stop the reverse big-bang, the big-crunch a-coming, worse: that fast reduction to naught again — and what luck next time...? With nobody extending a warranty, you know... What do you think...?”

“Thinking’s for idiots, my friend. Now, where are those girls...? I told them to bring in the tea a six sharp. Look, don’t despair, it’s all so easy and smooth and lubricated (as a responsive cunt, the world, really, at least as far as the properly congregated human contents goes.) For life we are but pieces of meat, it uses them in a breeze, we are incontinently forever discarded, rungs in its irresistible ascension to wherever it is it heads to. Who the fuck cares. Life’s it, the alien going, going, gone, gone to its destiny, of which we are catching none and can’t, couldn’t, wouldn’t, how...? And why...? Eternity would be the worst shit imaginable. Let eternity to life. We meanwhile dying, dying, dead, dead meat left behind to rot, nothing so beautiful, ok...?”

“But shit, father, what a waste! And in this case, why worry about churches and social relationships, and about curoms, cureloms and other slightly bigger gods — childish rivalries, we ask in disbelief, pugh-ah!”

“Look, here they come, the girls and their mortiferous beverages. Damn bitches, come here you!”

“But, father,” Dudley’s dad still whimpered, while Rectum was fondling the plumper of the tea-bearers, “I don’t think I’ll sleep too well if I drink this now — fitfully, obviously — with that silly sense, self-preservation, what a joke, imperiled, yes, quite, in jeopardy, what, fairly so, no arguing here, ha! Ha-ha, ha-ha!”

He was amazed at the freedom with which the rector went up the secret parts of the maiden. “I’ve seen for another second the blushing broods that fledged among the rushes, the sedges, and now were of a sudden roasted, dislodged, cameo clumps of carbon, what, every calcined thrip or flea a flying coal-sliver alighting in my eye, and I can’t even see, any more that I can feel the levers, curb the stampeding voltage, and yet my blind suicidal engine runs away through tunnels of whirl-winding u-turns. Something quite akin to all that,” he said, with his mouth open perhaps as the very tunnel he was vacuously chattering about.

And thus the new seizure was over, though ever so slowly. The racketing goings-on become tame; the hubbub humdrum; vision, though somewhat opaquely, finally confirmed. The raw sewage in the orphaned realm of his inner landscapes giving

birth to the emblematic prince, his spitted image, but minus the silly depression — so common among the resurrected, alas.

4.14.2003

Jaded, inured to, too red-herringed already

Jaded, inured to, too red-herringed already

Me and Mom: I don't remember being too upset when my father got shot to death.

I remember we were fleeing and that he said: "Don't leave me, Louise," because as it happened my mother was running ahead of us. Next thing I know I'm running alone and unscathed toward her, he instead having fallen behind. As it happens, been had by a bullet clean into his brain. Wasn't going anywhere anymore, no time for anything else, become at once one more mangled body for the dirty scavengers...

As a refugee, if you've got with you your soft mother, and you are little enough, you cling and cling, and she passes her hand along your body, and nothing is too bad. That's the good thing about it, you've got your mother, her softness, all the time only for you, alone.

Me and Percy: Me and my friend had come out after the bombs, my mom was nowhere to be found. "Probably dead," my friend Percy Menoblid told me, "don't worry, my own shall feed you, she's very ample, you know, and you can sleep with me and her in a warm ball in the cellar."

Afterwards we were playing outside. It was early morning. The Sun wasn't yet out — it wouldn't be for another couple of hours or so. There was no-one in the street, everyone too tired with the bombings, and the comings and goings, and maybe the mourning: everyone happening daily to know a close corpse or two.

We were throwing the wooden artichokes. You know the game: you try to put either both flowers or both stalks just so. Out of nowhere, as I was leaning on the back of a chair in order to better toss away the artichokes, and Percy was at the opposite end

to better ascertain their falling positions, out of the corner of my right eye I spied a fellow with a black mackintosh tightly wound around his scrawny body. As he was passing he gave me a goofy smile, which I returned in a automatic way. Then I saw him walking on. It was a matter of only five-six steps, but, in between, my mind had seen what the screwy guy was having in his hands as they were tightening in an enveloping way his dirty mackintosh. And at the same time I understood his screwed face. I shouted: "Percy, Percy! Run out, run out, right now, right this way!" Never too soon as the crazy killer was already plunging with his screwdriver ready to pierce my friend...

We were running toward the deep creek as a red automobile came zigzagging down the road. Maybe also to avoid us, it fell careening down the slurry slopes... We were going to go scurrying down and try to help the accidented people below when the worlds collided again. The bombs had started bursting once more...

Percy I deemed dead, stumbling on a stone and falling, his face right into the body of a lousy hedgehog, also dead or knocked unconscious on impact... Me I kept on running, with no guts to look at his face. Saw once the police lifting the face of my granny, she'd been leaning out the window, gossiping about the alleged extremity of the common girls prancing so shamelessly, you could see the foul-smelling red herrings of their cunts showing outright, filthy new fashions... And rebuking the new generations as a foredoomed whole, straight to fucking hell the lot of 'em; what a drag getting old, and so on... New youngish neighbors, couples and all, on the prowl only for drugs along the new avenue of the many snake oils. "Nobody I fucking know in the newly remade avenue; all those bizarre foreign shops, olive shops, exotic outlets, garish, gaudy, tacky, spicy, disgusting, ethnic, folkloric, all the regular pejoratives, where the uglies gather... Wallowing in their swill, leering at the purer autochthones, relaxedly inspecting the fold, the red-herringed cattle, with their cocksure cocks seen or at any rate guessed through their seersucker outlandish getups. She was witheringly, eerily chuckling, deafened by the fast mowers nearby, waving the nuisance sluggishly away, muttering: "Anew the hominids with their murderous machines of death, ploy of the devil, spurt and spawn of the coming malign antigod, a thousand years of his empire starting today, sure thing," her head propped on a hand propped on an elbow propped on the sill of the window, her head above a flowerpot with a wide cactus in it, she had a stroke or a cardiac arrest and her face fell on the cactus — her livid yellow sponge of a face pricked all over, the eyes, the nose, the cheeks bristling with the long angry pricks. Her mind always wary of pricks and obsessed by pricks now pricked all over. Poetic justice or whatever. The medical cop lifting the purple pincushion of her face, the yellow sponge all busted, burst, and his wry commentary: "Her geezer's blearing lippitudes picked clean as dirty teeth picked clean by toothpicks."

Me and the weird obstetrician: So this crazy guy came when I'm all topsy-turvy down the creek, and he pretends he's mending my broken leg.

Actually he's fumbling with my privates and, with an eerie purr, thrusts his own down my throat. His own is even smaller than mine, and by a good deal too. Like the guy's a cripple or a specimen or an artifact or something. A wonder, a hemorrhoid, I mean, a hermaphrodite. If I couldn't properly fuck my mother with my own too tiny a tool, let's imagine for a second his ludicrous endeavors at the jolly task.

On kai me on (greek for to be and not to be) doesn't apply to him. Try rather ***neither and nor***, for he neither has got nor has he not. Just the flighty flimsiest cock of another worthless insect, maybe.

Then as soon as he came, sort of, and fell exhausted at the foot of a awestricken *lledoner* (so calls it my mom; a hagberry, I think), whose trunk shivered and also shriveled with disgust, you'd see a few suicidal *lledons* (bird-cherries) that of their own volition went and pelted him, turned into birdie bombs also, so enraged the little anthropomorphized bastards, and wishing themselves surely that they had become so corrosive as to bore painful holes down his repulsive body, yes sir, all through.

It's not so much that we believe in any flighty, fleeting, no-account god out among the clouds, as that we create a solid god out of almost anything we imagine looming over us, with a power to strike us dead, and worse: painfully, very painfully so, and then we believe in it. Your wife as she watches over your feverish disease could be your tangible god for a while, and you suck up to her like some chivalrous troubadour at least, and then imagine now that she dies and goes to heaven, wouldn't she in her new position continue to watch over your tottery steps...? And what about your political leader...? — touching the guy is great, curative, they say, hundred per cent, but you don't even need to touch him to convince yourself that he gloriously, protectively exists, and the creep can then send you to die for your country and such shit. And now I was floored sucking a father figure — another oh so respectable doctor, just like daddy, to boot.

A doctor, that's what he said he was as he had started caring for my fucked foot. Well, I was smiling, doing my best; he could've killed me also, like the dude with the screwdriver. Anyway, that's how you gratify and toady to the powerful, I mean, propitiate (that's the word, very akin to vitiate,) yeah, you try to predispose and mollify with sacrifices and so on the fucking devil above. Slatternly.

Next time it bombs (as one says next time it rains,) I won't move. Not me. There's

always worse than the bombs. I'll say, finally lifted all inhibitions, maybe guffawing in a mock nasty monster style, I'll shout: no way, I don't fucking run for no fucking bombs. I'm not one of your fucking apocalyptic creeps (call 'em *apocalocreeps*, in a single word,) slithering worms screeching in agony, always fleeing in horror at a new shitty bomb or plague or catastrophe from their malignant devil in the sky, fucking mystical imbeciles, at all times shitlessly frightened of the wrath of their fucking designer devil god, and thinking on top of it that they deserve it, for not propitiating enough the fucking rapist.

While he fucks me, I look at the slippers of my lover. The threadbare plimsolls of his plump-soles house pumps don't even cover his varicose ankles. You can see he's a fucking old man, a constipated pedant who will not last another fortnight. His craw stinks — the hairs on my nape stand on end, horrified, and you don't need to be any clairvoyant turdsucker to foresee that they've turned color, maybe now they are gray and about to fall, asphyxiated by the deadly stench of his breath. We are two acrobats trying to pass as poisoned cockroaches in the pangs of death, two rotting peas in a pod doing their contortions in such a constricted space, I bet a number like this would become the sensation in any courtly pavilion, or at least in a carnival-booth. Everyone would be put upon by our fictitious dexterity. For if I move in such a seemingly malapert way is due to the pain in my foot and leg, and his feeble actions depend on his plainly badly shot health.

After he comes, like most of them, he's grave, turned into another deep purveyor of personal counsel. He prates like a politician among the high-flung pilasters, with the pomposities of a pernicky connoisseur. For my part, he would provoke plenty of contradictions, if only I could concentrate beyond the aches...

To take my mind off 'em, he recounts some crazy story while now for real, maybe in answer to my fictitious prayers, he is daintily applying some makeshift splints and salves on my busted leg.

"I'm used to lower limb's pins and needles, dude, I know how to treat them; did you notice I limp also...? Swamped with those since a boy, a misanthropic weirdo persecuting me, me escaping, falling, leg badly wounded; his stick of dynamite in my anus; daunting, dude; no use obfuscating; we formed a nexus, a bond, he my pimp, I his committed shill. I was admitted into his circle, first dryly, almost reproachfully, then, all of them seeing my commitment to the cause, going overboard to make my life easier. Such a good fellow, I'm always in the mood, my spirits reasonably high, the whores in our trust trusting me more and more, a brisk, frisking massage with my feminine manly hands quietens all kinds of bellyaching: my moves a filigree of knowing, conniving little damp pushes... When the chief pimp is caught and cops a heavy rap, fast, before the new boss appears and is totally

appraised of the pertinent particulars the whores have pulled their dough, there is enough to send me to college, to learn obstetrics and such cryptic woman stuff for assuaging the ills of their ilk; I'll be their private insurance against the maladies of the uterus and the matrix and such. Moving away, immersed in renewal, emptied of everything but from the unknown presences of the presently dying, and the strange guests, the spooky new visitors while I'm still too busy and naked, vulnerable, damn them. There's nothing hurts deeper than kindness. I know that once my carrier is over they shall we all dead, the plagues unstoppable. With a mealy mouth, in a welter of confusion, I tell everybody good bye, shove it, I'm gone... I still have the dagger of their good heart gagging my own."

I said, mumbling: "I understand everything, sir," but I understood none of it. I continued: "An obstetrician, no need to apologize, or of excuses whatsoever. Understandably tired of cunts..."

I am my granny about to die. Slanderous. Prickly. Anyways (I think I say, feverish under his ministrations,) anyhow, all women are lazy lizzardly lizzies. Women, bah! Their cunts their stronger gun — everywhere where people congregate, churches, suqs, theaters, circuses, sacrificial altars where the martyred shrilly pipe for a last time, spry lizzies lure would-be compatriots with their gift of tongues, approach a group and start speaking a foreign language to see if, delightedly surprised, and thankful and ingratiated, any foreign jane bites...

He breathes hard, sighs: "Finished! You'll be as new, let's hope for the best, but don't mention my embarrassing confessions to anyone; that'll be our secret, ok, dude?" And he had his hand at the back of my neck. And he had another hand hard at my ass. I didn't realize he was trying to pick me up.

Then I spoke, with a corner of my chafed mouth: "My mom Louise, she's your client, I mean customer, I mean patron, patient." Propitiatory, just in case, before he had leisure to think about something weirder and on a sudden jerky whim killed me. And perhaps then, with my foolhardy revelation, he had another, better reason to do me in.

Be it as it may, he relented on his pressure. He looked at me as if I were a piece of juicy meat on the cheery chintz on some kitchen table. On a high wire atop the supine mask of my head, two doves were kissing — two doves, or else two rogue war pigeons, forgetting about the coded messages strapped to their talons, and playing truant, or maybe only resting their tired bones in a sweet romantic tryst — beautiful ellipsis for our lovers' encounter on the less airy underneath; farther into the deep, two just-fed egrets were preening, stilted on logs near the marsh. I also saw the whirling unraveling muslin of his moccasins stuck on the snags left behind the

scabrous path of his sudden escape. But it had just been another hallucination brought by the pain. For he was still at my side He was crushing snails and slugs and other slimy beasts on my crumbled leg. Oddly, the curious potency of the slimes at length anesthetized the limb. Soon I was able to move of my own, I even had enough presence of mind so that I knew how to pick away from my numb flesh the sharp edges of a few shells.

He was himself a veteran who had deserted. At the pedal-point of one's passion, and worse when you are most shitted with fear, the body releases cortisol and other hormones (adrenaline, ACTH) which kill neurons all over, and especially in the hippocampus, that he tells, an accomplished obstetrician. Yeah, dude, the brain actually shrinks. So that in fact his escape to the enemy was no clever ploy, play for power, it was rather a instinctive play, ploy to try and save the rest of his encephalic mass, by all accounts pretty scant already. It wasn't only the atrophy of dendrites he was suffering from, the cell death had accelerated to rates unheard. He's mojo was shot. His mojo, posing as his soul embodied, was trying to deepen the accelerator of his heart until the machine of his skeleton actually ran headfirst to the consolation prize of a noble death by accident. Not trying to escape, mind you, just trying to butt the enemy with one's horns. And as a result substitute the faulty brains with some sort of whipped pumpkin. Or else, his running toward the rear of the enemy lines was self-activated, his seared psyche on activated legs, no second thought about it, nor first one either even, just running as ordered by his terrified bowels.

The brain in my gut failing to appraise the new situation, too muddled, tightening up and delivering the wrong, loaded, thick fart messages.

Now the precarious boats of his worn slippers, as seen foreshortened from the vantage point of his arms, were carrying us to guess which shores of promise. And the boats were rocking due to his lameness, one of his legs sluttish with who knew which lingering aches also. It was awkward climbing and jumping the half-ruinous fences of bricks, trying never to knock over any of the glasses the soldiers had been propping about all over their tips and tops.

—Clean your messes, you slob!

Those must have been my feverish words, for the old lame man, my savior, shushed me red and swollen to the brim like a whistle stopped with the gristle of a corpse. Not entirely unlikely to what happened shortly ago to that orchestra not far from here which had been wiped out by a bomb when in the process of priming their pumps.

Nimble despite his peg leg, his moccasins now transformed (with beards of lemna

and bristles of greedy leeches) into undersea monsters that eagerly swam across the marsh, while, above, the egrets, irked, shrieked and flew away, we, with me cradled precariously in his arms, by and by, rose and rose, under his fatigued breath, until we managed to reach the road. In the lull, the undercrofts of his skeleton resounded as if about to burst and split, and nonetheless, lest the bombs fell again too soon, he kept on advancing until his house's lintel, where my mother stood before the mirror, astounded by such heroic feats.

Me and mom, again: Such uncanny disdain for the picturesque! Instead of peering through the window at the valley and the erect bronze of the blitzing bombers with their spread of blinding jewelry upon the new scars, the two limp geezers, crouched atop the stinking hibachi under the table, demurred in vain that such spectacles were to be spurned, and that only a single shard of disengaged glass was enough to decapitate a wayward boy. But the night was too beautiful under the spur of so many stars just born and dead in conflagrations from which chaotic stampedes arose. The planes above, the people below, all were clumsy mayflies ridden by spooks and hags, coming a cropper hither and yon, when you'd least expect it — two or three planes colliding and crashing to earth, a bunch of people suddenly aloft, with their exploded houses and all — kennels, bathtubs, libraries, armoires.

The radio was dead. All power gone. The tantrums silent. The jazzy songs too... "As a buck fucks a ewe, for a buck I fuck you..." Delightful lyrics. No longer even woven with the vermin of static, crossed off with the humeri and the femurs of piratical death.

Listen instead to those forceful illatives, ok? There's the new jewelry and then the ejaculations of awe. Like some other idol's resurrected of a sudden. Halleluiah.

My narration had them I don't say on tenterhooks but at least at attention. My mom had lost an eye at the beginning of the war, and with the blazing glass of her lost eye she was gazing at the devil silhouetted at the window.

The guy keeps a collection of moldy butterflies on pots of glass. He's got in the middle of the parlor a squat palm tree that he protects from the cold of the night with sundry bloody stuffings, creepy masses from the insides of old mattresses where many of his sickies have croaked, coconut matting disemboweled from old armchairs, and other dusty musty nondescript filaments coming the fuck I knew where.

In the waiting room of his surgery he had goodies for whole family, meaning mostly the surplus brats of the pregnant women. There is a spent used-up condom inside the milk bottle (a gallon plus) for the visiting youngsters, siblings to be if not

already siblings of other tykes still, and also if not suddenly sibling-less and on top of it orphaned, when the mishandled would-be mom dies on the operating table. All procedures, albeit their degree of bizarreness, deemed always advisable.

The laundry-room sheds always plenty of bloods, pink rivulets rinsed towards the sewer-hole, the clothes percolating from the sticky osiers of the hampers; there are fetuses stuck here and there; of course, the severance not always too successful, you know.

Ah, here he comes, back from scavenging. "I've got to save those drugs," he's my stepdad, busily loaded with banana-like parcels that swim in a murky liquid too tepid already, many of the parcels are already rotten, stinking to high heaven, not good even for the fucking foreigners.

He's back home on time, the man's a chronometer. Hey, and here they burst. The bombs. There they are, the planes again, circling, ominous, hungry to devour the lot us. First the bombs will soften us, then they'll cook us, then consume; the planes, as they crash, shall eat the ashes, the shark teeth of their shark snouts splashed on the ruinous cinders: hear then, a smash, another, and conflagrations aplenty; none of it frightens me, it frightens me none, it frightens me squat, as much as it frightens the palm tree, and I'm not even that cold. The bombs, I say, the bombs, pish, dude!